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LITURGY AND HYMNS

FOR

THE USE OF THE PROTESTANT CHURCH

OF THE

UNITED BRETHREN,

OR

UNITAS FRATRUM.

17
1852

A NEW AND REVISED EDITION.

Moravian church. Liturgy and ritual

Come before his presence with singing.—PSALM c. 2.
I will sing of thy power: yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy.—PSALM lix. 16.
Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.—COL. iii. 16.
I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.—1 COR. xiv. 15.

BETHLEHEM:
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PREFACE.

This volume consists of two parts, the LITURGY and the HYMNS—for the use of the PROTESTANT CHURCH of the UNITED or MORAVIAN BRETHREN.

The former has been slightly modified, in conformity with the sanction, granted by the General Synod, held at Herrnhut, in the year 1848.

The collection of Hymns consists partly of translations from the German, (marked by an asterisk,) and partly of original compositions.

In presenting to our American Congregations this *revised* Edition, ve acknowledge our indebtedness to the improved and enlarged col-ection of Hymns, published in 1849 by our Brethren in England, herein they were aided by the valuable services of Brother JAMES MONTGOMERY, to whom his brethren are thus under lasting obligations.

By the omission of hymns of inferior merit, or but seldom used on ccount of their tunes, the size and cost of the present volume have een reduced; while, at the same time, a selection of new hymns as been added from the above edition, published in London.

The former numbers of the hymns, retained from the late Ameri-an edition, are re-inserted in brackets.

The numbers of the tunes correspond with those of the Tune Book, published by Brother Peter Wolle, for the use of our Church in this country.

Some of the hymns, in the present edition, have been adapted to more familiar tunes.

From the Preface to the London Edition of 1849, we subjoin, in substance, the following remarks. It is hoped, that the introduction of new hymns in the ordinary metres, however excellent and well-adapted for public worship, may not tend to bring into disuse the more characteristic psalmody of our own Church, with its noble melodies.—

The nature of our services warrants the use of a great variety of metre; and the decline among us of the ability or the inclination, to

turn this variety to proper account, would be greatly deplored. Every effort should be made to prevent it, or to stay its progress, by teaching our children and young people to sing our tunes, and by using, on all suitable occasions, the hymns and melodies referred to. This may be done, especially in the liturgical services, peculiar to the Brethren's Unity, in which,—in conformity with the precept of the apostle (Col. 3, 16,) we endeavor to render this beautiful portion of divine worship a vehicle, not only of praise and prayer, but also of mutual instruction, comfort and edification.—

May all who use these Hymns, experience at all times the happy effects of compliance with the apostolic injunction, (Eph. 5, 18, 19,)—"Be filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." Yea, may they anticipate, while here below, though in an humble and imperfect strain, the song of the blessed above, who, being redeemed out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, are standing before the throne, and singing in perfect harmony with the myriads of angels that surround it: (Rev. 5, 9 to 12; and 7, 9 to 14.) "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing, for ever and ever. Amen."

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We praise thee, O God;—we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

All the earth, doth worship thee,—The Father everlasting.

To thee all angels cry aloud,—the heavens and all the powers therein.

To thee cherubim and seraphim—continually do cry,

Holy, holy, holy,—Lord God of Sabaoth;

Heaven and earth are full—of the majesty of thy glory.

The glorious company of the apostles—praise thee.

The goodly fellowship of the prophets—praise thee.

The noble army of martyrs—praise thee.

The holy church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee.—the Father of an infinite majesty,

Thine honourable, true and only Son,—also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

Thou art the King of glory, O Christ;—thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man,—thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.

When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death,—thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God,—in the glory of the Father.

We believe that thou shalt come—to be our Judge.

We therefore pray thee, help thy servants,—whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood;

Make them to be numbered with thy saints,—in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage:—govern them, and lift them up forever.

Day by day, we magnify thee,—and we worship thy name ever, world without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord,—to keep us this day without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us,—have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us:—as our trust is in thee.

O Lord, in thee have I trusted;—let me never be confounded.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,—and to the Holy Ghost:

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be—world without end: Amen.

LITURGY

OF THE

CHURCH OF THE UNITED BRETHREN.

THE CHURCH LITANY.

LORD, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.
Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, hear us.

Lord, Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty; (Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7.)

Incline thine ear and hear: for we do not present our supplications before thee for our righteousnesses, but for thy great mercies. (Daniel ix. 18.)

Lord God, our FATHER, which art in heaven.

Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us: and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever: Amen.

Lord God, SON, thou Saviour of the world.
Be gracious unto us.
Lord God, HOLY GHOST,
Abide with us forever.

T. 22. Most holy blessed TRINITY.
We praise thee to eternity. :|: :|:

T. 132; p. 2. Thou LAMB once slain, our God and Lord,
To needy prayers thine ear afford.
And on us all have mercy.

From coldness to thy merits and death,
From error and misunderstanding,
From the loss of our glory in thee,
From the unhappy desire of becoming great,
From self-complacency,

From untimely projects,
From needless perplexity,
From the murdering spirit and devices of Satan,
From the influence of the spirit of this world,
From hypocrisy and fanaticism,
From the deceitfulness of sin,
From all sin,

Preserve us, gracious Lord and God.

By all the merits of thy life,
By thy human birth and circumcision,
By thy obedience, diligence, and faithfulness,
By thy humility, meekness, and patience,
By thy extreme poverty,
By thy holy baptism,
By thy watching, fasting, and temptations,
By thy griefs and sorrows,
By thy prayers and tears,
By thy having been despised and rejected.

Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God.

By thine agony and bloody sweat,
By thy bonds and scourgings,
By thy crown of thorns,
By thy cross and passion,
By thy sacred wounds and precious blood,
By thy dying words,
By thy atoning death,
By thy rest in the grave,
By thy glorious resurrection and ascension,
By thy sitting at the right hand of God,
By thy sending the Holy Ghost,
By thy prevailing intercession,
By thy holy sacraments,
By thy divine presence, (Matt. xxviii. 20.)
By thy coming again to thy Church on earth, or our being called home to thee,

Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God.

℣. 96. We humbly pray with one accord,
Remember us, most gracious Lord:
Think on thy sufferings, wounds, and cross,
And how by death thou savedst us:
For this is all our hope and plea,
In time and in eternity.

We poor sinners pray;
Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Rule and lead thy holy Christian church;
Increase the knowledge of the mystery of Christ, and diminish misapprehensions;
Make the word of the cross universal among those who are called by thy name;
Unite all the children of God in one spirit; (John xi. 52.)
Abide their only Shepherd, High-priest, and Saviour;
Send faithful labourers into thy harvest; (Matt. ix. 38.)
Give spirit and power to preach thy word;
Preserve unto us the word of reconciliation till the end of days;
And through the Holy Ghost, daily glorify the merits of thy life, sufings, and death:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Prevent or destroy all designs and schemes of Satan, and defend us against his accusation; (Rev. xii. 10.)
For the sake of that peace which we have with thee, may we, as much as lieth in us, live peaceably with all men; (Rom. xii. 18.)
Grant us to bless them that curse us, and to do good to them that hate us; (Matt. v. 44.)
Have mercy upon our slanderers and persecutors, and lay not this sin to their charge; (Acts vii. 60.)
Hinder all schisms and offences;
Put far from thy people all deceivers and seducers;
Bring back those who have erred, or have been seduced;
Grant love and unity to all our congregations:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Thou Light and Desire of all nations, (Matt. iv. 16; Hag. ii. 7.)
Watch over thy messengers both by land and sea;
Prosper the endeavours of all thy servants, to spread thy gospel among heathen nations;
Accompany the word of their testimony concerning thy atonement, with demonstration of the Spirit and of power; (1 Cor. ii. 4.)
Bless our, and all other Christian congregations gathered from among the heathen;
Keep them as the apple of thine eye; (Deut. xxxii. 10.)
Have mercy on thy ancient covenant-people, the Jews; deliver them from their blindness; (Rom. xi. 25, 26.)
And bring all nations to the saving knowledge of thee:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

O praise the Lord, all ye heathen:
PRAISE HIM, ALL YE NATIONS.

Give to thy people open doors to preach the gospel, and set them to thy praise on earth; (Rev. iii. 8.)

Grant to all bishops and ministers of the church soundness of doctrine and holiness of life, and preserve them therein; (Tit. i. 7, ii. 1.)

Help all elders to rule well, especially those who labour in the word and doctrine; that they may feed thy church, which thou hast purchased with thine own blood: (1 Tim. v. 17; Acts xx. 28.)

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Watch graciously over all governments, and hear our intercessions for them; (1 Tim. ii. 1, 2.)

Grant and preserve unto them thoughts of peace and concord;

We beseech thee especially, to pour down thy blessings in a plentiful manner upon the President of the United States, and the Governors of the individual States of the Union; upon both Houses of Congress, and the respective State Legislatures, whenever assembled. Direct and prosper all their councils and undertakings to the promotion of thy glory, the propagation of the gospel, and the safety and welfare of this country.

Guide and protect the magistrates of the land wherein we dwell, and all that are put in authority; and grant us to lead under them a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty; (1 Tim. ii. 2.)

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Teach us to submit ourselves to every ordinance of man for thy sake; and to seek the peace of the places where we dwell: (1 Pet. ii. 13; Jer. xxix. 7.)

Grant them blessing and prosperity;

Prevent war, and the effusion of human blood;

Preserve the land from distress by fire and water, hail and tempest, plague, pestilence, and famine;

Let the earth be like a field which the Lord blesseth;

Give peace and salvation, O God, to this land, and to all that dwell therein:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

TO BE PRAYED IN TIME OF WAR.

[Grant, O Lord, unto the President of the United States, in these times of danger, thy gracious counsel, that in all things he may approve himself the father of the people;

Be thou the gracious Protector of these States, and of our fellow-citizens in all parts of the world;

Turn the hearts of our enemies; defeat every evil design against us; and continue to show thy tender mercy unto these United States, as thou hast done in the days past;

Cause us to bow down before thee, to confess our sins, and to acknowledge with contrite hearts, that it is of thy mercies that we are not consumed; (Lam. iii. 22.)

Stop in thy tender mercy the effusion of human blood, and make discord and wars to cease;

To this end, put into the hearts of the rulers of the nations thoughts of peace, that we may see it soon established, to the glory of thy name:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.]

7. Te Deum, p. 2.* Promote, we pray, thy servants' good,
Redeem'd with thy most precious blood:
Among thy saints make us ascend
To glory that shall never end:
O Lord, have mercy on us all,
Have mercy on us when we call:
Lord, we have put our trust in thee,
Confounded let us never be: Amen.

Supply, O Lord, we pray thee, all the wants of thy Church;

Let all things be conducted among us in such a manner, that we provide things honest, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men; (2 Cor. viii. 21.)

Bless the sweat of the brow, and faithfulness in business;

Let none entangle himself with the affairs of this life; (2 Tim. ii. 4.)

But may all our labour of body and mind be hallowed unto thee:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

O thou Preserver of men, (Job vii. 20.)

Send help to all that are in distress or danger;

Strengthen and uphold those who suffer bonds and persecution for the sake of the gospel; (Heb. xiii. 3.)

Defend, and provide for fatherless children, and widows, and all who are desolate and oppressed; (Ps. lxviii. 5.)

Be the support of the aged; (Is. xlvi. 4.)

Make the bed of the sick, and, in the midst of suffering, let them feel that thou lovest them; (Ps. xli. 3.)

And when thou takest away men's breath, that they die, then remember, that thou hast died, not for our sins only, but also for the sins of the whole world; (1 John ii. 2; Rom. v. 18.)

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

O Lord, thou who art over all, God blessed for ever, (Rom. ix. 5.)

Be the Saviour of all men; (1 Tim. iv. 10.)

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*Tune Book, page 110.

Yea, have mercy on thy whole creation; (Rom. viii. 19, 22.)

For thou camest, by thyself to reconcile all things unto God, whether things in earth, or things in heaven: (Col. 1. 20; Eph. ii. 16.)

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Thou Saviour of thy body, the church, (Eph. v. 23.)

Bless, sanctify, and preserve every member, through the truth; (John xvii. 17.)

Grant that each, in every age and station, may enjoy the powerful and sanctifying merits of thy holy humanity; and make us chaste before thee in soul and body;

Let our children be brought up in thy nurture and admonition; (Eph. vi. 4.)

Pour out thy Holy Spirit on all thy servants and handmaids; (Acts ii. 18.)

Purify our souls, in obeying the truth, through the Spirit, unto unfeigned love of the brethren: (1 Pet. i. 22.)

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Keep us in everlasting fellowship with the church triumphant, and let us rest together in thy presence from our labours:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

O Christ, almighty God,
Have mercy upon us.

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,
Own us to be thine. (John i. 29.)

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,
Be joyful over us.

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,
Leave thy peace with us.

O Christ, hear us.
Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.
Lord, have mercy upon us.

DOXOLOGY.

TO BE USED ON FESTAL OCCASIONS.

UNTO the Lamb that was slain, (Rev. v. 12.)
And hath redeemed us out of all nations of the earth ; (Rev. v. 9.)
Unto the Lord who purchased our souls for himself: (Acts xx. 28.)
Unto that Friend who loved us,—and washed us from our sins in his own blood ; (Rev. i. 5.)
Who died for us once, (Rom. vi. 10, 11 ; 2 Cor. v. 15.)
That we might die unto sin ; (1 Pet. ii. 24.)
Who rose for us,
That we also might rise ; (1 Cor. xv.)
Who ascended for us into heaven,
To prepare a place for us ; (John xiv. 2, 3.)
CHOIR. And to whom are subjected the angels, and powers, and dominions ; (1 Pet. iii. 22.)
To Him be glory at all times,
In the church that waiteth for him,—and in that which is around him,

CHOIR. From everlasting to everlasting: *Amen.*

MIN. Little children, abide in him ; that when he shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming. (I John ii. 28.)

T. 36. p. 2. In none but him alone I trust for ever,
In him, my Saviour.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee ;
The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace :
In the name of Jesus ; Amen.

EASTER MORNING LITANY.

I BELIEVE in the One only God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, who created all things by Jesus Christ, and was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself.

I believe in God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world;

Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son;

Who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ;

Who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light: having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the Beloved.

This I verily believe.

We thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes: even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight.

Father, glorify thy name.

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever: Amen.

I believe in the name of the only begotten Son of God, by whom are all things, and we through him;

I believe, that he was made flesh, and dwelled among us; and took on him the form of a servant;

By the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, was conceived of the Virgin Mary; as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; was born of a woman;

And being found in fashion as a man, was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin:

For he is the Lord, the Messenger of the covenant, whom we delight in. The Lord and his Spirit hath sent him to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord:

He spoke that which he did know, and testified that which he had

seen: as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried;

The third day rose again from the dead, and with him many bodies of the saints which slept;

Ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the throne of the Father; whence he will come, in like manner as he was seen going into heaven.

T. 58. p. 2. Amen, come, Lord Jesus; come we implore thee:
With longing hearts we now are waiting for thee;
Come soon, O come.

The Lord will descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, to judge both the quick and the dead.

This is my Lord, who redeemed me, a lost and undone human creature, purchased and gained me from sin, from death, and from the power of the devil;

Not with gold or silver, but with his holy precious blood, and with his innocent suffering and dying;

To the end that I should be his own, and in his kingdom live under him and serve him, in eternal righteousness, innocence, and happiness;

So as he, being risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth, world without end.

This I most certainly believe.

I believe in the Holy Ghost, who proceedeth from the Father, and whom our Lord Jesus Christ sent, after he went away, that he should abide with us for ever;

That he should comfort us, as a mother comforteth her children;

That he should help our infirmities, and make intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered;

That he should bear witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God, and teach us to cry, Abba, Father;

That he should shed abroad in our hearts the love of God, and make our bodies his holy temple;

And that he should work all in all, dividing to every man severally as he will.

To him be glory in the church, which is in Christ Jesus, the holy, universal Christian church, in the communion of saints, at all times, and from eternity to eternity. *Amen.*

I believe, that by my own reason and strength, I cannot believe in Jesus Christ my Lord, or come to him;

But that the Holy Ghost calleth me by the gospel, enlightenetb me with his gifts, sanctifieth and preserveth me in the true faith;

Even as he calleth, gathereth, enlightneth, and sanctifieth the whole church on earth, which he keepeth by Jesus Christ in the only true faith;

In which Christian church, God forgiveth me and every believer all sin daily and abundantly.

This I assuredly believe.

I believe, that by holy baptism I am embodied as a member of the church of Christ, which he hath loved, and for which he gave himself, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word. *Amen.*

In this communion of saints my faith is placed upon my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who died for us, and shed his blood on the cross for the remission of sins, and who hath granted unto me his body and blood in the Lord's Supper, as a pledge of grace; as the Scripture saith, Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread: and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his disciples, and said, Take, eat: this is my body which is given for you; this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also, our Lord Jesus Christ, when he had supped, took the cup, gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; this is my blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you, and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. *Amen.*

I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better; I shall never taste death; yea, I shall attain unto the resurrection of the dead: for the body which I shall put off, this grain of corruptibility, shall put on incorruption: my flesh shall rest in hope.

And the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, shall also quicken these our mortal bodies, if so be that the Spirit of God hath dwelled in them. *Amen.*

We poor sinners pray,
Hear us, gracious Lord and God;

And keep us in everlasting fellowship with our brethren, and with our sisters, who have entered into the joy of the Lord;

Also with the servants and handmaids of our church, whom thou hast called home in the past year, and with the whole church triumphant; and let us rest together in thy presence from our labours. *Amen.*

T. 15. They are at rest in lasting bliss,
Beholding Christ our Saviour:
Our humble expectation is
To live with him for ever.

Glory be to Him who is the Resurrection and the Life; He was dead, and behold, He is alive for evermore; And he that believeth in Him, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

Glory be to Him in the church which waiteth for Him, and in that which is around Him; for ever and ever. *Amen.*

T. 151. p. 2. Grant us to lean unshaken
Upon thy faithfulness,
Until we hence are taken
To see thee face to face.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all. *Amen.*

LITANIES AT BAPTISM.

BAPTISM OF CHILDREN. No. 1.

After the singing of a suitable hymn, and a short discourse.

CHRIST, thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Leave thy peace with us: Amen.

By thy holy sacraments,

Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

Baptism is the answer of a good conscience towards God, who hath saved us by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which is shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Children, also, may be made partakers of this grace;

For Christ hath said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

T. 90. An infant we present to thee,—As thy redeemed property,
And thee most fervently entreat,—Thyself this child to consecrate
By baptism, and its soul to bless,—Out of the fullness of thy grace.

(The child having been brought in, the minister offers up a prayer.)

Ye who are baptized into Christ Jesus, how were ye baptized?

Into his death.

N. N., into the death of Jesus I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

(During the imposition of hands the minister continues;)

Now art thou buried with him by baptism into his death;

In the name of Jesus: Amen.

Now therefore live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee; and the life which thou now livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved thee, and gave himself for thee.

T. 132. p. 2. This grant according to thy word,
Thro' Jesus Christ our only Lord,
O Father, Son, and Spirit.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee;
The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace;

In the name of Jesus: Amen.

(Questions which may be put to the children and answered by them.)

1. What is baptism?
2. May children also be made partakers of this grace?
3. What is the ground of this hope?

BAPTISM OF CHILDREN. No. 2.

After the singing of a suitable hymn, and a short discourse.

O THOU Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,
Have mercy upon us, and give us thy peace.
By all the merits of thy life, sufferings, death, and resurrection,
Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

Baptism was instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ, who said unto his disciples, Go ye, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.

He also gave this promise, He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.

In baptism, we have assurance of the forgiveness and washing away of sin, by the blood of Jesus Christ, who loved the church, and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word.

As many of us as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ.

T. 22. The Saviour's blood and righteousness
Our beauty is, our glorious dress;
Thus well array'd we need not fear,
When in his presence we appear.

Children, also, may be made partakers of this grace.

For Christ hath said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

(The child having been brought in, the minister offers up a prayer.)

Ye who are baptized into Christ Jesus, how were ye baptized?

Into his death.

N. N., into the death of Jesus I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

(During the imposition of hands the minister continues:)

Now art thou buried with him by baptism into his death;

In the name of Jesus: Amen.

Now therefore live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee; and the life which thou now livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved thee, and gave himself for thee.

T. 58. That our Lord's views with Him may be attain'd,
We now commend this child, with faith unfeign'd,
To the Father's blessing, to the Son's favour,
The Holy Spirit's guidance, now and ever:
Hear us, O Lord.

The Lord bless thee, &c.

(Questions which may be put to the children and answered by them.)

1. Who instituted baptism?
2. What promise did he give?
3. What assurance have we in baptism?

BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

T. 22. Christ, the almighty Son of God,
Took on him human flesh and blood,
And willingly gave up his breath
To save us from eternal death.

Praise to the Father, and the Son,—And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
That we're from condemnation freed,—Since Christ our ransom fully paid.

(After a short discourse follow these petitions.)

Lord God, Our FATHER which art in heaven,

Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever: Amen.

Lord God, Son, thou Saviour of the world,

Be gracious unto us.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

Abide with us forever.

T. 132. p. 2. Thou Lamb once slain, our God and Lord.
To needy prayers thine ear afford,
And on us all have mercy.

By thy divine presence,

By thy holy sacraments,

Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

[Questions put to the candidate for baptism.]

Dost thou believe in God the Father, almighty Maker and Preserver of heaven and earth?

Answer. *I do.*

Dost thou believe in Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, our Lord, who loved us, and gave himself for us?

Answer. *I do.*

Dost thou believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy Christian church, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting?

Answer. *I do.*

Dost thou believe that thou art a sinful creature, deserving of wrath and eternal punishment?

Answer. *I verily believe it.*

Dost thou believe that Jesus Christ is thy Lord, who redeemed thee, a lost and undone human creature, from sin, from death, and from the power of the devil, with his innocent suffering and dying, and with his holy and precious blood?

Answer. *I verily believe it.*

Dost thou in this faith desire to be baptized into the death of Jesus, to be washed from thy sins, and to be embodied into the congregation of the faithful?

ANSWER. *This is my sincere desire.*

Dost thou in this faith renounce the service of sin and Satan, and determine to live under Christ in his kingdom, and serve him in holiness and righteousness all the days of thy life?

ANSWER. *I do most heartily, in the strength of Jesus Christ, my Lord, and of his Holy Spirit.*

T. 155. Unto HIM, O Lamb of God,—Open thy salvation's treasure
In rich measure;—graciously HIS sins forgive,
HIM receive,—Grant HIM peace and consolation;
Join HIM to thy congregation,—As the purchase of thy death.

T. 22. The water flowing from thy side,
Which by the spear was open'd wide,
Be now HIS bath; thy precious blood
Cleanse HIM, and bring HIM nigh to God.

(The candidate for baptism kneeling, the minister offers up a prayer.)

Ye who are baptized into Christ Jesus, how were ye baptized?

Into his death.

N. N., into the death of Jesus I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

(During the imposition of hands the minister continues:)

Now art thou washed, justified, and sanctified by the blood of Christ: therefore live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee; and the life, which thou now livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved thee, and gave himself for thee.

Amen, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Amen, Hallelujah.

(Then, the congregation kneeling, the following verses may be sung:)

T. 22. May Christ thee sanctify and bless,
His Spirit's seal on thee impress,
His body, torn with many a wound,
Preserve thy soul and body sound.

The blood-sweat trickling down his face,
Thy condemnation doth erase;
His cross, his sufferings, and his pain,
Thy everlasting strength remain.

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Will thee protect, we humbly trust.

The Lord bless thee, &c.

BAPTISM OF ADULTS FROM THE HEATHEN.

Our Lord Jesus Christ,
Be gracious unto us.

By thy divine presence,
Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

By all the merits of thy holy humanity, life, sufferings, death, and resurrection,
Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

T. 22. Lord Jesus Christ, all praise to thee,
That thou didst deign a man to be,
And for each soul which thou hast made.
Hast an eternal ransom paid.

T. 132. O Jesus Christ, enthron'd on high,
The Father's Son beloved,
By whom lost sinners are brought nigh,
And guilt and curse removed;
Thou Lamb once slain, our God and Lord,
To needy prayers thine ear afford,
And on us all have mercy.

T. 30. Lift up thy pierced hands, most gracious Saviour,
Now pour out on Him [them] that grace and favour,
Which in thy loving—and kind heart for us is ever moving.

After these or other verses suited to this transaction have been sung, and a short discourse delivered concerning the aim of baptism, and the grace imparted by it to those who receive it, the minister shall put the following questions to the candidate.]

Dost thou believe that thou art a sinful creature, and on account of thy sins deservest the wrath of God and eternal punishment?

Answer. *I do believe it.*

Dost thou believe, that Jesus Christ became a man for us, and by his innocent life, sufferings, blood-shedding, and death, reconciled us sinners to God?

ANSWER. *I verily believe it.*

Dost thou believe that he hath purchased for thee, by his blood and death, remission of sins, life, and happiness?

ANSWER. *I verily believe it.*

Wilt thou in this faith be baptized into the death of Jesus, and be washed from thy sins in his blood?

ANSWER. *That is my sincere desire.*

Dost thou also desire to be delivered from the power of sin, and of Satan, and to be received into the fellowship of Jesus Christ, and of those who believe in him?

ANSWER. *That is my sincere desire, and I renounce the devil and all his works and ways.*

T. 22. Soul, body, spirit, Lord, are thine,
The purchase of thy blood divine;
O take HIM as thy property,
And keep HIM thine eternally.

[During this verse the candidate for baptism kneels down, and the minister prays that he may be cleansed from all his sins in the blood of Christ, delivered from guilt and punishment, and from the dominion of sin and Satan, buried by baptism into the death of Jesus, and raised together with him unto newness of life, and thus, together with all believers, received into, and made a partaker of, the fellowship of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.]

T. 22. The water flowing from thy side,
Which by the spear was open'd wide,
Be now HIS bath; thy precious blood
Cleanse HIM and bring him nigh to God.

(After the singing of this, or any other suitable verse, follows the baptism.)

N. N., I baptize thee into the death of Jesus, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

Now art thou buried with Christ by baptism into his death; therefore, from henceforth live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee; and the life which thou now livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved thee, and gave himself for thee.

T. 14. With awe and heartfelt thankfulness,
Him in the dust adore;
He who hath look'd on thee in grace,
Hath bliss for thee in store.

[The congregation now kneels down, during which may be sung.]

U. 22. May Christ thee sanctify and bless,
His Spirit's seal on thee impress;
His body, torn with many a wound,
Preserve thy soul and body sound.

OR, T. 22. The Saviour's blood and righteousness
Thy beauty be, thy glorious dress;
Thus well array'd, thou need'st not fear,
When in his presence all appear.

OR, T. 79, p. 2. His death and passion ever,
Till soul and body sever,
Shall in thy heart engrav'd remain.

T. 22. All power and glory doth pertain
Unto the Lamb, for he was slain,
And hath redeem'd us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.

(The congregation rising, the minister pronounces the blessing:)

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee;
The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace:

In the name of Jesus: Amen.

T. 11. Praise on earth to thee be giv'n,
Never-ceasing praise in heaven;
Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are thine.

CONFIRMATION.

AFTER a suitable discourse, the minister addresses the candidates for confirmation, putting some appropriate questions to them, to which they reply. They then kneel down, and the minister imparts to each the blessing of confirmation with imposition of hands, pronouncing at the same time a text of Scripture, such as:

"The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." (1 Thess. v. 23.)

Or, "Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ." (Heb. xiii. 20, 21.)

After this the minister adds:

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee;

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto ee;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace:

In the name of Jesus: Amen.

All then kneel down, and the persons confirmed are commended in prayer to the Lord. The service is concluded with a hymn.

All candidates for confirmation are, previous to it, carefully instructed by the minister in the doctrines of Christianity, with a particular reference to the Lord's supper, of which they are invited to partake at the next celebration of this holy ordinance, subsequent to their confirmation.

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

The service is opened by singing verses expressive of penitence and contrition of heart, after which a prayer for absolution is offered up. The congregation rising, a verse is sung, and the bread is consecrated by pronouncing the words of institution:

"Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his disciples, and said: "Take, eat: this is my body, which is given for you. This do in remembrance of me."

The consecrated bread is then distributed by the minister and his assistants among the communicants, during the singing of hymns, treating principally of the sufferings and death of our Lord. After all the communicants have received the bread, the minister repeats the words:

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, "Take, eat: this is my body, which is given for you."

The congregation partake all together at the same time, kneeling, either in silence, or while a verse is sung, expressive of the solemn act. The congregation rising, verses of thanksgiving are sung, after which the minister consecrates the wine by pronouncing the words:

"After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when he had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to them saying: Drink ye all of it: this is my blood, the blood of the new testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me."

The minister then partaking of the consecrated cup, delivers it to his assistants, by whom it is administered to the congregation; during which hymns are sung, treating of the remission of sins in the blood of Jesus, and of its healing and sanctifying power.

The service is continued with hymns, treating of brotherly love, communion with Christ, and thankfulness for his incarnation, passion, and death, and concluded with the blessing.

ORDINATIONS.

The service being opened by the singing of the hymn: Come, Holy Ghost, come Lord our God, &c. or some other suitable verses, the Bishop addresses the congregation in an appropriate discourse, ending with a charge to the candidate (or candidates) for ordination, after which he offers up a prayer, imploring the blessing of God upon the solemn transaction, and commending the candidate (or candidates) to his grace, that he may be endowed with power, and unction, and the influences of the Holy Ghost, for preaching the word of God, administering the holy sacraments, and for doing all those things, which shall be committed unto him, for the promotion of the spiritual edification of the church. The Bishop then proceeds to ordain the candidate (or candidates) with imposition of hands, pronouncing the following, or similar words:

I ordain (*consecrate*) thee, N. N., to be a Deacon (Presbyter) (Bishop) of the church of the United Brethren, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: *The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace: In the name of Jesus: Amen.*

The Bishop having returned to his place, kneels down with the whole congregation, all worshipping in silent devotion: and after a suitable pause, one of the following Doxologies is sung by the choir, the congregation joining in the Amen, Hallelujah.

The service is concluded with a short hymn, and the Bishop pronouncing the New Testament blessing.

N. B. At the consecration of bishops, two, or three bishops generally assist.

DOXOLOGIES.

(a) to be used at the ordination of deacons.

Glory to thy most meritorious Ministry,
O thou Servant of the true tabernacle,
Who didst not come to be ministered unto,
But to minister.

Amen, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Amen, Hallelujah.

(b) TO BE USED AT THE ORDINATION OF PRESBYTERS.

Glory be to thy most holy PRIESTHOOD,
CHRIST, thou LAMB of GOD;
Thou who wast slain for us;
Who by one offering hast perfected for ever them that are sanctified.

Amen, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Amen, Hallelujah.

(c) TO BE USED AT THE CONSECRATION OF BISHOPS.

Glory be to the SHEPHERD and BISHOP of our souls,
The great SHEPHERD of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant;
Glory and obedience be unto GOD the HOLY GHOST, our Guide and Comforter;
Glory and adoration be to the FATHER of our LORD JESUS CHRIST,
Who is the FATHER of all who are called children on earth and in heaven.

O might each pulse thanksgiving beat,
And every breath His praise repeat.

Amen, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Amen, Hallelujah.

SOLEMNIZATION OF MATRIMONY.

Dearly Beloved!

We are here assembled in the presence of God and this congregation (company), to join together this Brother N. N., and this Sister N. N. in holy matrimony, which is commanded by the Apostle to be honourable among all men; and therefore, is not by any to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly, but reverently, discreetly, and in the fear of God. In this holy estate, these two persons are now to be united.

In holy writ we are taught:

That matrimony was instituted by God himself, and is, therefore, an holy estate;

That, according to the ordinance of God, a man and his wife shall be one flesh;

That what God hath joined together, man may not put asunder;

That, under the New Covenant, the married state hath been sanctified, to be an emblem of Christ and his church;

That the husband, as the head of the wife, should love her, even as Christ also loved the church; and that the wife be subject to her own husband in the Lord, as the church is subject unto Christ;

That, in consequence, Christians thus united together, should love one another, as one in the Lord, be faithful one to the other, assist each other mutually, and never forsake one another. Loving God, our Saviour, above all things, whatsoever they do, in word or deed, they should do all to the glory of God, and in the name of Jesus Christ.

Premising, that there is no impediment to prevent your being lawfully joined together in holy wedlock, according to the word of God, and the laws of this country, I now ask thee, my Brother N. N.,

Wilt thou have our Sister, N. N. here present, to thy wedded wife, to live together, after God's ordinance, in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, honour her, and care for her; and, through the grace of God, approve thyself unto her, in every respect as a faithful Christian husband, so long as ye both shall live?

Answer: *Yes.*

In like manner I now ask thee, my Sister N. N.,

Wilt thou have our Brother, N. N., here present, to thy wedded husband, to live together, after God's ordinance, in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love him, honour him, and be subject unto him in the Lord; and, through the grace of God, approve thyself unto him, in every respect, as a faithful Christian wife, so long as ye both shall live?

Answer: *Yes.*

For as much, then, as ye have thus consented to live together in holy wedlock, and have witnessed the same before God and this congregation (company), we exhort you, that ye enter upon the estate of matrimony in the name of the Lord, and that ye live therein according to the precepts of his holy word.

To this end, we now unite with you, in imploring his divine aid and blessing, and the guidance and sanctification of his good Spirit.

Let us pray:

O Lord, our God! who thyself hast instituted and blessed the estate of matrimony, sanctifying the same, under the new Covenant to be an emblem of Christ and his church, we beseech thee, graciously to look upon these two persons, who are about to be united in holy wedlock. Grant, that they may enter upon, and continue in this estate, in thy name. Replenish their hearts with thy love, and enable them to be faithful one to the other, and thus to live together in perfect love and peace. Sanctify and bless their union; vouchsafe unto them the guidance of thy holy Spirit, and teach them to do that, which is well pleasing in thy sight, thro' Jesus Christ, our Lord: *Amen.*

[Here the minister joins their right hands:]

In the name of God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, ye are now joined together, to live in holy wedlock, as husband and wife. Receive ye the blessing of the Lord:

The Lord bless you, and keep you;

The Lord make his face shine upon you, and be gracious unto you;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace: *Amen.*

LITANY AT BURIALS.

No. 1.

Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.
Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, hear us.

Lord God, our Father, which art in heaven,

Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us: and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever: Amen.

Lord God, Son, thou Saviour of the world,

Be gracious unto us.

By thy human birth,
By thy prayers and tears,
By all the troubles of thy life,
By the grief and anguish of thy soul,
By thine agony and bloody sweat,
By thy bonds and scourgings,
By thy crown of thorns,
By thine ignominious crucifixion,
By thy sacred wounds and precious blood,
By thy atoning death,
By thy rest in the grave,
By thy glorious resurrection and ascension,
By thy sitting at the right hand of God,
By thy divine presence,

By thy coming again to thy church on earth, or our being called home to thee,

Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

Abide with us for ever.

I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

Therefore, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

T. 14. Now to the earth let these remains*
In hope committed be.
Until the body chang'd attains
To immortality.

We poor sinners pray,

Hear us, gracious Lord and God;

And keep us in everlasting fellowship with the church triumphant, and let us rest together in thy presence from our labours. *Amen.*

None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's: for to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living.

Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ.

Glory be to Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, who quickeneth us, while in this dying state, and after we have obtained the true life, doth not suffer us to die any more,

Glory be to Him in the church which waiteth for Him, and in that which is around Him, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

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* During the singing of this verse, the corpse is committed to the grave.

T. 22. The Saviour's blood and righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress:
Thus well array'd I need not fear,
When in his presence I appear.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all. *Amen.*

LITANY AT BURIALS.

No. 2.

Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.
Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, hear us.

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed by thy name, thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven: give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever: Amen.

Holy Father, accept us as thy children in thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ, who came forth from thee, and came into the world, was made flesh, and dwelt among us, took on him the form of a servant, and hath redeemed us, lost and undone human creatures, from all sin and from death, with his holy and precious blood, and with his innocent suffering and dying; to the end that we should be his own, and in his kingdom live under him and serve him, in eternal righteousness, innocence, and happiness; forasmuch as he, being risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth, world without end. *Amen.*

Therefore, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours.

Whosoever liveth and believeth in Christ, shall never die; for He is the Resurrection and the Life, and went to prepare a place for us, and will come again, and receive us unto himself, that where he is, there we may be also.

Meanwhile none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's; for to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living.

Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

T. 14. Now to the earth let these remains*
In hope committed be,
Until the body chang'd attains
To immortality.

We poor sinners pray,

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

And keep us in everlasting fellowship with the church triumphant, and let us rest together in thy presence from our labours. *Amen.*

(† As touching children, Jesus saith, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.)

We desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better: we shall never taste death; and we shall attain unto the resurrection of the dead; for the body, which we shall put off, this grain of corruptibility, shall put on incorruption: our flesh shall rest in hope.

The Father and the Son, who quicken whom they will, and the Spirit of Him who raised up Jesus from the dead, will also quicken these our mortal bodies, if so be that the Spirit of God hath dwelt in them.

Glory be to Him who is the Resurrection and the Life. He was dead, and behold he liveth for evermore. And he that believeth in Him, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

Glory be to Him in the church that waiteth for Him, and in that which is around Him, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

T. 79. While here, the great salvation,
Procur'd by Jesus' passion,
Our favourite theme shall be:
By virtue of his merit,
We shall true life inherit
In heaven to all eternity.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all. *Amen.*

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* During the singing of this verse, the corpse is committed to the grave.

† To be used only at the burial of a child.

HYMNS.

I. THE WORD OF GOD.

(1.) 1.* T. 119.

HOLY Lord, :‖:
Holy and almighty Lord,
Thou who, as the great Creator,
Art by all thy works ador'd;
Source of universal nature, (blood,
And to man, redeem'd by Jesus'
Sovereign good; :‖:

2. Thanks and praise, :‖:
Thanks and praise be ever thine,
That thy word to us is given,
Teaching us with power divine,
That the Lord of earth and heaven,
Everlasting life for us to gain,
Once was slain. :‖:

3. Day nor night, :‖:
Never let us hold our peace;
In his blood-bought congregation
Never shall his praises cease;
God, as man, made an oblation,
Suffer'd, bled, and died, my soul,
Joyful be. :‖: (for thee;

4. Lord our God, :‖:
May thy precious, saving word,
Till our race is here completed,
Light unto our path afford;
And, when in thy presence seated,
We to thee will render for thy
Ceaseless praise. :‖: (grace

C. Gregor.

(2.) 2.* T. 22.

GOD'S holy word, which ne'er shall cease, (peace,
Proclaims free pardon, grace and
Directs to Jesus and his blood,
And teaches us the will of God.

2. As guilty creatures could not bear
The awful voice of God to hear,
By men the Spirit of the Lord
Reveal'd his holy covenant word.

3. This sacred word exposes sin,
Convinces us that we're unclean;
Points out the wretched, ruin'd state (great.
Of all mankind, both small and

4. It also shows God's boundless grace
Towards the fallen human race,
And offers life to every one
Who turns in faith to his dear Son.

5. This gospel cheers the poor in heart,
And heavenly riches doth impart;
Sets forth the mystery of the cross,
And that Christ's blood aton'd for us:—

6. It gathers God's elected flock,
Beneath the shade of Christ the rock,
Serves to instruct us and reprove,
Confirms our hope, inflames our love:—

7. It keeps believers in the faith
Of Christ and his atoning death;
Prompts us to do God's holy will,
And leads us safe to Salem's hill.

8. Receive our cordial thanks, O Lord,
For granting us thy holy word;

O may we thereby guided be,
Till we in heaven shall dwell with thee.

Bohemian Brethren.

(4.) 3. T. 106 or 90.

SPIRIT of truth, essential God,
Who didst the saints of old inspire,
Shed in their hearts thy love abroad, (fire:
And touch their lips with sacred
Thou Guide divine, who dost impart (heart.
The truth to man, instruct each

2. Most holy and almighty Lord,
Whose presence fills both earth and heaven,
May we believe the written word,
By thy own inspiration given:
Thou only canst its truths explain;
Without thy aid we search in vain.

3. Come, thou divine Interpreter,
Our sloth and ignorance thou know'st;
Ah, teach us humbly to revere
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
For all the mercy, truth, and grace,
We in thy holy scriptures trace.

(5.) 4. T. 22.

'TWAS by an order from the Lord, (word;
The ancient prophets spoke his
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heavenly fire.

2. O God, mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name, who died for me.

3. Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word and must endure.

Isaac Watts.

(7.) 5.* T. 16.

FROM the doctrines I'll ne'er waver,
In the holy scriptures stor'd;
O what sweetness do I savour
In each sacred covenant-word.

2. And if I myself examine,
While the book I 'fore me hold.
To each truth my heart saith Amen.
One the other doth unfold.

3. Speak, O Lord, thy servant heareth
With deep awe attentively;
What thy holy word declareth
Shall my rule and practice be.

F. W. Neisser.

(8.) 6. T. 22.

FAIN would I, dear Redeemer, learn,
Fain what is excellent discern;
Thy will would search, my duty know;
O let thy word the secret show.

2. Sigh after sigh to thee I send,
That I thy word may comprehend,
That word, which, learnt and understood,
Affords the soul enduring food.

3. Let human arts make others wise, (rise;
My learning from the cross shall
Thy wounds, thy passion, death, and grave (crave.
Are all the knowledge that I

4. With pity view me at thy feet;
To be instructed, Lord, I wait;
Here will I lie, nor wish to rise,
Till by thy cross I am made wise.

(10.) 7. T. 97.

HERE in thy presence we appear,
Lord Jesus Christ, thy word to hear; (incline
Our wandering thoughts and hearts
With thirst to imbibe thy word divine; (this earth to thee,
That all our minds, drawn from
May love thee more, and serve thee faithfully.

2. God, Holy Spirit, now impart
Thy unction to each longing heart;
Us with thy heavenly light and fire (inspire;
To sing, to pray, and preach
Thus blest in spirit and in truth shall we (and Thee.
Give praise unto the Father, Son,

(11.) 8. T. 14.

JESUS, thy word is my delight;
There grace and truth are seen;
Ah, could I study day and night,
And meditate therein.

2. The gospel, as a polish'd glass,
Thy glory lets us see;
And by beholding there thy face
We're render'd like to thee.

3. O Lamb of God, the book unseal,
And to our hearts explain;
Let all its life and spirit feel,
And heavenly wisdom gain.

4. That thou for us didst live and die,
Make known to us, dear Lord;
To us the promises apply,
Recorded in thy word.

W. Hammond.

(12.) 9. T. 22.

O HOW I love thy holy word,
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord:
It guides me in the peaceful way;
I'll think upon it all the day.

2. What are the mines of shining wealth, (of health?
The strength of youth, the bloom
What are all joys compared with those
Thine everlasting word bestows!

Cowper.

(13.) 10. T. 14.

HOW precious is the Book divine,
By inspiration given.
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine.
To guide our souls to heaven.

2. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears
Life, light, and joy it still imparts.
And quells our rising fears.

3. This lamp thre' all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of everlasting day.

(14. 11.* T. 83.

O WHAT peace divinely sweet
Fills my soul, when I've the favour
To sit down at Jesus' feet,
And his gracious words to savour;
Then I open heart and ear;
What he saith finds entrance there.

Gregor.

(15.) 12. T. 89.

PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford;
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and medicine, shield & sword:

Let the world account me poor,
Having this I need no more.

2. Food to which the world's a stranger
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloys:
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed.

3. When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind;
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing medicines here I find;
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4. In the hour of dark temptation
Satan cannot make me yield:
For this word of consolation
Is to me both sword and shield:
While the scripture truths are sure,
From this malice I'm secure.

13. T. 14.

THY law is perfect, Lord of light,
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandments pure.

2. Holy, inviolate thy fear,
Enduring as thy throne; (vere,
Thy judgments, chastening or se-
Justice and truth alone.

3. More prized than gold,—than gold, whose waste
Refining fire expels:
Sweeter than honey to my taste,
Than honey from the cells.

4. Let these, O God, my soul con-
And make thy servant wise; (vert,
Let these be gladness to my heart,
The day-spring to my eyes.

5. By these may I be warn'd be-times;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes,
Cleanse me from secret sin.

6. So may the words my lips ex-press, (mind,
The thoughts that throng my
O Lord, my strength and righteous-
With thee acceptance find. (ness,

J. Montgomery.

II. THE FALL AND REDEMPTION OF MAN.

(21.) 14.* T. 89.

IN thine image, Lord, thou mad'st
Gav'st me being out of love: (me,
Though I fell, yet thou hast sent me
Full redemption from above:
Sacred Love, I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

2. Love, by whom I was ordained
In thy church to have a place,
Ev'n before I life obtained,
Or could know thy saving grace:
Love almighty and divine,
I would be for ever thine.

3. Love, who hast for me endured
Keenest pains of death and hell;
Love, whose sufferings have procured
More for me than tongue can tell;
Sacred Love, &c.

4. Love, my life, and my salvation.
Light and truth, eternal Word,
Thou alone dost consolation

To my sinking soul afford:
Love almighty, &c.

5. Love, thy yoke I gladly carry,
It is easy, gentle, light;
Grant that I may ne'er be weary
Thee to serve with all my might:
Sacred Love, &c.

6. Love, my advocate in heaven
Pleading for me when oppress'd,
Bearing still my name engraven
Upon thy high-priestly breast;
Love almighty, &c.

7. Love, thou me wilt raise to glory
In thy likeness, from the dust,
And as conqueror place before thee,
Crown'd with bliss among the just:
Sacred Love, I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

John Angelus.

(22.) 15.* T. 590.

CHRIST, the good Shepherd, God's (own Son,
From all eternity,
Urg'd by his love, exchang'd his (throne
For human misery;
Hiswandering sheep gonefar astray
He sought with pungent pain,
And did for all a ransom pay
To bring them home again.

2. One of those sheep, in deserts (lost,
Art thou, my sinful soul;
His life it hath the Shepherd cost,
To save and make thee whole;
Now hear his voice with gratitude,
Call on his saving name;
For thee he shed his precious blood,
And now his own doth claim.

John Angelus.

(23.) 16. T. 79.

THOU holy, spotless Lamb of God,
Didst leave thy glorious, blest (abode,
In love to sinners vile;
Earth's face the curse had overrun,
Man was corrupt, condemn'd, undone,
Entangled fast by Satan's guile.

2. Thou, for their sake who hated thee,
Didst shed thy blood upon the tree,
Thy life for ours didst give;
Thou barest our curse; our debt was paid,
Thy soul for sin an offering made,
Thou diedst, that we with thee might live.

3. Never may I depart from thee;
Thou hast procur'd my liberty,
Thanks to thy boundless grace.
Thy wounds, whereon I trust by faith,
My refuge are from sin and death,
My feeble soul's abiding-place.

M. Taylor.

(24.) 17.* T. 221.

YE bottomless depths of God's infinite love,
In Jesus Christ to us reveal'd!
Its motions how burning, how flaming they prove, (conceal'd:
Though from man's wisdom quite
Whom dost thou love? Sinners, the vilest race;
Whom dost thou bless? Children, who scorn'd thy grace;
O Being most gracious, whom angels adore,
Thou takest delight in things worthless and poor.

2. Our thirsting can never, O merciful God, (grace;
Equal thy love and boundless
On us thou more blessings and love hast bestow'd, (passes.
Than stripes deserv'd our tres-
O teach us to trust thy fidelity, (be,
And closely united with Christ to

The Spirit's kind teachings in all things to prove,
Yea, live to thy honour, thee serve, praise, and love.

3. We pray thee, O Being most gracious and mild, (now,
Instruct our minds and teach us
So that in Immanuel, thine image and child, (know;
How great thy name is, we may
Ah, show us how easy it is to bear
Thy yoke, and to trust thy paternal care, (shall end,
That, till the short period of trial
Our faith and our love may their author commend.

Count Zinzendorf.

(25.) 18. T. 14.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep it stains!
How Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains!

2. But there's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
Believe in Christ the Lord."

3. My soul obey the gracious call,
And haste to gain relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help my unbelief.

4. To the dear fountain of thy Incarnate God, I fly: (blood,
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5. A guilty, weak, and helpless
Into thy arms I fall: (worm,
Be thou my strength and righteous-
My Jesus and my All. (ness,

Watts.

(26.) 19. T. 582.

NOT one of Adam's race,
If in the balance tried,
Can by his works of righteousness
'Fore God be justified.
The works which we have done
Are all, alas! unclean;
But we are sav'd by faith alone,
And cleans'd thereby from sin.

2. Ye sinners, who with grief
Your condemnation feel,
Look up to Jesus for relief,
And to his blood appeal;
God gave his only Son
That sinners who believe
Might not be lost, but be his own.
And in his kingdom live.

(27.) 20. T. 14.

I, WITH the fallen human race,
Lay weltering in my blood;
O'erwhelm'd with shame and deep disgrace,
And banish'd far from God.

2. The loving Jesus passing by,
His bowels yearn'd to see
Me, wretched sinner, helpless lie
In deepest misery.

3. He turn'd to me in tenderness.
His instant aid to give,
And, pitying my sore distress,
He said, "Arise and live."

4. He washed away my every stain.
And cleans'd me in his blood;
Deck'd me with righteousness divine,
And brought me nigh to God.

5. My heart no condemnation fears.
Nor hell, nor Satan dreads,
Christ as the mercy-seat appears.
His blood my pardon pleads.

6. Against the fiercest power of hell
He is my strength and shield;
Beneath his cross I safely dwell;
He fights, I win the field.

7. Since he became my sacrifice,
My bonds and chains he broke;
Now to my willing neck he ties
His soft and easy yoke.

8. A pardon'd sinner I remain,
But sin its power hath lost;
Sin still I have, but grace doth reign;
Mercy is all my boast.

9. Arise, my happy soul, arise,
Redeem'd by sovereign grace,
Open to thee is paradise,
Go in and take thy place.

W. Hammond.

(28.) 21. T. 22.

LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean; (fall
Sprung from the man whose guilty
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2. Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin engender death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in every part.

3. O God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
O make me wise betimes to see
My danger and my remedy.

4. Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace: (clean,
No outward forms can make me
The leprosy lies deep within.

5. My sin I feel, my guilt I know,
Thy blood can make me white as snow:
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken heart rejoice.

Watts.

(30.) 22. T. 79.

ARISE, ye who are captive led,
Complain no more, for Christ our
From sin can set you free: (head
Redemption Jesus freely gives,
Repenting sinners he receives,
He came to save both thee and me.

2. He meekly all our sorrows bore,
Us fallen sinners to restore
To life and liberty:
For us he suffer'd deep distress,
Was without form or comeliness;
O depth of love, O mystery!

3. The almighty Judge condemned was, (cause;
That he by death might gain our
The Prince of life was slain:
And since he suffer'd in our stead,
We need no condemnation dread,
Eternal life in him we gain.

4. The Holy One, made sin for us,
Was nailed to the accursed cross,
And shed his precious blood;
Thus he obtained a righteousness
For all who mourn for pardoning grace; (God.
Thro' Jesus we have peace with

5. Rejoice, O heavens, and earth reply, (sky,
With praise, ye sinners, fill the
All grace his death procures;
Your woes to blessings he will change,
You in his children's order range,
Thro' him eternal life is yours.

Erskine.

III. THE INCARNATION AND BIRTH OF JESUS CHRIST.

(31.) 23.* T. 97.

JESUS, the almighty Son of God,
Takes up with mortals his abode;
He who was sworn to Abraham,
Who ever was and is the same,
Came in due time and mysteries reveal'd, (were conceal'd.
Which from the world's foundation

2. We, dead in sin and trespasses,
The narrow way to life and peace
Had neither will nor power to find;
Nor were our stubborn hearts inclin'd (know,
To wish, or seek that happiness to
Which love alone on sinners could bestow.

3. Then Love brake forth, "Behold me still
Prepar'd, O God, to do thy will;
I freely come, I freely die,
For guilty man to satisfy:
I in his stead will suffer on the tree, (set him free."
From sin, and death, and hell to

4. And thus, to save our souls from guilt, (spilt:
Our Surety's precious blood was
The sins of all on him were laid,
And he for all hath fully paid:
Now God, as children, freely will receive (believe.
Repenting sinners who in Christ

5. Out of mere grace unmerited,
Salvation showers upon our head;
Because the Lamb was crucified,
Because the Lord of glory died,
Are we invited to possess a throne,
Before the world was made ordain'd our own.

Matth. Stach.

(32.) 24.* T. 22.

TO God we render thanks and praise,
Who pitied mankind's fallen race,
And gave his dear and only Son,
That us, as children, he might own.

2. What grace, what great benevolence, (sense!
What love, surpassing human
For this great work no angel can
Him duly praise, much less a man.

3. The Word eternal did assume
Our flesh and blood, and man become; (see
The First and Last with wonder
Partake of human misery.

4. He came to seek and save the lost; (cost,
We sinn'd, and he would bear the
That we might share eternal bliss;
O what unbounded love was this.

5. How wretched they who still despise
Jesus, the pearl of greatest price:
Those who neglect to hear his voice, (choice.
Must perish by their own free

6. Unhappy those who turn away,
Or such as carelessly delay
To meet their Saviour, tho' he came
Their souls from misery to reclaim.

7. Come, sinners, Jesus will receive (live:
The chief of sinners; come and
"I'll dwell with you," our Saviour saith; (faith.
Receive him in your hearts by

M. Weiss, or Boh. Brn.

(33.) 25. T. 590.

BEHOLD, to us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given;
Unto the wretched and forlorn
Descends the Lord from heaven:
The promis'd seed, Immanuel,
The everlasting God, (and hell,
Comes down to save from death
Poor sinners by his blood.

2. Great is the hidden mystery
That God became a man.
He had from all eternity,
In mercy form'd a plan
To save from misery and distress
The fallen human race;
And now the Sun of righteousness
His healing beams displays.

3. Come, sinners, view the incarnate Word,
Who us and all things made;
This helpless babe is Christ the (Lord,
Tho' in a manger laid.
For us to die is Jesus born,
Adore his saving name;
Rejoice, rejoice, for all that mourn
May his salvation claim.

J. Swertner.

(34.) 26.* T. 151.

HOW shall I meet my Saviour?
How shall I welcome thee?
What manner of behaviour
Is now requir'd of me?
I wait for thy salvation,
Grant me thy Spirit's light,
Thus will my preparation
Be pleasing in thy sight.

2. While with her sweetest flowers
Thy Zion strews thy way,
I'll raise with all my powers
To thee a grateful lay:
To thee, the King of Glory,
I'll tune a song divine,
And make thy love's bright story
In graceful numbers shine.

3. Love caused thy incarnation,
Love brought thee down to me;
Thy thirst for my salvation
Procur'd my liberty:
O love beyond all measure,
Wherewith thou dost embrace
Mankind, 'midst all that pressure
Which since the fall takes place.

4. No sinful man's endeavour,
Nor any mortal's care,
Could draw his sovereign favour
To sinners in despair:
Uncall'd he comes with gladness,
Us from the fall to raise,
And change our grief and sadness
To songs of joy and praise.

5. Ye who with deep contrition
Bemoan your sinful state,
Fear not, Christ gives remission
Of sins, however great:
He comes, repenting sinners
With life and love to crown,
And make them happy winners
Of glory like his own.

Paul Gerhard.

(36.) 27.* T. 22.

REJOICE, our nature Christ assumes,
Born of a virgin, lo, he comes,
As the Messiah fore-ordain'd;
Adore and wonder, every land.

2. He left his bright, his glorious throne, (came down,
He bow'd the heavens, to earth
And thus his wondrous race began,
As God with God and man with man.

3. Behold a great, a heavenly light,
From Bethlehem's manger shining bright,

Around those who in darkness
The night of evil to dispel. (dwell.

4. Incarnate God, exert thy power,
Arise, thou glorious conqueror;
Subdue sin, death, and every foe,
Erect thy kingdom here below.

(37.) 28.* T. 157.

RISE, my soul, shake off all sadness,
Christ is near—thee to cheer;
Angels sing with gladness;
Unto you is born a Saviour
On this day;—don't delay
To accept God's favour.

2. Our eternal, kind Creator
Leaves his own—glorious throne,
And assumes our nature:
From perdition full exemption
To procure—and endure
Death for our redemption.

3. O the amazing demonstration
Of his love,—which we prove
By his incarnation!
If mankind by him were loathed,
How could he—deign to be
With our nature clothed?

4. See your Saviour in a manger;
'Midst his own,—yet unknown,
Treated like a stranger,
Tended by an earthly mother:
Him believe,—and receive,
He is Christ your Brother.

5. Ye that feel quite poor and needy,
Come, who will,—take your fill,
All things now are ready:
He is come to be your Saviour,
Full of love,—to remove
Guilt and curse for ever.

6. Jesus, hear my supplication,
Grant me grace—to embrace
Thee as my salvation:
Then like Simeon, (O what fa-
I desire—to retire (vour!)
Hence in peace for ever.

Paul Gerhard.

(38.) 29. T. 166 or 22.

INFINITE Source whence all did spring, (Lord,
The whole creation's Head and
Almighty and eternal King, (ador'd:
Who art in heaven and earth
Thou whom the heavens cannot contain, (above,
Didst deign to leave thy throne
To be an infant poor and mean:
O mystery deep, O boundless love.

2. The cause of this, I know it well,
Was thy great love and my great woe;
To rescue me from death and hell,
Thou didst consent to stoop so low;
My misery mov'd the God of grace,
Who in the Father's bosom lay,
When the due time had taken place,
His great compassion to display.

3. What offerings shall I bring to thee,
Immanuel, my King and God?
Who didst vouchsafe a man to be,
To save me by thy precious blood;
Thou, at whose birth the angels sing, (men,"
"Peace upon earth, good will to
To whom the sages humbly bring
Their gifts, though thou appear so mean.

4. This will I do, thou Child divine,
I'll give thee that for which thou cam'st,
My soul and body, Lord, are thine,
And them, in love to me, thou claim'st:
My humble sacrifice receive,

Dear Jesus, born to bleed for me,
That I by faith in thee might live,
And with thee live eternally.

J. Toeltschig.

(40.) 30. T. 590.

COME, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your grateful tribute bring,
And celebrate with one accord,
The birth of Christ our King:
Let us with humble hearts repair
(Faith will point out the road)
To little Bethlehem, and there
Adore the incarnate God.

2. All glory to Immanuel's name
The choirs of angels sing,
Gladly these heralds peace proclaim,
Peace from our God and King:
Well might the shepherds haste away
This wondrous babe to see;
Well might the sages homage pay,
And bow to him the knee.

3. We all have reason to rejoice,
When we this mystery view,
That God assum'd our flesh and blood,
O wonder ever new!
We humbly in the dust adore;
Lord, who is like to thee,
That thou, vile sinners to restore,
Didst deign a man to be.

J. Heart and M. Taylor.

(42.) 31.* T. 169.

ARISE, my spirit, bless the day
Whereon the ages' Sire
A child became; thy homage pay,
Receive him with desire.
This is the night in which he came,
Was born and put on human frame,
Us sinners to deliver
From sin and death forever.

2. Welcome, thou Source of every good,
O Jesus, King of glory;
Welcome, thrice welcome, Lamb of God,
To this world transitory:
In grateful hymns thy name I'll praise,
With heart and voice throughout my days;
For thy blest incarnation
Procured my salvation.

3. O lovely Infant, thou art full
Of grace above all measure;
Thou art more precious to my soul
Than earth with all its treasure:
Come, Jesus, come, abide with me,
And let my heart thy dwelling be;
Then I without cessation
Shall joy in thy salvation.

J. Rist.

(43.) 32. T. 79.

ALL glory be to God on high;
Ye sons of Adam, fill the sky
With songs of thankfulness;
God, mov'd by everlasting love,
Decreed with his dear Son above,
A sinful world to save and bless.

2. He as a poor mean child was born;
His birth no palace did adorn,
A manger was his bed;
Look, look upon this rising sun,
Till tears of love your eyes o'errun
This lovely babe is Christ our head.

M. Taylor.

(44.) 33. T. 11.

WHAT good news the angels bring!
What glad tidings of our King!
Christ the Lord is born to-day,
Christ, who takes our sins away.

2. He who rules both heaven and earth
Hath in Bethlehem his birth;
Him shall all the faithful see,
And rejoice eternally.

3. Lift your hearts and voices high,
With hosannas fill the sky:
Glory be to God above,
Who is infinite in love.

4. Peace on earth, good will to men:
Now with us our God is seen:
Angels join his name to praise,
Help to sing redeeming grace.

5. Jesus is the loveliest name,
This the angel doth proclaim;
Sinners poor he came to save,
They in him redemption have.

6. They who see themselves undone,
And take refuge to the Son,
They shall all be born again,
And with him in glory reign.

Hammond.

(45.) 34.* T. 11.

ALL the world give praises due;
God is faithful, God is true;
He to man doth comfort send
In his Son, the sinners' friend.

2. What the fathers wish'd of old,
What the promises foretold,
What the seers did prophesy,
Is fulfill'd most gloriously.

3. My salvation, welcome be;
Thou, my portion, praise to thee;
Come, and make thy blest abode
In my heart, O Son of God.

4. Grant thy comforts to my mind,
Since I'm helpless, poor, and blind;
O may I in faith abide
Thine, and never turn aside.

5. Jesus, when in majesty
Thou shalt come my judge to be,
Grant in grace that I may stand
Justified at thy right hand.

H. Held.

(46.) 35.* T. 22.

IMMANUEL, to thee we sing,
Thou Prince of Life, almighty King,
That thou, expected ages past,
Didst come to visit us at last.

2. Thou, Lord, tho' heaven belongs to thee,
On earth a stranger deign'st to be;
Thou clothest all, yet wear'st a dress
Which doth the poorest state express.

3. On wither'd grass reclines thy head,
A wretched manger is thy bed:
Tho' thou appear'st among thine own,
No kindness unto thee is shown.

4. I thank thee, gracious Lord, that thou
On my account did'st stoop so low;
O that my words, my works and ways,
May all proclaim thy matchless (praise.

P. Gerhard.

(48.) 36.* T. 22.

TO-DAY we celebrate the birth
Of Jesus Christ, who came on earth
Man as his property to claim,
And from perdition to redeem.

2. Awake, my heart; my soul, arise;
Look who in yonder manger lies;
Who is that child, so poor & mean?
'Tis he who all things doth sustain.

3. Welcome, O welcome, noble guest,
Who sinners not despised hast,
But cam'st into our misery; (thee?
How shall we pay due thanks to

4. Immanuel, incarnate God,
Prepare my heart for thy abode:
O may I, through thy aiding grace,
In all I do, show forth thy praise.

Dr. M. Luther.

(49.) 37. T. 16.

CHRIST the Lord, the Lord most glorious,
Now is born; O shout aloud:
Man by him was made victorious:
Praise your Saviour, hail your God.

2. Praise the Lord, for on us shineth
Christ, the Sun of righteousness;
He to us in love inclineth, (grace.
Cheers our souls with pardoning

3. Praise the Lord, whose saving splendour
Shines into the darkest night;
O what praises shall we render
For this never-ceasing light.

4. Praise the Lord, God our salvation,
Praise him who retriev'd our loss;
Sing with awe, and love's sensation,
HALLELUJAH, GOD WITH US.

J. Miller.

(50.) 38. T. 585.

HAIL, thou wondrous infant stran-
Born lost Eden to regain; (ger,
Welcome in thy humble manger,
Welcome to thy creature man;
Hail Immanuel, :‖:
Thou who wast ere time began.

2. Say, ye blest seraphic legions,
What thus brought your Maker down?
Say, why did he leave your regions,
Why forsake his heavenly throne?
Notes melodious :‖:
Tell the cause: Good will to man.

3. We this offer'd Saviour needed,
Hence we join your theme with
We by none will be exceeded, (joy,
While we laud this mystery,
And with wonder :‖:
God incarnate glorify.

39. T. 168.

SEE the infant in the manger,
See the incarnate God lie there,
Helpless, indigent, a stranger,
Born a man, our sins to bear!
From his birth despis'd, rejected,
By his people unrespected,
Ah! Immanuel's every breath
Was a draught of wrath and death.

Benj. Latrobe.

40. T. 585.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory
Wing your flight all o'er the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship, :‖:
Worship Christ, the new born King.

2. Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship, :‖:
Worship Christ, the new born King.

3. Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship, :‖:
Worship Christ, the new born King.

4. Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship, :‖:
Worship Christ, the new born King.

5. Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your (chains:
Come and worship, :‖:
Worship Christ, the new born King.

J. Montgomery.

41. T. 11.

HARK! the herald angels sing:
"Glory to the new-born King,
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiv'n."

2. Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumph of the skies:
With the angelic host proclaim:
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

3. Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as man with men to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel.

4. Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.

5. Lo, he lays his glory by:
Born, that man no more may die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth;
Born, to give them second birth.

6. Sing we then, with angels sing:
"Glory to the new-born King!
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiv'n."

Wesley's Collection.

(52.) 42.* T. 83.

TRULY, that eventful day,
When the God of our salvation
Helpless in a manger lay,
Of our bliss laid the foundation;
Centuries had never gain'd,
What he then for man obtain'd.

2. Scarce had Adam fall'n from grace,
Ev'n in paradise ensnared,
When with parent's tenderness
God his will to save declared:
Should not such great mercy move
All to praise, adore, and love?

3. See the Son of God descend,
At the time by him directed,
Thirty years on earth to spend,
As a man despis'd, rejected,
As a victim to be slain,
His love's purpose to obtain.

4. What sure prophecies foretold,
And mysterious types depicted,
Sacred covenants of old.
Solemn promises predicted,
All was made Amen and Yea,
On that great eventful day.

5. What shall I now give to thee?
Take my heart as a thank-offering:
What hast thou not done for me,
By that life of woe and suffering!
This restores far more than all
I had lost by Adam's fall.

(54) 43. T. 595.

REJOICE in Jesus' birth,
To us a Son is given,
To us a Child is born on earth,
Who made both earth and heaven

2. His arm supports the sky,
The universe sustains; (high,
The God supreme, the Lord most
The King Messiah reigns.

3. His name, his nature soar
Beyond the angels' ken,
Yet whom the angelic hosts adore,
He pleads the cause of men.

4. Our Councellor we praise,
Our Advocate above,
Who daily in his church displays
His miracles of love.

5. The mighty God is he,
Author of life and bliss,
The Father of eternity,
The glorious Prince of peace.

(55.) 44. T. 585.

HEAR, ye sinners, peace and par-
Freely offer'd, glad receive; (don
Nor your hearts yet longer harden,
Hear his voice and ye shall live;
To God glory in the highest,
Peace on earth, good will to men.

2. Meek and lowly see your Sa-
Meet returning prodigals; (viour
He receives them into favour,
Therefore come, 'tis God who calls;
Unto us a Son is given,
Unto us a Child is born.

3. Now to Bethlehem we're in-
Or to Calvary, him to know, (vited,
But ere long we shall be cited,
When the trump of God shall blow,
'Fore the presence of his glory,
As the judge of quick and dead.

4. Then on clouds in glory seated,
He'll pronounce their final doom,
Who, while here, tho' oft entreated,
For Immanuel found no room:
Gracious Saviour, since thou call-
May not one of us refuse. (est,

5. May we all then stand before thee,
Given unto thee without loss,
As thy saints, who here adore thee,
In the manger, on the cross:
To God glory in the highest,
Peace on earth, good will to men.

(56.) 45. T. 16.

WELCOME, blessed heavenly stranger!
Open, Holy Ghost, mine eyes,
Lead me to my Saviour's manger,
Show me where my Jesus lies.

2. O most Mighty, O most Holy,
Far above the seraph's thought!
Zion, view thy King, as lowly
As inspired prophets taught.

(57.) 46. T. 585.

PEACE on earth, heaven is pro-
claiming:
Peace, descending from above, (ing,
Peace, good will, lost man reclaim-
Peace from God, God who is love:
Peace in Jesus, ;‖:
Peace that never shall remove.

2. Glory to our great Creator,
Glory in the highest strain;
Glory to the Mediator,
Both from angels and from men:
To Immanuel, :‖:
All the glory doth pertain.

(58.) 47. T. 22.

MAKER of all things, Lord our
God, (blood,
Now veil'd in feeble flesh and
To reconcile and set us free
From endless woe and misery;—

2. What heights, what depths of
love divine
In thy blest incarnation shine: (lays
Let heaven and earth unite their
To magnify thy boundless grace.

(59.) 48. T. 14.

HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line:
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

2. The root of David, here we find,
And offspring are the same;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Immanuel's name.

3. Blest he that comes to wretched
men
With peaceful news from heav'n;
Hosannas in the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be given.

Watts.

(62.) 49.* T. 14.

BOTH to the seraph and the worm
God's goodness doth abound;
He calms the sea, calls forth the storm,
And fructifies the ground.

2 But yet his mercy to man's race
More richly was display'd;
He pitied us in our distress,
And therefore flesh was made;—

3. That he as man might sympathise
With every grief we feel,
And being made a sacrifice,
With blood our pardon seal.

(64.) 50. T. 586.

I WILL rejoice in God my Saviour,
And magnify this act of love;
I'm lost in wonder at his favour,
Which made him leave his throne above,
To take upon him human nature,
To suffer for his wretched creature,
Dire anguish, keenest pain,
And death-pangs to sustain,
My soul to gain.

Benj. Latrobe.

(65.) 51. T. 159.

WISDOM and power to Christ be-
Who left his glorious throne; (long,
The new, the blessed gospel-song
Is due to him alone;
Join all on earth in Jesus' praise,
Join with the highest seraph's lays:
To us, to us God's Son is given,
The Lord of earth and heaven.

(66.) 52. T. 167.

COME, thou universal blessing,
Thou, the woman's promis'd seed;
Perfect bliss and joy unceasing,
Deign throughout the earth to spread,
By thy holy incarnation,
Life, and death our guilt remove,
Visit us with thy salvation,
Bless us with thy heavenly love.

(67.) 53. T. 205.

GRACIOUS Saviour, mov'd by love,
Thou the lofty heavens didst bow,
Thou didst leave thy throne above,
With lost man to dwell below;
Here among us thou wilt be,
We rejoice alone in thee,
Here thy name we will record,
O Immanuel, our Lord.

(68.) 54. T. 249.

WITH awe and deeply bow'd,
We praise :‖: the incarnate God,
Who took our flesh and blood;
Unto the child at Bethlehem,
Whose birth the angelic choirs proclaim,
We our thank-offerings bring,
And grateful sing
Praises to our heavenly King.

(69.) 55.* T. 39.

TO God our Immanuel, made flesh as we are,
Our Friend, our Redeemer, and Brother most dear,
Be honour and glory: Let with one accord
All people say, Amen! Give praise to the Lord.

Gregor.

IV. THE NAME OF JESUS, AND HIS WALK ON EARTH.

(70.) 56.* T. 146.

LORD Jesus, when I trace,
Thee as the great Creator,
With fear I hide my face;
But when in human nature
I see thy deep distress,
And lowliness of heart,
I freely must confess
That thou my brother art.

2. Therefore I'll thee adore
With deep humiliation,
And own thee evermore
Lord of the whole creation;
But thy humanity,
Thy birth, thy life, and death,
Unite my soul to thee,
Until my latest breath.

Z.

57. T. 14.

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2. He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3. He comes, from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye, long clos'd in night,
To pour celestial day.

4. He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the riches of his grace,
To bless the humble poor.

5. Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

Doddridge.

58. T. 11.

SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

2. When he came the angels sung,
"Glory be to God on high!"
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue,
Who should louder sing than I?

3. Did the Lord a man become,
That he might the law fulfil,
Bleed and suffer in my room,
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

4. No, I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are and weak;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

5. O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,
Ev'ry precious name in one,
I will love thee without end.

J. Newton.

(71.) 59. T. 14.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3. Jesus, the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place,
My never failing Treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace:

4. Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5. Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6. Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

J. Newton.

60. T. 590.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of thee;
No music like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be:
O may we ever hear thy voice!
In mercy to us speak;
And in our priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchizedeck!

2. Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay:
When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all its favour'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

Cennick.

(72.) 61. T. 14.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
I gladly would thy praises sound,
That earth and heaven might hear.

2. Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
In thee is all my trust;
Jewels to me are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3. O may thy name still cheer my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm for all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

4. I'll speak the honours of thy name,
With my last labouring breath;
When speechless, thou shalt be my hope,
My joy in life and death.

Doddridge.

(73.) 62.* T. 58.

SACRED name of Jesus,
So great and holy,
That all our tongues can never praise thee truly,
'Fore thee we bow.

2. Saving name of Jesus,
In which salvation and nation,
Is preach'd to every kindred tongue,
Might all thee know.

3. Blessed name of Jesus,
How efficacious serve us,
To save, to sanctify, and to pre-
Thee we adore.

4. Powerful name of Jesus,
In heaven revered,

On earth by all believers lov'd and feared,
Glory to thee.

5. Name for ever sacred,
For ever precious;
Let all within us echo Jesus, Jesus,
For evermore.
Cennick.

(74.) 63. T. 119.

JESUS' name, :‖:
Source of life and happiness;
In this name true consolation
Mourning sinners may possess;
Here is found complete salvation:
Blessed Jesus, we thy name will (praise
All our days. :‖:

2. God with us, :‖:
God appears in human frame;
In his name rejoice with gladness,
Since to save lost man he came;
None need sink in hopeless sadness,
For Immanuel is now with us,
God with us. :‖:

(76.) 64. T. 14.

MY God a man, a man indeed,
An infant weak and poor;
Born for a sinful race to bleed,
Salvation to procure!

2. Who can describe the loveliness,
Which was, blest Child, in thee?
Thy whole deportment heavenly (grace
And true humility.

3. According to the appointed plan,
My infant Saviour grew
In favour both with God and man,
In years and stature too.

4. Often oppress'd with human care
He to his Father sighs,
Or spends the night in fervent prayer,
And offers tears and cries.

5. Again, as teacher of mankind
I see my humble Lord:
How cheerfully was he inclin'd
To preach the saving word.

6. To comfort men was his delight,
To help them in distress;
He ready was by day and night
To pardon, heal, and bless.

7. Oft was he hungry, spent, and sad,
In his own world a guest,
And of his own no place he had,
His weary head to rest.

8. Ah, might my heart a mirror be,
Reflecting Jesus' grace,
That all who my behaviour see,
May some resemblance trace.

9. Grant me that meek and lowly mind,
Thou hast on earth display'd,
Which in thy holy life I find,
My Pattern, Lord and Head.
J. Swertner.

(77.) 65.* T. 168.

MAN of sorrows and acquainted
With our griefs, what shall we say?
Never language yet hath painted
All the woes that on thee lay:
Had I seen thee cloth'd in weakness,
Bearing our reproach and sickness,
To attend thee day and night
Would have been my hearts delight.

2 O that to this heavenly stranger
I had here my homage paid,
From his first sigh in the manger,
Till he cried, "'Tis finished:"
That first sigh had consecrated
Me his own; and I had waited

On him from his infancy
In a constant liturgy.

3. Walking, speaking, in devotion,
Far to fields or forests stray'd,
I had watch'd his every motion,
And my Lord my pattern made:
More have angels ne'er desired,
Than on him, or far retired,
Or at home, awake, asleep,
Fix'd their wondering eyes to keep.

4. Tell me, little flock beloved,
Ye, on whom shone Jesus' face,
What within your souls then moved,
When ye felt his kind embrace?
O disciple, once most blessed,
As a bosom friend caressed,
Say, could e'er into thy mind
Other objects entrance find?

5. Oft to prayer by night retreated,
See him from all search withdrawn;
Tearful eyes and sighs repeated
Witness'd still the morning dawn;
There, where he made intercession,
I had pour'd forth my confession,
And where for my sins he wept,
Praying, I the watch had kept.

6. Should I thus to thee have cleaved
'Midst thy poverty and woes,
On thee, as my Lord, believed,
Or perhaps have join'd thy foes?
Ah, thy mercy I had spurned;
But thyself my heart hast turned;
Now thou know'st, beneath, above,
Nought compar'd with thee I love.

(78.) 66. T. 11.

SEE, my soul, God ever blest
In the flesh made manifest;
Human nature he assumes,
He, to ransom sinners, comes.

2. He fulfil'd all righteousness,
Standing in the sinner's place;
From the manger to the cross
All he did, he did for us:—

3. All our woes he did retrieve;
He expir'd that we might live;
By his stripes our wounds are heal'd,
By his blood our pardon's seal'd.

4. Lord, conform us to thy death,
Raise us to new life by faith;
Through thy resurrection's power,
May we praise thee evermore.

5. Circumcise our sinful hearts;
Purify our inward parts:
Lord, destroy the carnal mind,
That in thee we peace may find.

6. In thy righteousness array'd
Let us triumph and be glad;
Let us walk with thee in white,
Let us see thy face in light.

W. Hammond.

(79.) 67.* T. 14.

IMMANUEL'S meritorious tears
Assuage our every pain; (pray'rs,
His bitter sufferings, cries, and
Our fav'rite theme remain.

2. When Jesus' suffering life we
In every scene we find, (trace,
That he a man of sorrows was,
Though of unspotted mind.

3. All they who weeping now go
And bear the precious seed, (forth,
May in our Saviour's walk on earth
Pattern and comfort read.

4. O 'tis the greatest happiness,
When of his peace divine
We have a feeling, and he says,
"Fear not, for thou art mine."

5. Our thankful tears then testify
That Jesus wept for us,
And we, possessing heavenly joy,
For him count all things loss.

6. Yet tears of grief at times bedew
Our cheeks while here we stay;
When we in heav'n his face shall
He'll wipe all tears away. (view.
Z.

(80.) 68. T. 14.

O MY dear Saviour, when thy cares,
Thy toils for me I read,
My eyes run o'er with grateful tears,
And I bow down my head.

2. Thy suffering life I cannot trace,
Or read thy sacred word,
But I'm o'ercome with thankfulness
To thee, my gracious Lord.

3. What am I, Lord, that thou so much
Shouldst love and value me?
Vile dust am I, yet thou for such
Didst bear thy misery.
J. Cennick.

(81.) 69. T. 22.

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3. Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4. Be thou my pattern; let me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
And at thy right hand me confess,
Glad in thy robe of righteousness.
Isaac Watts.

(82.) 70. T. 79.

THE wise men from the East ador'd
The infant Jesus as their Lord,
Brought gifts to him their King:
Jesus, grant us thy light, that we
The way may find, and unto thee,
Our hearts, our all, a tribute bring.

2. May Jesus Christ, the spotless Lamb,
Who to the temple humbly came
The legal rights to pay,
Subdue our proud and stubborn will,
That we his precepts may fulfil,
Whate'er rebellious nature say.
Ancient Church.

(83.) 71. T. 14.

O SON of God and man, receive
This humble work of mine;
Worth to my meanest labour give,
By blessing it with thine.

2. Servant of all, to toil for man
Thou didst not, Lord, refuse:
Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employ'd for us.

3. In all I think, or speak, or do,
Let me shew forth thy praise;
Thy bright example still pursue
Through all my future days.

4. By faith thro' outward cares I go,
From all distraction free;
My hands alone engag'd below,
My spirit still with thee.

5. When thou, my Saviour, shalt (appear,
Then gladly may I cry,
"The work thou gavest me while (here,
Is done,—to thee I fly."

72. T. 14.

IN duties and in sufferings too,
My Lord I fain would trace;

As thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on thy grace.

2. Inflam'd with zeal, 'twas thy delight,
To do thy Father's will;
May the same zeal my soul excite,
Thy precepts to fulfil.

3. Meekness, humility, and love,
Through all thy conduct shine;
O may my whole deportment prove,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Beddome.

V. THE SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF JESUS CHRIST.

(85.) 73. T. 114.

WHAT human mind can trace the condescension
Of our almighty Maker's love to man? (scan;
No angel can the hidden mystery
Redeeming love is past our comprehension; (prove
Yet by the Spirit's teaching we can
From Jesus' agony, that God is love.

2. Pursue, my soul, the sacred meditation, (God;
And view the agonizing Lamb of
Behold him bow'd beneath the ponderous load (salvation;
Of all thy sins, to purchase thy
He riseth with a heart-affecting look, (Kedron's brook.
And with his followers passeth

3. My spirit now with solemn, deep devotion
Doth follow Jesus to Gethsemane;
There he on my account doth weep and pray, (potion;
O'ercome with horror at the bitter
Yet to his Father's will he is resign'd: (mind.
Grant me, dear Jesus, thy obedient

4. I see my Saviour kneeling, groaning, weeping;
He prostrates on the ground and prays for me, (agony;
Yea, trembling wrestleth in an
And while his sad disciples all are sleeping, (are drown'd,
His soul in grief, his eyes in tears
His sweat as drops of blood falls to the ground.

5. By all thy grief, thy tears and supplication,
Thy bloody sweat, thy bitter agony,
O grant that I may love thee ardently; (consolation;
Be thou, dear Lord, my life and
Whene'er temptation would my soul beset, (Olivet.
I'll pray to thee, and think of

J. Swertner.

(86.) 74. T. 79.

BEHOLD, how in Gethsemane
The incarnate God doth sweat for
Till drops of blood fall down; (thee,
For thee the Lord lies prostrate there, (prayer,
Hear his thrice-utter'd mournful
Mark every dolorous sigh and groan.

2. I'm lost in wonder and amaze;
Here I'll abide, and melt, and gaze;

'Tis God's beloved Son.
How heavy is the weight he bears;
His soul is fill'd with grief and fears,
Lo, now the bitter cup comes on.

3. Lord, dost thou suffer thus for
Dost thou endure such misery, (me?
To give me life and peace?
Then will I henceforth ne'er forget,
That thou didst on Mount Olivet
By prayers and tears gain my release.

M. Taylor.

(87.) 75. T. 96, or 90.

OFTEN I call to mind the place
Gethsemane, to which the Lamb,
Who lov'd to be in loneliness,
With his disciples often came:
Where, out of boundless love to (me,
He wrestled in an agony.

2. There, overwhelm'd with grief, he said:
"My soul is sorrowful to death;"
And suffering freely in my stead,
He drank the bitter cup of wrath:
Now on his knees, then on his face, (and prays.
He weeps, and sweats, and bleeds,

3. So loved me the eternal God,
That he became the Son of man,
And took my sins' prodigious load;
My soul, admire his gracious plan:
Thy stripes, thy guilt and curse he bore;
Believe, and thankfully adore.

J. Cennick.

(88.) 76.* T. 99.

MOST awful sight! my heart doth break;
Oh, it can ne'er my mind forsake,
How thou for me hast wept and prayed;
Might I for thy soul's agony,
When wrestling with death bitterly,
Lord, as thy trophy be displayed.

Gr.

77. T. 581, or 83.

EDEN, from each flowery bed,
Did for man short sweetness breathe;
Soon, by Satan's counsel led,
Man wrought sin, and sin wronght
But of life the healing tree (death:
Grows in rich Gethsemane.

2. Here's my claim, and here alone,
None a Saviour more can need;
Deeds of righteousness I've none,
No, not one good work to plead:
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
Only in Gethsemane.

Hart.

(91.) 78. T. 185.

MY Redeemer, overwhelm'd with
Went to Olivet for me; (anguish,
There he kneels, his heart doth heave and languish
In a bitter agony; (senses,
Fear and horror seize his soul and
For the hour of darkness now commences:
Ah, how doth he weep and groan,
For rebellious man to atone.

2. How is Jesus' sacred soul oppressed
With our sins' prodigious load.
Tho' an angel comforts the distressed,
Weak, and fainting Lamb of God,
Yet, what trembling seizeth him all over, (visage cover,
Tears, and sweat, and blood his
And in drops fall to the ground,
While his heart in grief is drown'd.

3. Stripes and cruel mockeries he endured,
Meek and patient, in our stead;
How are Jesus' gracious eyes obscured;
View his wounded back and head:
He, whom thorns and scourges lacerated, (created;
Is the Lord, who all things hath
Ah, his sufferings, pain, and woe
Make my eyes with tears o'erflow.

4. See him bear his cross in deep affliction
On his sore and wounded back,
Led to Calvary for crucifixion,
Where his limbs they stretch and rack; (slaughter,
As a lamb he's led unto the
And his soul is poured out like water;
Vinegar and gall he tastes,
While his suffering body wastes.

5. Now behold him weeping, bleeding, crying,
'Midst two thieves upon the cross:
Lo, he bows his sacred head, and
Life eternal gains for us: (dying,
Lord, afford us all thy Spirit's unction, (punction;
To consider this with heart's com-
Might our words and actions prove
That we know thy dying love.

6. Our enraptur'd hearts shall ne'er be weary
On our dying Lord to gaze;
At his cross in faith we wish to tarry,
There shall be our hiding-place;
May his dying look remain engraven (and heaven
On our hearts; for pardon, life,
Our Redeemer then procur'd
When he death for us endur'd.

7. Therefore all his agony and pas-
And his sin-atoning death, (sion,
Shall remain thro' grace our faith's foundation,
While we draw our vital breath:
Thus shall neither honor, wealth, nor pleasures; (sures;
Rob our souls of everlasting trea-
Jesus, both by day and night,
Shall remain our sole delight.

8. Could we tune our hearts and voices higher
Than man's most exalted lays,
Yet, till join'd to the celestial choir,
Cold would prove our warmest praise: (hension,
Jesus' love exceeds all compre-
But our love to him we scarce dare mention;
We may weep beneath his cross,
But he wept and bled for us.

9. O delightful theme, past all expression,
"Thy Redeemer died for thee:"
Ah, this prompts my deepest adoration,
When I hear, "He died for me:"
Might my thoughts, my words and whole behaviour, (Saviour;
Prove that I believe in Christ my
Yea, my love to Jesus show
His to me in all I do.

10. Lamb of God, thou shalt remain for ever
Of our songs the only theme:
For thy boundless love, thy grace and favour,
We will praise thy saving name:
That for our transgressions thou wast wounded, (sounded,
Shall by us in nobler strains be
When we, perfected in love,
Once shall join the church above.

Chr. R. v. Zinzendorf.

(92.) 79.* T. 151.

THOU source of my salvation,
Thou conqueror of my death,
Who didst as my oblation
In torments yield thy breath;
Who bar'st the dreadful sentence
Due to our guilty race,
To screen my soul from vengeance;
Accept my thanks and praise.

2. I'll go with thee, my Saviour,
Up to Mount Calvary;
And view with spirit's fervour
All thou hast done for me:
Thus with intense devotion
I follow thee each step,
While tender love's emotion
Makes heart and eyes to weep.

3. I see my Saviour languish
In sad Gethsemane,
Till through his pores in anguish
Great blood-drops force their way:
The load which him oppresses,
I, I deserve to feel;
The bloody sweat of Jesus
Doth soul and body heal.

4. My Saviour was betrayed,
Reproach and pain to meet;
My sins the Lord conveyed
'Fore Pilate's judgment seat:—
These, these did him deliver
Into the foe's dire hand;
I should have felt for ever
The pangs my Lord sustain'd.

5. Behold the man, he beareth
God's wrath and curse for us:
A crown of thorns he weareth,
For us endures the cross:
There, to complete his passion,
His sorrows, pain, and woe,
His blood for our salvation
In copious streams doth flow.

6. Thou for thy foes entreatest;
Lord Jesus, who was I?
Thy friends thou not forgettest;
Turn, Lord, to me thine eye:
Thy mouth now grace declareth
To the repenting thief;
My guilty soul this cheereth;
Of sinners I am chief.

7. In anguish thou complainest,
"My God forsaketh me;"
"I thirst," thou then exclaimest,
Yet none refresheth thee:
Thy passion being ended
Thou criest, "'Tis finished;
"My spirit be commended
"To God:"—'Twas finished.

8. My heart with love is glowing,
I see my Saviour die;
His head I see him bowing,
This brought me endless joy:
He gave his soul an offering
For sin, that I might live;
He sav'd me by his suffering,
To him myself I give.

9. Thou God of my salvation,
In whom I trust by faith,
Who hast for my transgression
Lain in the dust of death;
I place upon thy merit
While here my confidence;
And will commend my spirit
To thee, when I go hence.

10. Lord, grant me thy salvation
And peace divine, I pray,
While under tribulation
On earth below I stay;
Till I shall stand before thee,
And for redeeming grace,
With all the saints in glory,
My Hallelujah raise.

Wobeser & v. Bruiningk.

(93.) 80.* T. 594 or 184.

WITH my sins' heavy load op-
In spirit I my Saviour view, (pressed,
I see him mourning and distressed,
While floods of tears his cheeks bedew:
To change my sorrow into gladness,
His sweat was mix'd with blood, and he,
Fill'd with unutterable sadness,
Trembled and agoniz'd for me.

2. O'erwhelm'd with grief and rack'd with torment,
He's pain'd in every weary limb;
They that should watch with him lie dormant,
An angel comes to comfort him:
O how heart-piercingly he prayed,
When he his Father did accost,
To have the bitter cup delayed;
Here is my soul in wonder lost.

3. I see his countenance defiled,
His hands by ruffians rudely bound;
I see him buffeted, reviled,
His head with thorns in mockery crown'd;
Thus to the multitude displayed,
His back with cruel scourges torn,
A reed he beareth, is arrayed
In purple, and then hail'd in scorn.

4. Fainting beneath the cross's burden,
He enters on his dolorous road;
For us to purchase peace and pardon,
Aforehand feels the wrath of God.
I see him now in sore affliction
Ascend the brow of Calvary;
'Tis here I view his crucifixion,
Thereby it was he saved me.

5. I see his hands and feet extended
Upon the cross in keenest smart;
He bows his head, the conflict's ended;
I see the spear transfix his heart:
Thus closed he his bitter passion,
Expiring on the accursed tree;
Then horror seiz'd the whole creation, (me.
But streams of grace came over

6. The thought of blood and water bursting (heart;
From God, my rock, o'ercomes my
I for that living flood am thirsting,
O may it stream thro' every part:
Lord, for thy love with adoration
I'll thank and laud thee all my days,
Long as I live shall each pulsation
And every breath declare thy praise.

7. This awful, blessed meditation
Oft fiills my soul with conscious shame,
That Jesus died for my salvation,
Who to his mercy had no claim:
How poor I am, how void of glory,
Thou, Lord, know'st best; but yet when I, (thee,
With all my ailments. come before
My suit is granted presently.

8. Thou, Jesus, art my God and Saviour, (power;
Thee will I serve with all my
On thee I'll meditate for ever,
And for thy goodness thee adore:
Thy dying love hath captivated
My heart, and now my chief delight,
Until to heaven I am translated,
Is to enjoy thee day and night.

Chr. R. v. Zinzendorf.

(94.) 81. T. 167.

GREAT High-priest, we view thee stooping
With our names upon thy breast,
In the garden, groaning, drooping,

To the ground with horrors press'd:
Angels saw, struck with amazement,
Their Creator suffer thus; (ment,
We are fill'd with deep abase-
Since we know 'twas done for us.

2. Jesus, to thy garden lead us,
To behold thy bloody sweat; (us,
Tho' thou from the curse hast freed
May we ne'er the cost forget:
Be thy groans and cries rehearsed
By thy Spirit in our ears,
Till we, viewing whom we pierced,
Melt in penitential tears.

3. On the cross thy body broken
Cancels every legal charge;
Pleading this authentic token,
Guilty souls are set at large;
All is finish'd, truth hath said it,
Doubt no more, believe your Lord;
To frail reason give no credit,
You have his unerring word.

4. Lord, we fain would trust thee solely,
'Twas for us thy blood was spilt;
Suffering Saviour, take us wholly,
Take and form us as thou wilt;
Thou hast born the dreadful sentence,
Pass'd on man's devoted race:
Grant us faith and true repentance,
They're thy gifts, thou God of grace.

J. Hart.

(100.) 82.* T. 151.

O HEAD so full of bruises,
So full of pain and scorn,
Midst other sore abuses
Mock'd with a crown of thorn;
O Head, ere now surrounded
With brightest majesty,
In death now bow'd and wounded;
Saluted be by me.

2. I give thee thanks unfeigned,
O Jesus, friend in need,
For what thy soul sustained,
When thou for me didst bleed:
Grant me to lean unshaken
Upon thy faithfulness,
Until I hence am taken,
To see thee face to face.

3. Lord, at my dissolution
Do not from me depart;
Support at the conclusion
Of life, my fainting heart;
And when I pine and languish,
Seiz'd with death's agony,
O by thy pain and anguish
Set me at liberty.

4. Lord, grant me thy protection,
Remind me of thy death
And glorious resurrection,
When I resign my breath:
Ah then, though I be dying
Midst sickness, grief, and pain,
I shall on thee relying,
Eternal life obtain.

P. Gerhard & Z.

(102.) 83.* T. 79.

O WORLD, see thy Creator
Extended, like a traitor,
Upon the cross's tree;
Behold him, while expiring,
And for mankind acquiring
Thereby life, grace, and liberty.

2. Who hath thee thus abused,
Dear Lord, and so much bruised
Thy most majestic face?
Thou wast no sin's transactor,
Thou wast no malefactor,
Like others of the human race.

3. I, I and my trangressions,
Which by my own confessions
Exceed the sea-shore sands,
These, these have been the reasons

Of thy whole bitter season, (bands.
Of all thy bruises, stripes, and

4. The highest obligations,
Bind me through all life's stations,
To express my thanks to thee:
Poor tho' I am and feeble,
As far as I am able,
I'll yield thee service willingly.

5. While here on earth I'm living,
I have nought worth the giving
To thee for all thy pain;
Yet shall thy passion ever,
Till soul and body sever, (main,
Deep in my heart engrav'd re-

P. Gerhard.

(103.) 84.* T. 165.

THOUSAND times by me be
Jesus, who hast loved me, (greeted,
And thyself to death submitted
For my treason against thee:
Ah, how happy do I feel,
When 'fore thee I humbly kneel,
At the cross where thou expiredst,
And true life for me acquiredst.

2. Jesus, thee I view in spirit,
Cover'd o'er with blood and wounds:
Now salvation through thy merit
For my sin-sick soul abounds:
O who can, thou Prince of peace,
Who didst thirst for our release,
Fully fathom all that's treasur'd
In thy love's design unmeasur'd.

3. Heal me, O my soul's Physician,
Whereso'er I'm sick or sad;
All the woes of my condition
By thy balm be now allay'd;
Heal the hurts which Adam wrought,
Or which on myself I've brought;
If thy blood me only cover,
My distress will soon be over.

4. On my heart thy wounds for
Be inscrib'd indelibly, (ever
That I ne'er forget, dear Saviour,
What thou hast endur'd for me:
Thou'rt indeed my highest good,
End of all solicitude;
Let me, at thy feet abased,
Be to taste thy friendship raised.

5. With the deepest adoration
Humbly at thy feet I lie;
And with fervent supplication
Unto thee for succour cry;
My petition kindly hear;
Say in answer to my prayer, (ness
"I will change thy grief and sad-
Into comfort, joy and gladness."

6. Jesus, at my dissolution
Take my longing soul to thee;
Let thy wounds at the conclusion
Of this life my refuge be:
When in death I close mine eyes,
Let me wake in paradise,
And in endless bliss and glory (thee.
With the saints in heav'n adore

P. Gerhard.

(104.) (119.) 85.* T. 168.

JESUS, source of my salvation,
Conqueror both of death and hell,
Thou who didst, as my oblation,
Feel what I deserv'd to feel,
Through thy sufferings, death, and
I eternal life inherit; (merit,
Thousand, thousand thanks to
Dearest Lord, for ever be. (thee.

2. Lord, thy deep humiliation
Paid for my presumptuous pride;
I need fear no condemnation,
Since for sinners thou hast died:
Thou becam'st a curse, dear Saviour,
To restore me to God's favour;
Thousand, &c.

3. Thou hast cancell'd my transgres-
Jesus, by thy precious blood; (sion,
May I find therein salvation,
Happiness and peace with God;
And since thou for sinners suffer-
ing (ing,
On the cross was made an offer-
From all sin deliver me,
That I wholly thine may be.

Homburg & Rist.

(105.) 86*. T. 165.

CHRIST, thy wounds and bitter
passion, (tomb,
Bloody sweat, cross, death, and
Be my daily meditation,
Till I to thy presence come.
When a sinful thought would
Ready to seduce my heart, (start,
Thy sore pain effectually
Me forbid with sin to dally.

2. Would the world with gay
allurement
Draw me to its own broad way;
Let me think upon thy torment,
And the load which on thee lay:
Sure the sweat and precious blood
Of the dying Lamb of God
Can arm me on each occasion,
To oppose the infatuation.

3. Lord, in every sore oppression,
Let thy wounds be my relief;
When I seek thy intercession,
Add new strength to my belief:
Ah, the feeling of thy peace
Sets my troubled heart at ease,
And affords a demonstration
Of thy love and my salvation.

4. All my hope and consolation
Christ, is in thy bitter death;
At the hour of expiration,
Lord, receive my dying breath:
Most of all, when I go hence,
Let this be my confidence,
That thy deep humiliation
Has procured my salvation.

J. Heermann.

(107.) 87.* T. 167.

O THE love wherewith I'm loved,
Source of all my happiness;
Thou, O Love, by mercy moved,
Tak'st upon thee my distress:
As a lamb led to the slaughter
Goest to the cross's tree, (water,
Seal'st thy love with blood and
Bear'st the world's iniquity.

2. Love, so strikingly displayed
In thy tears and bloody sweat:
Love, by sinful men betrayed,
Dragg'd before the judgment-seat:
Love, who for my soul's salvation
Willingly didst shed thy blood,
Thro' thy death and bitter passion
I am reconcil'd to God.

3. Love, who hast for me endured
Death upon the accursed tree,
And eternal bliss procured,
Fill my soul with love to thee:
Lord, how hast thou captivated
My else cold and lifeless heart:
Let me, till to heaven translated,
Never more from thee depart.

J. Angelus.

(111.) 88. T. 168.

O BEHOLD your Saviour wound-
Hanging on the accursed cross; (ed,
None hath e'er the love expounded,
Our Redeemer show'd to us:
Hear him at his crucifixion
Pray for foes, midst keen affliction,
"Them forgive; they do not know,
Heavenly Father, what they do."

2. At his cross's foot now tarry,
View his languid, marred face,

Mark his care for John and Mary;
To the thief he offers grace;
Ah, he thirsts with love unshaken;
"God, why hast thou me forsaken?"
And, "'Tis finish'd," Jesus cries,
Yields his spirit, droops, and dies.
J. Swertner.

(112.) 89.* T. 168.

SING with awe in strains melodious,
Sing with awe: Behold the man;
Yea, repeat in tones harmonious,
Ah! behold, behold the man.
On thy dying look, dear Saviour,
I will fix my eyes for ever:
I am never tir'd to gaze
At thy lovely, bleeding face.

2. Oh, this makes me think with sighing,
I'm the cause: Behold the man!
But his love which I'm enjoying,
Comforts me: Behold the man!
Ah, that cruelly abused (ed,
Countenance, so marr'd and bruis-
Makes my eyes with tears o'erflow,
Till to him I've leave to go.

3. Wounded head, back plough'd with furrows,
Visage marr'd: Behold the man!
Eyes how dim, how full of sorrows,
Sunk with grief: Behold the man!
Lamb of God, led to the slaughter,
Melted, poured out like water;
Should not love my heart inflame,
Viewing thee, thou slaughter'd Lamb.
Gregor.

(114.) 90.* T. 594, or 184.

ONE view, Lord Jesus, of thy passion
Will make the fainting spirit glad;
This yields us solid consolation,
When thy dear blood, so freely shed, (body;
Pervades and heals both soul and
When thou dost give to us thy peace, (ready
Ah, then our arms of faith are
Thy cross, O Jesus, to embrace.

2. No drop of blood thou deem'dst too precious,
To shed for sinners vile like me:
O that thy fire of love, dear Jesus,
Inflam'd my heart with love to thee;
May thy atoning death and pas-
Thy agony and bitter pain, (sion,
Until my final consummation,
Deep in my heart engrav'd remain.

3. O might I live in the enjoyment
Of all my Lord for me hath gain'd; (ment,
Might this be daily my employ-
To muse on what his soul sustain'd: (graven
O may his hands, whereon en-
My poor and worthless name doth stand,
Support me, till I in the haven
Of endless joy shall safely land.
C. R. v. Z.

(115.) 91.* T. 14.

MY life-supplying element
Is Jesus' blood and death:
My soul is eagerly intent
To live therein by faith.

2. Lord Jesus, who is like to thee?
O might I night and day
In spirit upon Calvary,
That scene of suffering, stay.

3. How highly favour'd had I been,
Had I with John stood by,
And my beloved Saviour seen,
For my redemption die.

4. Beholding with deep reverence,
Thy side for me then pierced,
With what emotion had I thence
Seen blood and water burst.

5. O might thy dying love divine
Become to me more clear,
And smile in every smile of mine,
And flow in every tear.

6. When I depart, my latest breath
To thee, Lord, shall ascend,
As a thank-offering for thy death;
Thus, blest my race will end.

C. R. v. Z.

92. T. 14.

FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy pierced side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2. My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin!
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3. Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art:
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4. The atonement of thy blood applies,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Wesley's Collection.

(117.) 93. T. B. p. 114.

THE slaughter'd Lamb, my Saviour,
Remains my sole delight,
My favourite theme for ever,
My object day and night;
The incense of his prayers,
His cries and bitter tears,
For me to God ascendeth;
My mournful cry he hears.

2. With God my habitation
Upon Mount Calvary
I'll fix without cessation:
Here it is good to be:
Thus from my Saviour's death
Deriving life by faith,
Of heaven I have a foretaste,
Until my latest breath.

(118.) 94.* T. 151.

HERE am I blushing, weeping,
A breeze of heavenly bliss
From Jesus' cross perceiving,
Rejoicing that I'm his;
To him what shall I render,
My grateful heart to show?
Did but my love more tender,
More ardent for him glow.

2. My Saviour's death and passion,
His anguish, grief, and pain,
Until my consummation
My favourite theme remain;
Himself hath sanctified
The grave, my resting place,
And since for me he died,
I shall lie down in peace.

(121.) 95*. T. 22.

ROUND Tabor heavenly glories shone,
But what on Olivet was done,
What signaliz'd Mount Calvary,
Calls forth my praise:—'twas done for me.

Z.

(122.) 96. T. 582.

WAS ever grief like thine,
Jesus, thou man of woe?
The visage and the form divine,
Why was it marred so?
That man, by thee restor'd,
God's image might regain,
And, by the sorrows of his Lord,
In joys eternal reign.

(123.) 97.* T. 14.

SEE, world, upon the shameful tree
Thy Maker sinks in death; (thee,
Cover'd with stripes and wounds for
Thy Saviour yields his breath.

2. Behold the streams of sacred blood,
From hands, and feet, and side;
What hath drawn forth this copious flood,
And swell'd this flowing tide?

3. My sins, as numerous as the sands
Upon the ocean's shore, (hands,
Have been the cruel, murderous
That wounded thee so sore.

4. Thy wondrous love to evidence
Thou wouldst my surety be:
Thyself wouldst pay my debt im-
Thereby to set me free. (mense.

5. Thou art destruction to the grave,
Death's enemy severe;
That each, in bondage as its slave,
Might now be sav'd from fear.

6. My debt to thee, God, who art love,
Weak words can ne'er express;
I cannot here, if there above,
Return due thankfulness.

7. Grant me the grace while I am here,
Since I can nothing give,
Thy sufferings in my heart to bear,
And by thy death to live.

(124.) 98. T. 14.

BEHOLD the Saviour of the world,
Imbru'd with sweat and gore,
Expiring on the accursed cross,
Where he our sorrows bore.

2. Compassion for man's fallen race,
Brought down God's only Son,
To veil in flesh his radiant face,
And for our sins atone.

3. Who can to love his name for-
That of his sufferings hears, (bear
And finds the ransom of his soul
Was blood as well as tears?

4. When earth and hell's malicious powers
Encompass'd thee around,
Thy sacred blood, O Son of God,
Stream'd forth from every wound:

5. Till death's pale ensigns o'er thy cheeks
And trembling lips were spread;
Till light forsook thy dying eyes,
And life thy drooping head.

6. Joy for thy torments we receive,
Life in thy death have found;
For the reproaches of thy cross
Shall be with glory crown'd.

7. May we a grateful sense retain
Of thy redeeming love:
And live below like those that hope
To live with thee above.

(125.) 99. T. 14.

ALAS, and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote his sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2. Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree.

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in,
When the almighty Maker died,
An offering for my sin.

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While Jesus' cross appears;
Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness,
And melt, my eyes, in tears.

Watts.

(126.) 100. T. 22.

WHEN I by faith my Saviour see
Expiring on the cross for me,
Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am fill'd with Jesus' love.

2. His thorns and nails pierce thro' my heart,
In every groan I bear a part; (eyes;
I view his wounds with streaming
But see, he bows his head and dies.

3. Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God, (blood,
Wounded, and dead, and bath'd in
Behold his side, and venture near,
The well of endless life is here.

4. Here I forget my cares and pains;
I drink, yet still my thirst remains;
Ohly the fountain-head above
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

5. O that I thus could always feel;
Lord, more and more thy love reveal: (proclaim
Then my glad tongue shall loud
The grace and glory of thy name.

6. Thy name dispels my guilt and fear, (ear;
Revives my heart and charms mine
Affords a balm for every wound,
And Satan trembles at the sound.

J. Newton.

(127.) 101. T. 14.

BEHOLD the loving Son of God
Stretch'd out upon the tree;
Behold him shed his precious blood
And die for you and me.

2. Why is his body rack'd with pains,
And wrung with keenest smart?
Why flows the blood from all his veins,
Why torn with grief his heart?

3. All righteousness did he fulfil,
No sin did ever know:
He never thought nor acted ill;
Why was he wounded so?

4. Alas, we own with conscious shame,
While we behold his cross,
Our sins have slain the guiltless
He suffer'd all for us. (Lamb,

5. But hence our confidence begins;
For we may boldly say,
That thus, by bearing all our sins,
He took them all away.

6. Our God is fully reconcil'd,
His justice satisfied;
Each sinner may become his child,
Since Jesus bled and died.

7. Come then, ye needy sinners, come;
If ye accept, he'll give;
O suffer him to lead you home;
Whoever will, may live.

M. Taylor.

(128.) 102. T. 22.

THERE hangs the Saviour of mankind,
His visage marr'd, his head reclin'd,
His bleeding hands, his bleeding feet
Declare his love divinely great.

2. The thieves, expiring on each side,
Proclaim the crimes for which they died: (done?
But what, dear Saviour, hast thou
Thou diedst for sin, but not thine own.

3. Jesus, and didst thou bleed for (me?
O great, O boundless mystery!
I bow my head in deep amaze,
And silently adore thy grace.

(129.) 103. T. 582.

GO forth in spirit, go
To Calvary's holy mount;
See there thy friend between two thieves,
Suffering on thy account.

2. Fall at his cross's foot,
And say, "My God and Lord,
Here let me dwell, and view those wounds,
Which life for me procur'd."

3. Fix on that face thine eye;
Why dost thou backward shrink?
What a base rebel thou hast been
To Christ, thou now dost think.

4. Fear not; for this is he
Who always loves us first,
And with white robes of righteous-(ness
Delights to deck the worst.

5. Or art thou at a loss
What thou to him shalt say?
Be but sincere, and all thy case
Just as it is display.

6. His blood thy cause will plead,
Thy plaintive cry he'll hear,
Look with an eye of pity down,
And grant thee all thy prayer.

Greening.

(130.) 104. T. 14.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee.

2. Hark how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3. 'Tis done, the precious ransom's paid;
"'Tis finish'd," Jesus cries;
Behold he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head, and dies.

4. Salvation thus did he obtain;
O mystery divine!
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine.

Charles Wesley.

(131.) 105. T. 22.

THE cross, the cross, O that's my gain;
Because on that the Lamb was slain;
'Twas there my Lord was crucified,
'Twas there my Saviour for me died.

2. The stony heart dissolves in tears
When to our view the cross appears;
Christ's dying love, when truly felt,
The vilest, hardest heart doth melt.

3. Here will I stay, and gaze awhile
Upon the friend of sinners vile;
Abas'd I view what I have done
To God's eternal, gracious Son.

4. Here I behold, as in a glass,
God's glory, with unveiled face;
And by beholding, I shall be
Made like to him who loved me.

5. Here is an ensign on a hill,
Come hither, sinners, look your fill;
To look aside is pain and loss;
I glory only in the cross.

6. Here doth the Lord of life proclaim
To all the world his saving name:
Repenting souls, in him believe;
Ye wounded, look on him and live.

7. No flaming sword doth guard the place,
The cross of Christ proclaims free (grace;
All pilgrims who would heaven win,
By Jesus' cross must enter in.

Mrs. Taylor.

(132.) 106. T. 96 or 90.

O LOVE divine, what hast thou done;
The incarnate God hath died for me,
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree:
The incarnate God for me hath died;
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

2. Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace; (die,
Come, see, ye worms, your Maker
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my Love is crucified:—

3. Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God;
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood;
Pardon for all flows from his side:
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

4. Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream,
All things for him account but loss,
And all give up our hearts to him:
O may we nothing know beside
The Lamb of God as crucified.

C. Wesley.

(133.) 107. T. 11.

LET me dwell on Golgotha,
Weep and love my life away;
While I see him on the tree
Weep, and bleed, and die for me.

2. That dear blood, for sinners
Shows my sin in all its guilt; (spilt,
Ah, my soul, he bore thy load;
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.

3. Hark, his dying word: "Father, let the sinner live: (give,
Sinner, wipe thy tears away,
I thy ransom freely pay."

4. While I hear this grace reveal'd,
And obtain my pardon seal'd,
All my soft affections move,
Waken'd by the force of love.

5. Farewell, world, thy gold is dross,
Now I see the blood-stain'd cross:
Jesus died to set me free
From the law, and sin, and thee.

6. He has dearly bought my soul:
Lord, accept and claim the whole;
To thy will I all resign,
Now no more my own, but thine.

J. Newton.

(135.) 108. T. 166.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride: (boast
Forbid it, Lord, that I should
In aught beside my ransom-price;
All the vain things which charm'd me most
For Christ I freely sacrifice.

2. See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

(136.) 109. T. 184.

FOR our transgressions thou wast wounded, (laid;
Our sins, O Lord, on thee were

Thy sufferings, O what love unbounded,
For guilty man the debt have paid:
With humble thanks we now adore thee;
Thy cross our glory shall remain;
Yet oft asham'd we weep before thee,
That we by sin the Lord have slain.

(138.) 110.* T. 151.

THY blood, so dear and precious,
Love made thee shed for me;
O may I now, dear Jesus,
Love thee most fervently:
May the divine impression
Of thy atoning death,
And all thy bitter passion, (breath.
Ne'er leave me while I've
Praetorius.

(139.) 111.* T. B. p. 113.

'TIS finish'd now,
Salvation's finish'd now;
Redeemed sinners, bow,
Adore, and wonder,
That earth and heaven's Founder
Now sinks in death. :‖:

2. Look up and see,
By faith look up and see,
His heart was pierc'd for thee;
The Rock of ages,
Whose stream thy thirst assuages,
Was rent for thee :‖:

3. The precious flood
Of water and of blood,
Of sin-atoning blood,
Now freely floweth,
On him, who Jesus knoweth
As Lord and God. :‖:

4. We are redeem'd,
Redeem'd to endless bliss,
Our souls rejoice at this;
With hearts enlarged
We see our debt discharged,
Our ransom paid. :‖:

5. O sing again,
Sing still in higher strain
Unto the Lamb once slain;
Bring for salvation
Praise, thanks, and adoration,
Hallelujah. :‖:

(140.) 112. T. 14.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2. The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my (theme,
And shall be till I die.

4. Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

5. Lord, I believe thou hast pre- (par'd
Unworthy tho' I be,
For me a blood-bought, free re- (ward,
A golden harp for me.

6. 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
And form'd by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.
Cowper.

113. T. 581 or 83.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2. Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraign'd;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustain'd!
Shun not suffering, shame or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3. Calvary's mournful mountain (climb,
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finish'd!" hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4. Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless (clay;
All is solitude and gloom,
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is ris'n—He meets our (eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

J. Montgomery.

(143.) 114.* T. 185.

UNTO Jesus' cross I'm now retiring,
There my Saviour's pierced feet,
(Dying love a grateful sense inspiring,)
Bath'd in tears I humbly greet:
Might I never lose this blest sensation,
But in spirit fix my happy station
On those heights so dear to me,
Golgotha, Gethsemane.

2. Might thy dying love, dear suffering Saviour,
Which subdu'd my stubborn heart, Me constrain, and rule my whole behaviour,
Till I from this world depart:
Thus my mortal body I shall nourish, (cherish,
And as thine with holy reverence
Earnestly intent to bear
More of thy blest image here.

3. With a mind from earthly cares divested,
Let me dwell by day and night,
Where the body of my Saviour rested:
Here I find supreme delight;
Here 'tis good for me with pardon'd Mary
At his sepulchre in faith to tarry;
Thus in blessed fellowship
With my Lord I wake and sleep.

C. R. v. Z.

(144.) 115.* T. 208.

HAPPY meditation
On my Saviour's passion,
On his death and grave;
O the feeling blessed
Cannot be expressed
Which at times I have,
When I Christ in spirit view,
In his suffering scenes revising
My Lord agonizing.

2. All the pains and sorrows
He endured for us;
All the tears he shed,
When he in the garden,
Bearing our sin's burden,
In soul's anguish pray'd;
Yea, each scene of suffering love
Raises in me an emotion
Of intense devotion.

3. Lamb of God, thus dearest
Thou to me appearest;

O might I each breath
Spend, while here I'm living,
In praise and thanksgiving
For thy wounds and death;
Till I, for thy dying love,
Shall with all the saints in glory
Praise, thank and adore thee.

C. R. v. Z.

(145.) 116. T. 581 or 83.

MET around the sacred tomb,
Friends of Jesus, why those tears?
Midst this sad sepulchral gloom
Shall your faith give way to fears?
He will soon, ev'n as he said,
Rise triumphant from the dead.

2. Hidden from all ages past
Was the cross's mystery,
Doubts awhile a veil had cast
O'er that first dear family;
Till they saw him and believ'd
And as Lord and God received.

3. Now with tears of love and joy
We remember all his pain,
Sighs and groans, and dying cry;
For the Lamb for us was slain,
And from death our souls to save,
Once for us lay in the grave.

4. Hither, sinners, all repair,
And with Jesus Christ be dead;
All are safe from Satan's snare,
Who to Jesus' tomb have fled;
Here the weary and oppress'd
Find a never ending rest.

5. Wounded Saviour, full of grace,
Hast thou suffer'd thus for me?
Ah, I hide my blushing face;
How have I requited thee?
Should I not with ardor burn
Some love's token to return?

6. But alas, the spark how small;
Scarcely seen at all to glow,
Lord, thou know'st how short I fall,
And my growth in grace how slow;
Yet, when to thy cross I fly,
Soon all strange affections die.

7. In thy death is all my trust,
I have thee my refuge made;
And when once consigned to dust,
In the tomb my body's laid,
Then with saved souls above
I will praise thy dying love.

8. But while here I'm left behind,
Burden'd with infirmity,
May I health and comfort find,
Visiting Gethsemane,
Calvary, and Joseph's tomb,
Till my sabbath's also come.

C. I. Latrobe.

(146.) 117. T. 114.

NOW haste, my soul, with awe and deep devotion
To Joseph's tomb, thy Saviour to behold, (and cold:
Laid in the dust, his body pale
Ah, in thy stead he drank death's bitter potion: (and slain,
He as a Lamb was wounded, bruis'd
For thee eternal happiness to gain.

2. For worthless me, (O godlike condescension!) (sphere,
The Maker of Creation's boundless
Whom all celestial hosts as Lord revere, (comprehension,
Whose power divine is past their
Became a man, my guilty soul to save, (grave.
And rests from labour in the silent

3. Here is the place where weary souls may tarry;
Tho' near the dead, death can no power assume,
For life, eternal life, rests in the tomb;

Come, then, my pardon'd soul, with humble Mary (sleep;
Behold thy wearied Master sweetly
Admire his matchless love, adore, and weep.

4. Here will I stay, engaged in contemplation (death:
On my Redeemer's agony and
This shall increase and fix my wavering faith (tion:
In him, the finisher of my salva-
Yea, in my soul and body mortify
The sins which did my Jesus crucify.

5. Thou Lord of life, fix thou my soul and senses (heart:
On thee, the dearest object of my
That, when from this vain world I shall depart, (commences,
And when the awful scene of death
I may resign my spirit unto thee,
And in thy presence live eternally.

6. Meanwhile I'll love and thank, without cessation,
Thee, my Redeemer, who my soul hast bought, (mercy sought;
And me, a wandering sheep, in
Accept my tears, my prayer, and adoration: (sign;
To thee my life, my all I now re-
In life and death, O keep me ever thine.

J. Swertner.

(147.) 118. T. 208.

NOW will I, like Mary,
My best spices carry
To my Saviour's tomb:
I'll behold his body
Mangled, pale and bloody;
Now my sabbath's come:
But alas,—what spices has
My poor heart, save tears and crying,
Heart-felt throbs and sighing.

2. Lamb of God, my Saviour,
Thou shalt be for ever
My most favourite theme:
And for thy atonement
Might I every moment
Praise thy saving name:
Constantly—thy passion be,
Till my final consummation,
My heart's meditation.

Cennick & Swertner.

(149.) 119. T. 119.

LAMB, once slain, :‖:
My Redeemer, while I view
Thee by faith, I'm lost in wonder;
Grateful tears my cheeks bedew:
Blessed Saviour, when I ponder
On the cause of all thy grief and
Melts my heart. :‖: (smart,

2. Holy Lord, :‖:
By thy body given to death,
Mortify my sinful nature
Till I yield my dying breath:
Ah, protect thy feeble creature;
Grant that I, by nothing drawn
Thine abide. :‖: (aside,

Swertner.

(150.) 120. T. B. p. 114.

BELOVED, white and ruddy,
Of thousands none so fair;
I with thy wounded body
No beauty can compare;
Here to thy care consigned,
Within thy tomb enshrined,
Might but my body lie;
To thee my soul would fly.

2. But while on earth I tarry,
Wrapt in this mortal vest,
Make it thy sanctuary,
Thy form be there imprest;
Admit no strange affections,
But, midst all imperfections,

May in my looks be seen
That I with God have been.

3. In this sepulchral Eden
The tree of life I've found,
Here is my treasure hidden,
I tread on hallow'd ground;
Ye sick, ye faint and weary,
Howe'er your ailments vary,
Creep hither, and make sure
Of a most perfect cure.

4. Here lies in death's embraces,
My bridegroom, Lord, and God:
With awe my soul retraces,
The dark and dolorous road,
That leads to this last station;
Here in sweet meditation
I'll dwell by day and night,
Till faith is chang'd to sight.

(151.) 121. T. 45.

WEEP, Zion, weep,—in death's deep sleep
Your King his head has bowed;
Closed are those lips, whence late
Truth and mercy flowed.

2. In strains of woe—our songs shall flow,
What love is here displayed;
See God's dear and only Son
To a tomb conveyed.

3. Yet, O rejoice—with heart and voice,
Soon will he rise most glorious;
And at the right hand of God
Seat himself victorious.

(152) 122. T. 167.

LORD of life! now sweetly slumber,
With the dead awhile a guest;
After torments without number,
Glorious is thy hard-earn'd rest:
Lo! the dreadful conflict's ended;
By thy sufferings thou hast won;
Now o'er all thy power's extended,
Ev'n my heart O claim thy own.

2. O what love is here displayed!
See the Father's only Son
To the silent tomb conveyed;
Ah my soul what hast thou done!
Yet, while I, my sins bewailing,
Own that they his blood have spilt,
May that blood, for me prevailing,
Wash away my sin and guilt.

3 Here my Sabbath is completed,
Here my soul enjoys sweet peace;
At the feet of Jesus seated,
Here I taste true happiness;
I adore my paschal offering,
I adore God's counsel deep,
I adore my Jesus suffering,
And, while I adore him, weep.

(153.) 123.* T. 185.

WHEN I visit Jesus' grave in spirit,
It is never done in vain; (merit
Since 'tis only from his death and
I can life and strength obtain;
Jesus' cross, his last hours in his passion, (piration,
Jesus' stripes, his wounds, and ex-
Jesus' body and his blood,
Shall remain my highest good.

Chr. R. v. Zinzendorf.

(154.) 124. T. 205.

RESTING in the silent grave,
Spent with torments, pangs, and cries,
See the Lord God, strong to save;
Him whose thunders shake the skies:
'Twas for me he groan'd, he bled,
And was number'd with the dead;
Sacred body, with amaze
Thankfully on thee I gaze.

C. I. Latrobe.

(155.) 125. T. 11.

Go, my soul, go every day
To the tomb where Jesus lay;
Be with him my members dead,
Be his sepulchre my bed.

2. Boldest foes dare never come
Near my Saviour's sacred tomb;
Evil never can molest
Those who near his body rest.

Worthington.

(156.) 126.* T. 519.

MOST holy Lord and God,
Holy, almighty God,
Holy and most merciful Saviour.
Thou eternal God;
Grant that we may never
Lose the comforts from thy death.
Have mercy, O Lord.

2. Most holy Lord and God,
Holy, almighty God,
Holy and most merciful Saviour,
Thou eternal God;
Bless thy congregation (blood:
Through thy sufferings, death, and
Have mercy, O Lord.

Z.

VI. RESURRECTION OF CHRIST FROM THE GRAVE.

(157.) 127.* T. 132.

CHRIST Jesus, once to death abas'd
To cancel our transgression,
Has gain'd for us, by being rais'd,
Eternal life's possession;
'Tis this should prompt us to rejoice, (and voice,
And praise the Lord with heart
In singing Hallelujah.

2. How great and wondrous was the strife,
Life was by death assailed;
But Jesus Christ, the Prince of life,
O'er sin and death prevailed;
He triumph'd over them in death,
And we are conquerors too by faith
In him our risen Saviour.

3. This is the day the Lord hath
What lively hope it raises! (made;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be
And join to sing his praises; (glad,
For Christ, our everlasting light,
Dispels the clouds of sin's dark night
And all the powers of darkness.

Luther.

(158.) 128.* T. 590.

SING Hallelujah, Christ doth live,
And peace on earth restore; (give,
Come, ransom'd souls, and glory
Sing, worship, and adore:
With grateful hearts to him we pay
Our thanks in humble wise:
Who aught unto our charge can
'Tis God that justifies. (lay?

2. Who can condemn, since Christ
And ever lives to God; (was dead,
Now our whole debt is fully paid,
He saves us by his blood: (heaven
The ransom'd hosts in earth and
Thro' countless choirs proclaim:
"He hath redeem'd us; praise be
To God and to the Lamb." (giv'n,

3. God rais'd him up, when he for
Had freely tasted death, (all

And thus redeem'd us from the (fall;
On this we ground our faith:
For God, well-pleas'd, that sacrifice
Declar'd, in sovereign grace,
An all-sufficient ransom-price
For Adam's fallen race.

4. The God of peace to guilty man
Doth pardoning grace afford, [again
Since from the dead he brought
Our Shepherd, Head, and Lord;
That Shepherd who did freely bleed
Lost Sinners to restore;
Who died, but now is ris'n indeed,
And lives for evermore.

5. The God of mercies let us (praise,
Who saveth fallen men,
That by his power, which Christ
He us begets again (did raise,
Unto a lively confidence,
That we for Jesus' sake
Shall of that blest inheritance,
Reserv'd for us, partake.

6. His resurrection's power divine,
By grace on us bestow'd,
Renews us, that we, dead to sin,
May live alone to God:
Thus we, supported by his might,
From strength to strength proceed;
And, walking in his truth and light,
Praise him in word and deed.

7. In all we do, constrain'd by love,
We'll joy to him afford,
And to God's will obedient prove
Thro' Jesus Christ our Lord:
Sing Hallelujah and adore
On earth the Lamb once slain,
Till we in heaven shall evermore
Exalt his name, Amen.

Gr.

(159.) 129. T. 590.

BELIEVING souls, rejoice and (sing,
Your risen Saviour see,
And say, "O death, where is thy (sting!
O grave, thy victory?"
He died your guilty souls to save;
And, dying, conquer'd death;
Was buried in the gloomy grave,
But re-assum'd his breath.

2. Rejoice, your conquering Saviour (lives,
He lives to die no more;
And life eternal freely gives,
Since he our sorrows bore,
To all who their lost state bewail;
For Jesus' precious blood
Doth for each contrite soul prevail
Before the throne of God.

3. Sing praises to our risen Lord;
Life, immortality,
And lasting bliss are now restor'd
For all; for you and me:
Believe the wondrous deed, my (soul,
Adore his saving name;
Rejoice, ye saints, from pole to pole
His love and power proclaim.

4. The Prince of glory bow'd his (head,
Expiring on the cross;
But now the Lord is ris'n indeed,
Is ris'n and lives for us;
Rejoice, and in the dust adore
The Lamb for sinners slain;
He liveth now and evermore,
For evermore to reign.

Swertner.

(160.) 130. T. 22.

REJOICE, O church, the Saviour's (sing
bride,
All grief and mourning lay aside;
With cheerful hearts and voices
The resurrection of our King.

2. He, having triumph'd over death,
Now re-assumes his vital breath:
The angels wait with watchful eyes,
And joy to see their God arise.

3. Our gracious Saviour, Head, and Lord, (word;
Hath well perform'd his promis'd
And now would have his church rejoice;
He loves to hear her cheerful voice.

4. Then let us join the heavenly throng
In singing that eternal song:
"Salvation to our God and King,
Whose death did our redemption bring."

5. Blessing and praise we give to thee, (free;
That thou from death hast set us
Thy resurrection from the grave
Shows plainly, thou hast power to save.

6. Thy blood shall wash our garments white, (light,
Then we with all the saints in
Shall joyful meet our Lord and Head; (shed.
We know for us thy blood was

7. Astonish'd, at thy footstool now,
With humble gratitude we bow:
Thought cannot reach, nor tongue reveal, (feel.
What in our thankful hearts we

W. Horne.

(161.) 131. T. 595.

CHRISTIANS, dismiss your fear;
Let hope and joy succeed;
The joyful news with gladness hear,
"The Lord is ris'n indeed:"
The promise is fulfill'd
In Christ our only Head;
Justice with mercy's reconcil'd;
He lives who once was dead.

2. The Lord is ris'n again,
Who on the cross did bleed;
He lives to die no more, Amen;
The Lord is ris'n indeed:
He truly tasted death
For wretched fallen man;
In bitter pangs resign'd his breath;
But now is ris'n again.

3. He hath himself the keys
Of death, the grave, and hell;
His is the victory and praise,
And he rules all things well:
Death, now no more I dread,
But cheerful close mine eyes,
Death is a sleep, the grave a bed;
With Jesus I shall rise.

Cennick.

(162.) 132. T. 11.

GLORY unto Jesus be,
From the curse he set us free;
All our guilt on him was laid,
He the ransom fully paid.

2. All his glorious work is done;
God's well pleased in his Son;
For he rais'd him from the dead;
Christ now reigns the church's Head.

3. His redeem'd his praise show forth,
Saints above and saints on earth;
Angels sing around the throne,
"Thou art worthy, thou alone."

4. Ye who love him, cease to mourn,
He will certainly return;
All his saints with him shall reign;
Come, Lord Jesus, come. Amen.

Watts.

(163.) 133. T. 79.

JESUS who died the world to save,
Revives, and rises from the grave,
By his almighty power;
From sin and death he sets us free,
He captive leads captivity,
He lives again, to die no more.

2. Children of God, look up and see
Your Saviour, cloth'd with majesty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb;
Cease, cease to grieve, cast off your fears,
In heaven your mansions he prepares,
And soon will come to take you home.

3. His church is still his joy and crown,
He looks with love and pity down
On her he did redeem:
The members of that church he knows,
He shares their joys and feels their woes,
And they shall ever reign with him.

Hammond.

(165.) 134. T. 14.

ON this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd
By God, the eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

2. He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from nought;
'Twas greater to redeem.

W.

(166.) 135.* T. 132.

CHRIST, being risen from the tomb,
To Mary show'd his favour,
And kindly called her by name:
She, when she saw her Saviour,
Directly turn'd about in haste,
His feet with heartfelt joy embrac'd,
And hail'd her risen Master.

2. His holy name for ever be
Adored, bless'd, and praised,
That he hath such invariably
To taste his friendship raised,
As Mary Magdalen and me,
Who nought can boast, but know that he
Hath pardon'd our transgressions.

3. How happy feels a contrite heart
Enjoying Christ's salvation:
Those who have chosen Mary's part
And favourite occupation,
Find in our Saviour, day and night,
A source of comfort and delight:
'Tis this makes life important.

4. He pardon'd me, like Magdalen;
I love him, my Preserver;
I love him, but (it gives me pain)
I love not with such fervour:
When Jesus I shall once behold,
I then shall feel as she of old,
When he to her appeared.

Z. and others.

(167.) 136.* T. 185.

HAIL, all hail, victorious Lord and Saviour,
Thou hast burst the bonds of death;
Grant us, as to Mary, that great favour
To embrace thy feet in faith:
Thou hast in our stead the curse endured,
And for us eternal life procured;
Joyful, we with one accord
Hail thee as our risen Lord.

2. O thou matchless source of consolation,
Scarce thy resting moments end,
When a heart-enlivening salutation
To thy children thou dost send:
We would share thy dear disciples' feeling,
As before their risen master kneeling:

Thus shall we with all our heart
Witness what a friend thou art.

Louisa v. Hayn.

(168.) 137. T. 205.

JESUS, who is always near
To assuage his children's grief,
Unto Thomas did appear,
To remove his unbelief;
"Come," he said, "my nail-prints view,
And my side the spear pierc'd thro';"
Humbled the disciple stood,
And exclaim'd, "My Lord, my God."

2 I would go from pole to pole
To behold my risen Lord;
But content thyself, my soul,
Listen to thy Saviour's word;
"They who me by faith receive,
Without seeing who believe,
Trust my word and thereon rest,
They abundantly are blest."

VII. THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

(169.) 138. T. 14.

THE Lord ascendeth up on high,
Deck'd with resplendent wounds;
While shouts of victory rend the sky,
And heaven with joy resounds.

2. Eternal gates their leaves unfold,
Receive the conquering King,
The angels strike their harps of gold,
And saints triumphant sing.

3. Sinners, rejoice, he died for you,
For you prepares a place,
His Spirit sends, you to endow
With every gift and grace.

4. His blood, which did for you atone,
For your salvation pleads;
And, seated on his Father's throne,
He reigns and intercedes.

J. Hart.

(170.) 139.* T. 83.

SURELY God is present here;
Since the Lord with grace and favour
To my spirit doth appear,
As my Jesus, as my Saviour;
For the holy Trinity
Is to us in Jesus nigh.

2. O might all my wishes tend
Unto Christ without cessation,
He's my best and nearest friend,
Full of grace, truth, and salvation,
I, when he is present, feel
Happiness no tongue can tell.

3. Holy awe pervades my heart,
When I see my great Creator
Of man's nature taking part,
That he, as my Mediator,
Might lay down his life for me,
And from death might set me free.

4. In the grave for me he lay,
Then arose with power and glorious
Grace triumphant to display,
Proving over death victorious;
And for forty days was seen
By his followers, God with men.

5. When the Lord's disciples saw
Jesus, gloriously arrayed,
From their longing sight withdraw,
In a cloud to heaven conveyed;

Sure, alternate grief and joy (ploy.
Did their hearts and thoughts em-

6. He ascended up on high,
Glorious and with honour crowned;
Cloth'd with power and majesty,
And at God's right-hand enthroned,
He doth still as man appear,
Pleading for us sinners there.

7. God be prais'd, they who are
In this present dispensation (his
Nought essential ever miss,
Since they share in his salvation;
Tho' unseen, he's nigh to all
Who in truth upon him call.

8. O when will the time draw near,
That he, who to heaven ascended,
Shall in majesty appear,
By the heavenly hosts attended?
But we're silent:—to believe
Is our lot, while here we live.

Gr.

140. T. 22.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone;
He whom I fix my hopes upon:
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2. The way the holy prophets
went, (ment,
The way that leads from banish-
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3. This is the way I long had
sought, (not;
And mourn'd because I found it
My grief a burden long had been,
Oppress'd with unbelief and sin.

4. The more I strove against their
power, (more;
I sinn'd and stumbled but the
Till late, I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5. Lo! glad I come, and thou blest
Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love I shall receive.

6. Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, 'Behold the way to God.'

Cennick.

141. T. 22.

THE Lord, who once on Calvary
bled, (dead.
And rose triumphant from the
Pursues in heaven this plan of
grace,
The friend of man's apostate race.

2. There, as our advocate, he
reigns, (pains;
Touch'd with the feeling of our
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, his groans, and agonies.

3. In every pang that rends the
heart,
The man of sorrows bears a part;
In all our grief, our grief he shares.
And rescues us from Satan's snares.

4. O let us then before his throne,
With boldness make our sorrows
known; (freed,
And seek, from fears distrustful
His grace to help in time of need.

Logan.

(172.) 142.* T. 146.

GO up with shouts of praise,
Go up, High-priest, to heaven,
Thou who the ransom'd race
Hast on thy heart engraven:
Though seated on thy throne,
Thou deign'st to hear our prayer;

Nor art asham'd to own,
That we thy brethren are.

Z.

(174.) 143. T. 79.

WHEN Christ, our Saviour, did ascend,
The Father bid his hosts attend,
And worship his dear Son: (gaz'd,
With loud acclaims of joy they
And cheerful Hallelujahs rais'd,
Adoring humbly at his throne.

2. Can we thy triumphs e'er forget?
Shall we not worship at thy feet,
For all thy griefs and pain?
Yes, we will join the angelic throng,
In singing that eternal song,
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain."

3. The assembly, which with thee at rest (dress'd,
Appears in spotless garments
Bows down and humbly sings;
We too thy saving name will bless,
And thee with heart and voice confess (kinsg.
The Lord of lords and King of

Cennick.

(175.) 144.* T. 132.

RAISE your devotion, mortal
Be your exalted Saviour (tongues;
The theme of your triumphant
Extol his name for ever: (songs;
Lo, angels strike their loudest strings,
For heaven and all created things
Must sound Immanuel's praises.

2. Ye mourning souls, look upward
For Christ is now preparing (too,
At God's right-hand a place for you;
Shake off all thoughts despairing:
Thence he, your gracious Lord, will come,
To fetch your longing spirits home,
And crown your love and labour.

3. Since he o'er heaven bears sovereign sway,
By all its powers attended,
And has more graces to display
Than can be comprehended;
Fear not, for he his blessing pours
On such meek, humble breasts as yours,
The objects of his favour.

(176.) 145. T. 22.

TO thee, Lord Christ, all praise be giv'n,
For thy ascending up to heaven:
Support us while on earth we stay,
And lead us in the narrow way.

2. Tho' seated on thy Father's throne, (own,
Thou ne'er wilt cease thy flock to
But always in their midst appear,
When in thy name assembled here.

3. For us to heaven thou didst ascend,
To plead our cause, and to attend
To all our wants, yea, to prepare
A place for us thy bliss to share.

4. At parting from thy little fold,
Thy second advent was foretold;
Therefore we wait with eagerness,
Lord Jesus, to behold thy face.

Swertner.

(177.) 146. T. 590.

WE sing thy praise exalted Lamb,
Who sitt'st upon the throne:
Ten thousand blessings to thy name
Who worthy art alone:
Thy sacred, bruised body bore
Our sins upon the tree:

And now thou livest evermore;
O may we live to thee.

2. Poor sinners, sing the Lamb that died;
(What theme can sound so sweet!)
His drooping head, his streaming (side,
His pierced hands and feet;
With all that scene of suffering (love,
Which faith presents to view:
For now he reigns and lives above,
Yea, lives and reigns for you.

3. Was ever grace, Lord, rich as thine,
Can aught so great be nam'd?
What powerful beams of love divine
Thy tender heart inflam'd:
Ye angels, praise his glorious name,
Who lov'd and conquer'd thus;
And we will likewise laud the Lamb,
For he was slain for us.

J. Hart.

(179.) 147. T. 595.

JESUS who died, is now
Seated upon his throne:
The angels, who before him bow,
His just dominion own.

2. The unworthiest of his friends
Upon his heart he bears;
He ever to their cause attends,
For them a place prepares.

3. Blest Saviour, condescend
My advocate to be;
I could not have a better friend
To plead with God for me.

Watts.

(180.) 148. T. 14.

JESUS, our High-priest and our Head,
Who bear'st our flesh and blood,
And always interced'st for us
Before the throne of God:—

2. We know thou never canst for-(get
Us, thy weak members here:
Yea, when we suffer in the least,
Thou part with us wilt bear.

3. Thou with great tenderness art touch'd
At what thy children feel: (press'd
When by temptations we are
Thou know'st well what we ail.

4. Thou hast a tender sympathy
With every grief and pain;
For when thou wast a man on earth,
Thou didst the same sustain.

5. And tho' in heaven exalted now,
Yet thou to us art near;
Know'st all our weaknesses and wants,
And listen'st to our prayer.

6. What shall we say for this thy (love,
But 'fore thee prostrate lie,
And thank thee that thou wast a (man,
To all eternity.

J. West.

(181.) 149. T. 14.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-priest above;
His heart is fill'd with tenderness,
His bowels yearn with love.

2. In all our griefs he takes a share,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations (are,
For he has felt the same.

3. He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears;
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.

4. He'll never quench the smoking (flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5. Then let our humble faith ad-
His mercy and his power; (dress
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

6. He ever lives to intercede
Before his father's face; (plead,
Give him, my soul, thy cause to
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

Watts.

VIII. GOD, AS CREATOR AND PRESERVER OF THE WORLD.

(182.) 150.* T. 166, or 22.

O GOD, thou bottomless abyss,
Thee mortal tongue cannot define,
Or speak thy god-like properties,
Thy holy heights, thy depths divine:
Thou'rt an unfathomable sea;
Of universal nature Lord:
Such knowledge is not found in me
Frail worm, thy glories to record.

2. Thee would I view and duly praise,
Did not mere weakness me surround;
Thy nature's everlasting rays
My senses and my soul confound:
All sprung from thine omnipotence,
Which mind conceives, or eye hath seen;
No single atom comes by chance:
Wert thou not, nothing e'er had been.

3. All things with thee are possible,
Thy will in heaven and earth is done; (veal,
Thy wisdom's depths who can re-
Or who thy mind hath fully known?
No limits thee can circumscribe,
Thy kingdom everywhere extends;
None can thy greatness e'er describe,
For thy dominion never ends.

4. Thou stretchest to infinity,
The highest heavens are thy seat,
Thy glorious name, thy majesty
No seraph can conceive or mete:
Thou art as Lord by all ador'd,
For every knee to thee must bend;
Who thus have knelt and grace implor'd,
Have found thee an almighty friend.

5. Counsel and deed are one with thee,
And justice in thy court presides;
Perfection's thine without degree,
And love thy character abides:
Thy mercy, faithfulness, and grace
Each morning unto us are new,
And every day brings fresh displays
Of thy protecting care to view.

6, Ah, who can render thee just praise? (combin'd;
Who? tho' his heart and tongue
No temple is thy dwelling place,
Thy worship cannot be confin'd:
By building shrines, where thou shalt dwell,
Thy proper aim is ne'er attain'd;
To such thou dost thy love reveal
As humbly on thy word depend.

7. Service, not gifts, thou dost demand
From man, this shall his profit be:

Salvation, life, flow from thy hand,
But no increase accrues to thee;
Thy hand rewards, tho' all is thine:
Thy fire in wrath consumes thy foes,
While in its genial warmth and shine
Thy friends with heavenly joy repose.

8. The seraphim with sweetest tone
Express the glory of thy sway,
The elders, kneeling at thy throne,
Serve thee, and deepest homage pay:
Like them, before thy majesty,
With humble awe I sink asham'd;
Thou art in truth, O Lord most high,
All that is great and holy nam'd.

J. J. Breithaupt.

(183.) 151. T. 14.

ALMIGHTY God, thou Sovereign Lord,
'Fore thee we prostrate fall,
In heaven and on earth ador'd,
As the great cause of all.

2. Thou canst not by our eyes be seen,
Thou art a Spirit pure,
Who from eternity hast been,
And ever shalt endure.

3. Present alike in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore;
Beyond the bounds of time and space
Thou dwellest evermore.

4. In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see,
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to thee.

5. Whate'er thou wilt, thou, Lord, canst do
Here and in heaven above;
But chiefly we rejoice to know
Almighty God is love.

6. Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands have made;
Thy goodness we rehearse,
In shining characters display'd
Throughout the universe.

7. With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

8. Sweet is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness raise
In sounds harmonious sing.

9. Creatures with all their endless race
Thy power and praise proclaim;
May we, who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

Watts.

(184.) 152.* T. 22.

MONARCH of all, with humble fear raise;
To thee heaven's hosts their voices
Ev'n earth and dust thy bounties share:
Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

2. Before thy face, O Lord most high,
Sinks all created glory down:
Yet be not wroth with me, that I,
Vile worm, draw near thy awful throne.

3. Of all thou the beginning art,
Of all things thou alone the end:
On thee still fix my wavering heart,
To thee let all my actions tend.

4. Thou, Lord, art light: thy native ray
No shade, no variation knows;

To my dark soul thy light display,
The brightness of thy face disclose.

5. Thou, Lord, art love: from thee pure love
Flows forth in unexhausted streams;
Let me its quickening virtue prove,
O fill my heart with sacred flames.

6. Thou, Lord, art good, and thou alone:
With eager hope, with warm desire,
Thee may I still my portion own,
To thee in every thought aspire.

7. So shall my every power to thee
In love and pure devotion rise;
Yea, body, soul, and spirit be
A holy living sacrifice.

8. Lord God Almighty, ceaseless praise
In heaven, thy throne, to thee is giv'n;
Here, as in heaven, thy name we bless,
For where thy presence shines is heaven.

Freylinghausen.

(185.) 153. T. 22.

GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2. Give to the Lord of Lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When earth-born powers are known no more.

3. He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4. He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5. He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, from darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6. Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

Watts.

(186.) 154. T. 166.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs:
For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Great are the wonders of thy hands:
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

2. Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But man is thy peculiar care:
My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

3. From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy, like a river, flows,

And we the living water taste:
Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from thy presence, gracious Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.
Watts.

(188.) 155.* T. 214.

I WILL sing to my Creator,
Unto God I'll render praise,
Who by every thing in nature
Magnifies his tender grace:
Nought but loving condescension
Still inclines his faithful heart
To support and take their part,
Who pursue his blest intention;
All things to their period tend,
But his mercy has no end.

2. My soul's welfare he advances,
For my body he doth care:
Aid and comfort he dispenses,
When I call on him by prayer:
When my natural strength is shrinking,
In the time of utmost need,
He, my God, draws nigh with speed,
And recovers me from sinking:
All things, &c.

3. This I know with full conviction,
As a maxim ever sure,
Christian crosses and affliction
Do but for a time endure:
After winter's frost and snowing
Smiling summer then appears;
After sadness, pains, and fears,
Joyful comforts will be flowing:
All things, &c.

4. Since nor ends, nor bounds, nor measure
In God's mercy can be found,
Heart and hands I lift with pleasure,
As a child in duty bound; (sure,
Humbly I request the favour:
Grant me grace both day and night
Thee to love with all my might,
Till I change this infant savour
For that taste of bliss above,
Perfect praise and endless love.
P. Gerhard.

(189.) 156. T. 14.

IN thee I live, and move, and am;
Thou number'st all my days:
As thou renew'st my being, Lord,
Let me renew thy praise.

2. From thee I am, thro' thee I am.
And for thee I must be:
'Twere better for me not to live,
Than not to live to thee.

3. Naked I came into this world,
And nothing with me brought:
And nothing have I here deserv'd;
Yet I have lacked nought.

4. I do not praise my labouring hand,
My labouring head or chance:
Thy providence, most gracious (God,
Is my inheritance.

5. Thy bounty gives me bread with (peace,
A table free from strife:
Thy blessing is the staff of bread,
Which is the staff of life.

6. The daily favours of my God
I cannot sing at large;
Yet humbly can I make this boast,
I am the Almighty's charge.

7. Lord, in the day thou art about
The paths wherein I tread;
And in the night, when I lie down,
Thou art about my bed.

8. O let my house a temple be,
That I and mine may sing

Hosannas to thy majesty,
And praise our heavenly King.
Erskine.

(191.) 157.* T. 151.

COMMIT thou every grievance
Into his faithful hands,
To his sure care and guidance,
Who heaven and earth com-
For he, the clouds' director, (mands:
Whom winds and seas obey,
Will be thy kind protector,
And will prepare thy way.

2. Rely on God thy Saviour,
So shalt thou safe go on;
Build on his grace and favour,
So shall thy work be done:
Thou canst make no advances
By self-consuming care;
But he his help dispenses,
When call'd upon by prayer.

3. Thy faithfulness eternal,
O Father, certainly
What's good or detrimental
Doth for thy children see:
Thee all things serve in nature,
According to thy will;
Thou, as the great Creator,
Thy counsel dost fulfil.

4. My soul, then, with assurance
Hope still, be not dismay'd;
He will from each encumbrance
Again lift up thy head:
Beyond thy wish extended
His goodness will appear,
When he hath fully ended
What caus'd thy needless fear.
P. Gerhard.

(192.) 158.* T. 106.

HE that confides in his Creator,
Depending on him all his days,
Shall be preserv'd in fire and water,
And sav'd in many dangerous
ways: (stay,
He that makes God his staff and
Builds not on sand that glides away.

2. What gain'st thou by thy anxious
caring?
What causes thee to pine away?
Thy rest and health thou art im-
pairing (day;
By sighs and groans from day to
Thou art but adding grief to grief,
Instead of getting sure relief.

3. O could we be resign'd and quiet,
And rest in God's good providence,
Who oft prescribes us wholesome
diet,
In forms that please not flesh and
sense:
To him who chose us for his own,
Our wants and cares are fully known.

4. He knows the hours for joy and
gladness,
The proper time and proper place;
Are we but faithful midst our sad-
ness, (praise;
Seek not our pleasure, but his
He'll come before we are aware,
And dissipate our grief and care.

5. Do thou with faith discharge thy
station, (praise;
Keep God's commands, live to his
Rely on him for preservation,
On whom the whole creation stays:
The man that's truly wise and just,
Makes God, and God alone his trust.
G. Neumark.

(193.) 159.* T. 14.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2. O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare, (heart,
That glows within my ravish'd
But thou canst read it there.

3. Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

4. To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear, (learnt
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had
To form themselves in prayer.

5. Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant-heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

6. When in the slippery paths of
With heedless steps I ran, (youth
Thine arm unseen, convey'd me
And led me up to man. (safe,

7. Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way, (vice,
And thro' the pleasing snares of
More to be fear'd than they.

8. When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

9. Ten thousand thousand precious
My daily thanks employ; (gifts
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

10. Thro' every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue; (thee,
And after death, in heaven with
The glorious theme renew.

11. When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

12. Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

Addison.

(194.) 160. T. 14.

LONG ere the lofty skies were
Jehovah fill'd his throne; (spread,
Ere man was form'd, or angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.

2. His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
ETERNITY's his dwelling-place,
And EVER is his time.

3. While like a tide our minutes
The present and the past, (flow,
He fills his own immortal NOW,
And sees our ages waste.

Watts.

(195.) 161.* T. 106 or 90.

WELL art thou leading, Guide supreme,
Thy people on their pilgrimage:
Thy paths may strange and devious seem, (pests rage,
But yet are straight:—should tem-
Amid the desolating blast,
Thy calming voice is heard at last.

2. Thy wisdom scatters, Lord most high, (bine;
What human prudence would com-
Thy power upraises to the sky,
What some in fetters would confine;
Man, reading not thy perfect will,
Walketh in some vain shadow still,

3. Thy thoughts are high, and soar above
The vanities which all admire:
No eloquence thine ear can move,
Thy impulse must the tongue inspire:
The Pharisee thou passest by,
While mercy waits the sinner's cry.

4. We magnify thy grace, pure love
Doth thy paternal heart excite;
Thy pillar doth before us move,
To dwell with men is thy delight:
Thou watchest o'er us day by day,
And lead'st us in the narrow way.

5. Sometimes thy rod may seem severe,
Again thy love thou dost display;
Thy gentle chastisement is near,
When we are prone to go astray:
Soon as we mourning seek thy face,
Thou bidd'st our wayward wanderings cease.

6. Thy Spirit grant, that I discern
Nature from grace, thy light from mine; (burn
That no strange fire within me
Which I might vainly think divine:
Thou Source of life, how blest is he
Who in thy light the light can see.

G. Arnold.

(196.) 162.* T. 595.

GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismay'd; (tears,
God hears thy sighs and counts thy
God shall lift up thy head:
Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

2. He every where hath way,
And all things serve his might,
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light:
When he makes bare his arm,
What shall his work withstand?
When he his people's cause defends,
Who, who shall stay his hand?

3. Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command,
With wonder fill'd thou then shalt own
How wise, how strong his hand:
Thou comprehend'st him not,
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as sovereign on his throne,
He ruleth all things well.

4. Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee,
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee:
Let us, in life and death,
Boldly thy truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

P. Gerhard.

(197.) 163. T. 151.

CHILDREN of God lack nothing,
His promise bears them thro';
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

2. Tho' vine, nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there:
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

Cennick.

(198.) 164. T. 581 or 83.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleas'd with all that pleaseth thee.

2. What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that thou wilt care,
Why should I the burthen bear?

3. As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor (wise,
Fears to stir a step alone:
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4. Thus preserv'd from Satan's (fears,
wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promis'd hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

J. Newton.

IX. THE FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST.

(199.) 165.* T. 132.

TO God on high all glory be,
And thanks that he's so gracious,
That hence to all eternity
No evil shall oppress us: (men,
His word declares good-will to
On earth is peace restor'd again
Thro' Jesus Christ our Saviour.

2. We humbly thee adore, and praise,
And laud for thy great glory:
Father, thy kingdom lasts always,
Not frail, nor transitory:
Thy power is endless as thy praise,
Thou speak'st, the universe obeys:
In such a Lord we're happy.

3. O Jesus Christ, enthron'd on (high,
The Father's Son beloved,
By whom lost sinners are brought nigh,
And guilt and curse removed:
Thou Lamb once slain, our God and Lord,
To needy prayers thine ear afford.
And on us all have mercy.

4. O Comforter, God Holy Ghost.
Thou source of consolation,
From Satan's power thou wilt, we trust,
Protect Christ's congregation;
His everlasting truth assert,
All evil graciously avert,
Lead us to life eternal.

(Selnecker,) Ancient Church.

(200.) 166.* T. 97.

MOST holy, blessed Trinity,
God, praised to all eternity,
Lord over all, whose power did (same;
frame
The world, and still upholds the
All things thou reconcilest unto (jesty.
thee:
With awe we now adore thy ma-

2. Father of Jesus, Lord of all,
Thee we our God and Father call.

Since Jesus made us by his blood,
Children and blessed heirs of God;
Eternal praise and thanks are due to thee,
From Christ's redeem'd and grateful family.

3. O Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Who didst the human race regain,
And claim'st it as thy property;
Worthy art thou eternally:
For all we are and have, is thine alone,
Ah, take and keep us evermore thine own.

4. God Holy Ghost, to thee we raise
With joyful hearts our thanks and praise,
For leading us to Christ by faith,
And glorifying Jesus' death;
O grant that we may all in him abide,
That he may glory in a faithful bride.

5. We all say, Amen, deeply bow'd
In presence of the triune God,
By whom in Christ we're fore-ordain'd
To happiness that knows no end;
With grateful hearts we thank and praise the Lord:
His saving name for ever be ador'd.

(201.) 167. T. 68.

HOLY Trinity,
We confess with joy,
That our life and whole salvation
Flow from God's blest incarnation,
And his death for us
On the shameful cross.

2. Had we angels' tongues
With seraphic songs,
Bowing hearts and knees before thee,
Triune God, we would adore thee,
In the highest strain,
For the Lamb once slain.

Nyberg.

(202.) 168.* T. 230.

TO the Father render praises,
Whose love in Christ to life us raises,
And comforts us in all distress;
Glory, thanks, and adoration,
Be giv'n to Christ without cessation,
Whose presence yields us joy and peace;
The Spirit magnify,
Who doth to us apply,
Jesus' merit;
Our God revere,
He's present here,
Come, worship him with filial fear.

2. Father of the congregation,
O what abundant consolation
We in thy gracious counsel find,
Which by Christ was manifested;
His coming in the flesh attested
Thy tender love to all mankind:
Thy name we magnify
To all eternity;
For thy mercies
Unbounded are;
Thy love and care
Exceed our utmost wish and prayer.

3. Lord, our matchless Friend and Brother,
Thy praises from each day to other
I'll sing while I have breath in me;
God, as man to us related,
The grateful sense thou hast created
To praise excites me powerfully:
Rise, spirit of gladness, rise,
Exalt his sacrifice,
Hallelujah,
In highest strain
To the Lamb slain:
Let heav'n and earth reply, Amen.

4. Holy Spirit, we adore thee,
And to thy name give praise and
For graciously directing us (glory,
To seek pardon, peace, and favour
With God, thro' Jesus Christ our Saviour,
From whom alone salvation flows:
O fill us with his love,
So that our walk may prove
To his honour;
And grant that we
Continually
May to thy voice obedient be.

Germ. Lit. (Louisa v. Hayn.)

(204.) 169. T. 39.

O FATHER of mercy, be ever ador'd; (our Lord
Thy love was displayed in sending
To ransom and bless us: thy goodness we praise (grace.
For sending in Jesus salvation by

2. Most merciful Saviour, who deignedst to die, (don to buy;
Our curse to remove, and our par-
Accept our thanksgiving, almighty to save, (lieve,
Who openest heaven to all that be-

3. O Spirit of wisdom, of love, and of power, (grace we adore;
We prove thy blest influence, thy
Whose inward revealing applies our Lord's blood, (of God.
Attesting and sealing us children

C. Wesley.

(206.) 170. T. 14.

OUR heavenly Father, source of love,
To thee our hearts we raise:
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2. Lord Jesus, thine we wish to be,
Our sacrifice receive:
Made, & preserv'd, & sav'd by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3. Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad:
So shall we ever live, and move,
And be with Christ in God.

4. Honour to the almighty Three,
And everlasting One:
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son. W.

(207.) 171.* T. 58.

GLORY to the Father,
Who in Christ Jesus
Doth as dear children own and richly bless us,
World without end.

2. Glory unto Jesus,
The man of sorrows,
Who suffer'd, died, rose, and revived for us,
That we might live.

3. Glory and obedience
To the Holy Spirit, (merit
Who glorifies Christ Jesus, and his
To us applies.

4. Lamb of God, once wounded
For our salvation,
Let all who breathe, proclaim thy bitter passion
For evermore.

(209.) 172. T. 167.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above:
Thus may we abide in union
With each other in the Lord:
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

Newton.

(210.) 173. T. 590.

FATHER of angels and of men,
Saviour, who us hast bought,
Spirit, by whom we're born again,
And sanctified, and taught;
Thy glory, holy Three in One,
Thy people's song shall be, (run,
Long as the wheels of time shall
And thro' eternity.

174. T. 581 or 83.

NOW, with angels round the
Cherubim and seraphim, (throne,
And the church which still is one,
Let us swell the solemn hymn:
Glory to the great I AM!
Glory to the slaughter'd Lamb!

2. Blessing, honour, glory, might,
And dominion infinite,
To the Father of our Lord,
To the Spirit and the Word;
As it was all worlds before,
Is, and shall be evermore.

Conder.

(211.) 175. T. 166.

THAT peace which God alone reveals
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts:
And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here.

Newton.

(212.) 176.* T. 185.

WITH thy presence, Lord, our Head and Saviour,
Bless us all, we humbly pray;
Our dear heavenly Father's love and favour
Be our comfort every day;
May the Holy Ghost in each proceeding (leading:
Favour us with his most gracious
Thus shall we be truly blest,
Both in labour and in rest. Gr.

(214.) 177. T. 185.

THE Lord bless and keep thee in his favour,
As his chosen property;
The Lord make his face shine on thee ever,
And be gracious unto thee;
The Lord lift his countenance most gracious (tious,
Upon thee, and be to thee propi-
And his peace on thee bestow;
Amen, Amen, be it so.

B. Latrobe.

(215.) 178. T. 595.

YE angels round the throne,
And men that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

Watts.

(217.) 179. T. 22.

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
The love of God so highly prized,
The Holy Ghost's communion be
With all of us most sensibly.

J. de Watteville.

(218.) 180.* T. 132.

NOW sing thou happy church of
His favour'd congregation, (God,
Redeem'd with Jesus' precious blood
From every tribe and nation:
Most holy, blessed Trinity, (thee
For the Lamb slain all praise to
Both now and ever. Amen.

Z.

X. OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

(219.) 181. T. 22.

OUR heavenly Father is not known
To us, but in the Son alone;
His mercy, love, and boundless grace
We see display'd in Jesus' face.

2. O God, how dreadful was thy name,
Until the God-man Jesus came;
We cannot love nor honour thee,
Unless the Son hath made us free.

3. O love, no human tongue can
O love divine, unsearchable! (tell!
The Father gave his only Son
For guilty sinners to atone.

4. Can any ill distress my heart,
Since God with his own Son did part?
Whate'er I want can't be denied,
Since Christ for me was crucified.

M. Taylor.

(220.) 182. T. 14.

BEHOLD what love the Father
On guilty men bestow'd, (hath
That we, who children are of wrath,
Should children be of God.

2. O how beyond expression great
His love in Christ doth shine!
'Tis like himself—the eternal God,
Past knowledge, all divine.

3. Behold, for fallen, guilty man,
The Lord of glory dies;
Lays down his life us to redeem,
A precious sacrifice.

4. Now doth our Lord, the Son of
Who for us liv'd and died, (God,
See of the travail of his soul,
And is well satisfied.

5. Peace and good-will are now to
Most gloriously display'd, (man
And life eternal we obtain
From God, in Christ our Head.

6. O let us then repeat the theme,
Which always sounds above;
And ever sing with joyful hearts
The wonders of his love.

(221.) 183.* T. 22.

THOU hast the world so greatly lov'd,
Father, that thou by mercy mov'd
Didst give thy well-beloved Son,
By death for sinners to atone.

2. That he all who in him believe,
Might in thy family receive,
For thou didst deem his sacrifice
An all-sufficient ransom-price.

3. As children we are own'd by thee,
Since Christ our brother deign'd to be;
We feel thy kind, paternal heart
To us who have in him a part.

4. The whole salvation of thy Son,
And all his merits make our own;
Yea, grant us richly, for thy sake,
Of heavenly blessings to partake.

5. Thou art our Father and our God,
Since Christ assum'd our flesh and blood;
Therefore in thee our trust we place,
And give thee never-ceasing praise.

Z.

184. T. 205.

FATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify thyself in me;

Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world thine image see:
Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown,
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on thee alone.

2. Humble, holy, all resign'd
To thy will,—thy will be done!
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son:
Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path He trod,
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with him to thee, my God.

Montgomery.

(224.) 185. T. 341.

THEE, O my God and King,
My Father, thee I sing,
Hear well-pleas'd the joyous sound,
Praise from earth and heaven receive:
Lost, I now in Christ am found,
Dead, by faith in Christ I live.

2. Father, behold thy Son,
In Christ I am thine own:
Stranger long to thee and rest,
See, the prodigal is come:
Open wide thy arms and breast,
Take the weary wanderer home.

3. Thine eye observ'd from far,
Thy pity drew me near:
Me thy bowels yearn'd to see,
Me thy mercy ran to find,
Empty, poor, and void of thee,
Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.

4. Thou on my neck didst fall,
Thy kiss forgave me all.
Still the gracious words I hear,
Words that made the Saviour mine,
"Haste, for him the robe prepare,
His be righteousness divine."

C. Wesley.

186. T. 595.

OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now;
Thy name be hallow'd far and near,
To thee all nations bow;
Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

2. Our daily bread supply,
While by thy Word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive:
From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

3. Thine, then, for ever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.
Thus humbly taught to pray,
By thy beloved Son, (say
Through him we come to thee and
All for his sake be done.

Montgomery.

(227.) 187. T. 14.

FATHER of all, almighty Lord,
Our Father, and our God,
Since Jesus Christ, the eternal Word,
Assumed our flesh and blood.

2. Let all with love and filial fear
Thy sacred name adore;
O may thy kingdom soon appear,
And spread the world all o'er.

3. Help us thy pleasure to fulfil,
As done by heavenly powers;
Accomplish in us all thy will,
And let that will be ours.

4. Our souls and bodies feed, we pray,
With food which thou see'st best,
We ask our portion for the day,
And leave to thee the rest.

5. Let mercy pardon all our crimes,
Which justice must condemn;
As some have wrong'd us many times,
And we would pardon them.

6. Let not temptation us befal,
While here our race we run;
But rescue and defend us all
From sin and the evil one.

7. Thine is the kingdom, thine the (power
O'er angels and o'er men;
The glory too for evermore,
Is thine: Amen, Amen.

J. Hart.

188. T. 595.

THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
Th' almighty God of love.
Jehovah, Great I Am!
By earth and heaven confess'd:
I bow and bless the sacred name
For ever, ever bless'd.

2. The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise,—and seek the (joys
Of heaven, at his right hand.
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield, my rock and tower.

3. Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his divine command.
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view,
And through the howling wilderness
My pilgrim path pursue.

4. The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty bless'd;
A land of sacred liberty,
And everlasting rest.
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow
With endless mercy crown'd.

5. There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
Jesus, the Prince of peace.
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom he maintains,
And glorious, with his saints, in (light
Enthron'd for ever reigns.

6. He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His blood-bought, spotless bride.
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise
His saints he still supplies.

7. Before the Three in One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done
With his almighty hand.
The list'ning spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
Jehovah's wondrous name.

8. The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high:
'Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,'
Eternally they cry:

Hail, Abraham's God and mine,
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And never-ceasing praise.

Oliver. (adapted.)

(229.) 189.* T. 106.

DRAW me, O Father, to the Son,
That he may draw me unto thee:
Thy Spirit render me his own,
And rule without control in me;
Shed in my heart thy love abroad,
And keep me in thy peace, O God.

B. Cresselius.

(230.) 190.* T. 79.

REJOICE, my soul, God cares for (thee,
Trust to his word assuredly,
However things may go: (sake,
Thy heavenly Father, for Christ's
Of thy concerns will notice take,
And mercy freely to thee show.

2. My griefs and cares, to thee well known,
My God, I cast on thee alone,
In thee is all my trust:
Since thou dost govern, I'll be still,
Into thy hands resign my will,
And thank thee prostrate in the dust.

3. I confidently do believe, (leave,
Me, thy poor child, thou wilt not
For thou my Father art: (faith,
Fill thou my soul with love and
Thus I am rich in life and death,
And from thy love nought shall me part.

J. Sachs.

XI. JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD.

(233.) 191. T. 22.

MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise ascend to his abode:
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty God.

2. Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense;
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.

3. As much, when in the manger (laid,
Almighty ruler of the sky,
As when the six days' work he made
Fill'd all the morning-stars with (joy.

4. Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim;
That gracious sound well-pleas'd he hears,
And owns Immanuel for his name.

5. A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see;
My bosom glows with heavenly zeal,
To worship him who died for me.

6. As man he pities my complaint;
His power and truth are all divine,
He will not fail, he cannot faint,
Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

Cowper.

(234.) 192.* T. 68.

O ETERNAL Word,
Jesus Christ, our Lord! (thee,
While the hosts of heaven adore
We with awe fall down before thee,

And with rapture raise
Songs of love and praise.

2. God and man indeed,
Comfort in all need,
Thou becam'st a man of sorrows,
To gain life eternal for us,
By thy precious blood,
Jesus, man and God.

A. Drese.

(235.) 193. T. 22.

BEFORE the heavens were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was, the Word was God
And must divinely be ador'd.

2. By his own power were all things made;
By him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's Head,
And angels fly at his command.

3. Mortals with joy behold his face,
The eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth, how full of grace
Was Christ, in whom the Godhead shone.

4. Archangels left their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

Watts.

(236.) 194.* T. 172.

THY majesty how vast it is,
And how immense the glory,
Which thou, O Jesus, dost possess;
Both heaven and earth adore thee;
The legions of angels exalt thy great name,
Thy glory and might are transcendent;
And thousands of thousands thy praises proclaim,
Upon thee gladly dependent.

2. The Father's equal, God the Son:
With him thou ever reignest;
Thou art partaker of his throne,
And all things thou sustainest:
Both angels and men view their Maker as man,
With joy that is past all expression:
O happy, unspeakably happy, who can
Find in him life and salvation.

3. This mystery every throne and power
Admires with adoration;
The angelic choirs for evermore
Extol his incarnation:
The angels and elders before him fall down,
With accents melodious him praising;
Unto the Lamb slain, and to him on the throne,
They render glory unceasing.

4. The Church on earth in humble strain,
Exalteth Christ our Saviour;
She sings, The Lamb for us was slain,
Our foe is cast for ever;
For Christ hath redeem'd us by his precious blood
Out of every nation and kindred,
And made us thereby kings and priests unto God,
To him thanksgiving be render'd.

5. When Christ in majesty shall come,
With all his bright attendance,
On every man pronounce a doom.
An awful, final sentence:
Then shall all his enemies quaking with dread,
Wish mountains and rocks them to cover;
The ransom'd with gladness will lift up their heads,
And live with Jesus for ever.

J. Angelus.

(237.) 195. T. 14.

O THE delights, the heavenly (joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest (beams
Of his o'erflowing grace.

2. Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

3. Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down:
Dominions, thrones, and powers re- (joice
To see him wear the crown.

4. Upon that dear majestic head
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine
And circle it around.

5. This is the man, the exalted (man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes shall see his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

Watts.

(238.) 196. T. 341.

WORTHY, O Lord, art thou,
That every knee should bow,
Every tongue to thee confess;
Universal nature join,
Strong and mighty thee to bless,
Gracious, merciful, benign.

2. Hail your dread Lord and ours,
Dominions, thrones, and powers:
Source of power he rules alone:
Veil your faces, prostrate fall,
Cast your crowns before his throne,
Hail the Cause, the Lord of all.

3. Justice and truth maintain
Thy everlasting reign;
One with thine almighty Sire,
Partner of an equal throne,
King of kings, let all conspire,
Gratefully thy sway to own.

4. Jesus, thou art my King,
To me thy succour bring:
Christ the mighty One art thou,
Help for all on thee is laid:
This thy promise claim I now,
Send me down the promis'd aid.

5. Triumph and reign in me,
And spread thy victory:
Sin, and death, and hell control,
Pride, and self, and every foe;
All subdue, thro' all my soul
Conquering and to conquer go.

C. Wesley.

(239.) 197.* T. 97.

THOU reign'st above on heaven's throne,
The Father's equal, God the Son;
The Holy Ghost to us displays
Thy majesty and boundless grace,
And in the Scriptures clearly doth explain,
That thou, Lord, madest and redeemedst man.

2. With awe and reverence, 'fore thee, (knee,
And at thy name we bow the
As all in earth and heaven join
To extol thy majesty divine,
And thee, to God the Father's glory, call (of all.
The great Jehovah, mighty Lord

(240.) 198. T. 595.

PREPARE a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name;
His praises should employ each (tongue,
And every heart inflame.

2. He laid his glory by,
And dreadful pains endur'd,
That rebels, such as you and I,
From wrath might be secur'd.

3. Upon the cross he died,
Our debt of sin to pay;
The blood and water from his side
Wash guilt and sin away.

4. And now he pleading stands
For us, before the throne;
And answers all the law demands,
With what himself hath done.

5. He sees us willing slaves
To sin, and Satan's power;
But with an outstretch'd arm he saves,
In his appointed hour.

6. The Holy Ghost he sends
Our stubborn souls to move,
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.

7. The love of sin departs,
The life of grace takes place,
Soon as his voice invites our hearts
To rise and seek his face.

8. The world and Satan rage,
But he their power controls;
His wisdom, love, and truth engage
Protection for our souls.

9. Tho' press'd we need not yield,
But shall prevail at length;
For Jesus is our sun and shield,
Our righteousness and strength.

10. Assur'd that Christ our King
Will put our foes to flight,
We on the field of battle sing,
And triumph while we fight.

Newton.

(241.) 199. T. 595.

JESUS, my Lord, my God,
The God supreme thou art,
The Lord of hosts, whose precious blood
Is sprinkled on my heart.

2. Jehovah is thy name;
And thro' thy blood applied,
Convinc'd and certified I am,
There is no God beside.

3. Soon as the Spirit shows
That precious blood of thine,
The happy, pardon'd sinner knows
It is the blood divine.

4. Yea, only he who feels,
My Saviour for me died,
Is certain that the Godhead dwells
In Jesus crucified.

(242.) 200. T. 14.

ALL glory to the Saviour's name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2. Ye saints in glory, who with joy
Have left this earthly ball,
Your most triumphant songs employ,
Extol the Lord of all.

3. Children of God, who walk by faith,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Show forth your dear Redeemer's death,
Confess him Lord of all.

4. Let every tribe, and every tongue
That hear the Saviour's call,
Unite in one harmonious song,
And hail him Lord of all.

Countess of Huntingdon's Hymns.

(243.) 201. T. 595.

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David, and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And seal'd it with his blood.

2. To Christ, the anointed King,
Be endless blessings giv'n;
Let the whole earth his glory sing
Who made our peace with heaven.

Watts.

(244.) 202. T. 95 or 90.

JESUS, thou source of calm repose, (knows,
Thy like, nor man, nor angel
Fairest among ten thousand fair;
E'en those, whom death's sad fetters bound, (round,
Whom thickest darkness compass'd
Find light and life, if thou appear.

2. Effulgence of the light divine,
Ere rolling planets knew to shine,
Ere time its ceaseless course began:
Thou, when the appointed time was come,
Didst not abhor the virgin's womb,
But God with God, wast man with man.

3. The world, sin, death oppose in vain;
Thou by thy dying death hast slain;
My great Deliverer and my God:
Against thee vain is Satan's rage,
In vain doth hell its powers engage,
Nought can withstand thy conquering blood.

4. Lord over all, sent to fulfil
Thy gracious Father's sovereign will,
To thy dread sceptre will I bow;
With duteous reverence at thy feet
Like humble Mary, lo, I sit;
Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth now.

5. Renew thine image, Lord, in me,
Lowly and gentle may I be; (dear:
No charms but these to thee are
No anger may'st thou ever find,
No pride in my unruffled mind,
But faith and heaven-born peace be there.

6. A patient, a victorious mind,
That, life and all things cast behind,
Springs forth obedient to thy call
A heart that no desire can move,
But still to adore, believe, and love,
Give me, my Lord, my Life, my All.

(245.) 203.* T. 68.

JESUS, who with thee
Can compared be?
Source of rest and consolation,
Life, and light, and full salvation:
Son of God, with thee
None compar'd can be.

2 Life, thou diedst for me,
From all misery
And distress me to deliver,
And from death to save for ever:
I am by thy blood,
Reconcil'd to God.

3. Highest King and Priest,
Prophet, Lord, and Christ,
Thy dear sceptre is embraced
By me at thy feet abased:
I choose Mary's seat
At thy holy feet.

4. Grant me steadiness,
Lord, to run my race, (der.
Following thee with love most ten-
So that Satan may not hinder
Me by craft or force:
Further thou my course.

5. By thy Spirit's light
Me instruct aright,
That I watch and pray with fervour;
Trusting thee, my soul's preserver:
Love unfeign'd, O Lord,
Unto me afford.

6. When I hence depart,
Strengthen thou my heart,
And into thy realms convey me.
In thy righteousness array me,
That at thy right hand
Joyful I may stand.

Freylinghausen.

(246.) 204. T. 341.

O DAY-SPRING from on high,
In mercy hear my cry:
See the travail of thy soul
Saviour, and be satisfied:
Rule in me without control;
May I ever thine abide.

2. Jesus, who art the Tree
Of immortality,
Feed this tender branch of thine:
By thy influence I shall thrive:
Thou, the true, the heavenly Vine,
Grafted into thee I live.

3. Of life the Fountain thou;
I know, I feel it now;
Faint and dead no more I droop;
Thou reviv'st me, thy supplies,
Every moment springing up,
Unto life eternal rise.

4. Thou the good Shepherd art;
From thee I'll never part:
Thou, my Keeper and my Guide,
Watch me still with tender care,
Gently lead me by thy side,
Kindly in thy bosom bear.

5. Thou art my daily Bread,
O Christ, thou art my Head;
Countless benefits on me
As thy body's member flow:
Nourish'd I and fed by thee,
Up to thee in all things grow.

6. Prophet, to me reveal
Thy Father's perfect will:
Never mortal spake like thee;
Lord, may I by thee be taught,
May I listen eagerly
To thy words with comfort fraught.

7. High-priest, on thee I call,
Thy blood aton'd for all;
Thou dost still in heaven above
As the Lamb once slain appear;
There remember me in love,
Plead for me a sinner there.

8. Jesus, thou art my King,
Praises to thee I sing:
Kept by thy almighty hand,
Saviour, who shall pluck me thence?
Faith supports, by faith I stand,
Strong in thy omnipotence.

C. Wesley.

205. T. 581 or 83.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light;
Sun of righteousness arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star in my heart appear.

2. Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3. Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine!
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

C. Wesley.

(247.) 206. T. 249.

WE bow before thy throne,
Jesus, :‖: and thee alone
Our God and Saviour own:
While pilgrims here on earth we are,
We to thy courts will oft repair,
To offer prayer and praise:
O God of Grace,
Thy saving name we bless.

2. Again we raise the strain,
Worthy :‖: the Lamb once slain.

For evermore to reign: (more,
Thee, Christ, God bless'd for ever-
Our lips confess, our hearts adore:
Honour and majesty
Be given to thee
Now and eternally.

(248.) 207. T. 22.

COME, worship at Immanuel's feet;
Behold in him what wonders meet:
Words are too feeble to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2. He is the Head; each member lives,
And owns the vital power he gives;
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.

3. He is the Vine, his heavenly root
Supplies each branch with life and fruit;
O may a lasting union join
My soul to Christ the living Vine.

4. He is the Rock; how firm he proves;
The Rock of ages never moves:
But the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.

5. He is the Sun of righteousness,
Diffusing light, and joy, and peace:
What healing in his beams appears,
To chase our clouds and dry our tears!

6. Yet faintly to us mortals here
His glory, grace, and worth appear:
His beauties we shall clearly trace,
When we behold him face to face.

Watts.

XII. THE HOLY GHOST, HIS GIFTS AND OPERATIONS.

(252.) 208.* T. 203.

COME, Holy Ghost, come, Lord our God,
And shed thy heavenly gifts abroad
On us, and unto every heart
True faith and fervent love impart:
O Lord, who by thy heavenly light,
Hast call'd thy church from sinful night,
Out of all nations, tribes and places;
To thee we render thanks and praises:
Hallelujah. :‖:

2. Thou Light divine, most gracious (Lord,
Revive us by thy holy word,
And teach thy flock in truth to call
On God, the father of us all:
From all strange doctrines us preserve,
No other master may we serve,
But Christ, who is our only Saviour:
In him we will confide for ever:
Hallelujah. :‖:

3. O Holy Ghost, kind Comforter,
Help us with watchfulness and prayer,
'Midst various trials thee to obey,
And never from the truth to stray:
O Lord, by thy almighty grace,
Prepare us so to run our race,
That we by thy illumination,
May gain heaven's glorious habitation:
Hallelujah. :‖:

Robert of France, Luther.

(255.) 209.* T. 4.

O SPIRIT of grace,
Thy kindness we trace,
In showing to us (Christ's cross.
That life and salvation proceed from

2. In darkness we stray'd,
Until we were led
By thee to believe (receive.
That Jesus, our Saviour, will sinners

3. Our hearts thou didst cheer,
Dispelling all fear;
We humbly could claim (name.
Salvation and pardon in Jesus' dear

4. Grant us to obey
Thy teaching. we pray,
O spirit of love, (to prove.
And thankful to thee for thy mercies

5. We wish to afford
To Jesus our Lord,
For his bitter pain, (chosen train.
Joy, honour, and glory, midst his

6. O therefore impart
Thyself to each heart,
That thus we may show,
In our whole behaviour, that Jesus we know.

Z. and others.

(257.) 210. T. 14.

COME, blessed Spirit, gracious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break each heart of stone.

2. Give us ourselves and Christ to
In this our gracious day; (know;
Repentance unto life bestow,
Christ's pardoning love display.

3. Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

4. Show us our poverty, relieve
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our sickness
The knowledge of our cure. (give,

5. A blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load:
Trouble, then lead the troubled
To Christ's atoning blood. (heart

Wesley.

(258.) 211. T. 14.

O HOLY Ghost, eternal God
Descending from above, (blood,
Thou fill'st the soul thro' Jesus'
With faith, and hope, and love.

2. Thou comfortest the heavy heart,
By sin and grief oppress'd;
Thou to the dead dost life impart,
And to the weary, rest.

3. Thy sweet communion charms the soul,
And gives true peace and joy;
Which Satan's power can ne'er control,
Nor all his wiles destroy.

4. Let no false comfort lift us up
To confidence that's vain;
Nor let their faith and courage droop,
Who love the Lamb once slain.

5. Breathe comfort, where distress abounds,
O make our conscience clean;
And heal, with balm from Jesus' wounds,
The festering sores of sin.

6. Vanquish our lusts, our pride remove,
Take out the heart of stone;
Show us the Father's boundless love,
The merits of the Son.

7. The Father sent his Son to die;
The willing Son obey'd:
The witness Thou to ratify
The purchase Christ hath made.
J. Hart.

(259.) 212. T. 582 or 595.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

2. Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-ceasing love.

3. Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our stubborn hearts reveal
The hidden love of God.

4. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new-create the whole.

5. If thou, O Comforter,
Thine influence withdraw,
What easy victims soon we fall
To conscience and the law!

6. No longer burns our love;
Our faith and courage fail;
Our sin revives, and death and hell
Our feeble souls assail.

7. Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.
J. Hart.

(261.) 213.* T. 58.

THOU Comforter and Guide of Jesus' train,
Who dost thyself his ministers ordain,
Look on us in mercy, grant us thy favour,
Our souls and bodies we devote for ever,
O Lord, to thee.

2. O thou life-giving stream, the earth o'erflow,
Whatever would obstruct thy course (break through:
O most gracious Spirit, hear our petition,
Teach all to turn to Jesus with contrition,
That they may live.

3. We pray thee fill us all with Jesus' love,
That we may in his service faithful prove:
Teach us to esteem it the greatest favour,
With humble, contrite hearts to serve our Saviour
Till we shall rest.

4. Unto Christ's congregation in each place
Grant, 'midst all trials, comfort, peace, and grace:
O may all believers, in every station,
Rejoice in Jesus and in his salvation,
God, Holy Ghost.

(262.) 214. T. 341.

THOU promis'd Comforter,
Fruit of the Saviour's prayer,
Thee the world cannot receive;
Thee they neither know nor see;
Dead is all the life they live,
Dark their light, while void of thee.

2. Yet I enjoy thy grace,
Thro' Christ, my righteousness;
Mine the gifts thou dost impart,
Mine the unction from above;
Pardon written on my heart,
Light, and life, and joy, and love.

3. Thee I exult to feel,
Thou in my heart dost dwell;
There thou bear'st thy witness true,
Shed'st the love of God abroad:
I, in Christ, a creature new,
I, even I, am born of God.

4. Thy gifts, blest Comforter,
I glory to declare:
Sweetly sure of grace I am,
Pardon to my soul applied,
Interest in the spotless Lamb;
Dead for all, for me he died.

5. Thou art thyself the Seal;
I more than pardon feel:
Peace, unutterable peace,
Joy, that ages near can move,
Faith's assurance, hope's increase,
All the confidence of love.

6. Pledge of the promise given,
My antepast of heaven,
Earnest thou of joys divine,
Joys divine on me bestow'd;
Heaven and Christ and all are mine,
I'm through thee an heir of God.

7. Thou art my inward Guide,
I ask no help beside;
Holy Ghost, on thee I call,
Weak as helpless infancy;
Weak I am, yet cannot fall,
Stay'd by faith, and led by thee.

(263.) 215. T. 582.

SPIRIT of truth, come down,
Reveal the things of God,
Make thou to us Christ's Godhead known,
Apply his precious blood:
His merits glorify,
That each may clearly see,
Jesus, who did for sinners die,
Hath surely died for me,

2. No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word:
Then, only then we feel
Our interest in his blood,
And cry with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God."

3. O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb:
Spirit of faith, descend and show
The virtue of his name:
The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart;
O testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

(264.) 216. T. 14.

COME, Holy Spirit, on us breathe
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle our love, confirm our faith,
Warm these cold hearts of ours.

2, Assure my conscience of her (part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness in my heart,
That I am born of God.

3. Thou art the Earnest of his love,
The Pledge of joys to come:
O lead us, that we may above
Obtain our lasting home.

Watts.

217. T. 595.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power:
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord.
The Spirit of all grace.

2. Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,

Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe:
The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above; (fire,
And give us hearts and tongues of
To pray, and praise, and love.

3. Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day!
Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our guide!
O, Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified!

Montgomery.

218. T. 14.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

2. Open the hearts of all who hear,
To make the Saviour room;
Now let us find redemption near,
Let faith by hearing come.

Congregational H. B.

(265.) 219. T. 79.

BREATHE on these bones so dry and dead,
God Holy Ghost, thy influence shed
In all our hearts abroad: (abounds;
Point out the place where grace
Direct us to the bleeding wounds
Of Jesus, our incarnate God.

2. Convince us that the Lamb was slain
For us, and to our minds explain
The mystery of the cross:
To know, and to be found in him,
Let us our highest gain esteem;
And for it count all things but loss.

Hart.

(266.) 220. T. 14.

COME, Holy Ghost, eternal God,
Proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son;
Thou God of peace and love.

2. Thou art the only Comforter
In all our soul's distress;
Thou showest us our unbelief,
And Christ's redeeming grace.

3. Thou dost thy sanctifying gifts
Unto the church impart;
Writest God's holy, precious law
On each believer's heart.

4. Thy holy unction power affords
The gospel to proclaim:
By thee enabled, we set forth
Salvation in Christ's name.

5. Assist and strengthen us, O Lord,
Thou know'st we all are frail;
Grant, neither Satan, world, nor flesh
May o'er Christ's flock prevail.

6. Cause all disharmony and strife
In Christendom to cease;
And give to all the flocks of Christ
Love, union, truth, and peace.

(267.) 221.* T. 22.

O COMFORTER, God Holy Ghost, (stow'st;
Thou heavenly gifts on us be-
The pledge of our salvation art,
And bear'st thy witness in our heart.

2. The sheep of Jesus which were lost,
Thou callest, teaching them to trust
For help, forgiveness, peace, and grace
In him, the Lord our righteousness.

3. Thy gladd'ning oil thou dost impart
To every poor and contrite heart,
Which Jesus as the Saviour knows,
From whom alone salvation flows.

4. The feeble souls thou dost sustain,
Anointest all the witness train,
Keepest believers in the faith,
And art their guide in life and death.

5. Who can thy operations trace,
The kindness, patience, truth, and grace,
Thou showest to Christ's family,
Who living temples are to thee.

Bohemian Brethren.

(269.) 222.* T. 230.

THOU great Teacher, who instructest
Christ's flock, and us to bliss conductest,
Who noblest gifts to grant didst deign
To the apostles, thine anointed,
By thee for that great work appointed
To teach, reprove, and comfort men,
And freely offer grace
Unto the Gentile race;
Lord have mercy:
Grant us to be—immoveably
Fix'd on their ground, upheld by thee.

(270.) 223.* T. 22.

TO thee, God Holy Ghost, we pray,
Who lead'st us in the gospel-way,
Those precious gifts on us bestow,
Which from our Saviour's merits flow.

2. Thou heavenly Teacher, thee we praise
For thy instruction, power,, and grace,
To love the Father, who doth own
Us as his children in the Son.

3. Most gracious Comforter we pray,
O lead us further every day; (
Thy unction to us all impart,
Preserve and sanctify each heart.

4. Till we in heaven shall take our seat,
Instruct us often to repeat,
" Abba, our Father," and to be
With Christ in union constantly.

Z

(271.) 224. T. 90.

O that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast;
Yea, make my soul his blest abode,
The temple of the in-dwelling God.

2. Come, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire,
Attest that I am born again;
Come and baptize me, now, with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain:
Grant me a sense that I'm forgiven,
A pledge that I'm an heir of heaven.

3. Grant me the indubitable seal,
That ascertains the kingdom mine;
That powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine:
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God.

C. Wesley.

XIII. GOD'S CALL OF GRACE TO THE UNCONVERTED.

(273.) 225.* T. 217.

My Saviour sinners doth receive,
Whom, with sin's galling load oppressed,
Nor man nor angel can relieve,
Who have no hope to be redressed;
Who loathe the world and all its ways, (grace;
Dread wrath divine and mourn for
On whom the law pronounceth sentence, (conscience;
Condemn'd to hell in their own
Such wretched sinners find reprieve,
Since Jesus sinners doth receive.

2. The fondest mother cannot have
Towards her darling such affection
As Jesus show'd, vile man to save;
His love exceedeth our conception:
He left his throne and blest abode,
To bear the sinner's heavy load;
And since he thro' his death and suffering, (ing,
Hath made an all-sufficient offer-
Our debt is paid, and we may live;
For Jesus sinners doth receive.

3. Now is his sympathizing heart
A refuge for the most distressed;
He freely pardon will impart;
By him their debt is quite erased:
His blood, like the ocean without ground, (drown'd;
Their sins hath swallow'd up and
The Holy Ghost to them is given,
Who leads them in the path to heaven, (lieve,
And prompts them always to be-
That Jesus sinners doth receive.

4. They by the Father are esteem'd,
When thus presented by our Saviour: (deem'd,
Heal'd by his wounds, from sin re-
They prove the Father's love and favour: (heirs,
He owns them as his sons and
And all he hath their own declares;
Eternal life they now inherit,
Procur'd for them by Jesus' merit;
He dwells in them, in him they live,
Since Jesus sinners doth receive.

5. Might all his loving heart but see, (sion,
And know his bowels of compas-
To sinners, straying carelessly,
Or such as mourning seek salvation: (trace:
Him, when on earth midst sinners
Zaccheus tastes his saving grace;
He comforts Magdalen in affliction,
Regards her tears and deep conviction,
Her sins, though many, he forgives:
My Saviour sinners poor receives.

6. Behold how he with Peter dealt;
Tho' deep his fall, he show'd him favour:
Not only when on earth he dwelt
Was he a sin-forgiving Saviour;
No, he is still the very same,
Just, good, and merciful his name;
As he was in humiliation,
So is he still in exaltation:
Repenting souls, you may believe,
Our Saviour sinners doth receive.

7. Come, sinners, come, tho' vile and base;
Returning prodigals he meeteth;

He freely offers them his grace,
Them with a pardoning kiss he greeteth : (way ?
Why wilt thou stand in thy own
Why wilfully be Satan's prey ?
Wilt thou sin's drudge remain for ever,
Tho' he appear'd thee to deliver ?
Do not delay, sin's service leave,
Since Jesus sinners will receive.

8. Come, ye that heavy laden are,
Come, weary, void of self-assistance ;
Tho' doubting, ready to despair,
Come but to him without resistance :
Behold his heart with love replete,
Full of desire the worst to meet ;
Long hath he sought for you tho' wretched, (ed :
You to embrace his arms outstretch-
O come to him, believe, and live ;
My Saviour sinners doth receive.

9. Object not, I'm a wretch too base,
Too oft his goodness I have slighted,
Too often spurned at his grace,
I, who was graciously invited :
Is your repentance now sincere ?
Your sorrow genuine ? do not fear ;
His power and mercy are unbounded, (founded :
None, trusting him, was e'er con-
He saves whom none else can relieve ;
My Saviour sinners doth receive.

10. Think not, 'tis time enough, nor say, (sure,
God, who is gracious beyond mea-
Shuts not the door of grace to-day ;
I'll first enjoy some carnal pleasure:
No, God forbid ! if you are wise,
Grace offer'd now, do not despise :
Who slights to-day the invitation,
May ever miss of his salvation :
Come now to Jesus, come and live ;
To-day he sinners doth receive.

11. Draw me, a sinner, unto thee,
Thou sinners' Friend, thou gracious Saviour ;
Grant I and all may ardently
Desire thy pardon, peace, and favour :
And when temptations would assail,
Let thine almighty grace prevail :
May none who feel sin's condemnation,
Neglect thy generous invitation :
But all experience and believe
That Jesus sinners doth receive.

Fr. Leopold Lehr.

(274.) 226.* T. 205.

SINNERS, come, the Saviour see,
Hands, feet, side, and temples view ;
See him bleeding on the tree ;
See, his heart is pierc'd for you :
View awhile, then haste away,
Find a thousand more, and say,
Come, ye sinners, come with me,
View him bleeding on the tree.

2. Who would still such mercy grieve ?
Sinners, hear instruction mild ;
Doubt no more, but now believe,
Each become a little child ;
Artful doubts and reasonings be
Nail'd with Jesus to the tree ;
Mourning souls who simple are,
Surely shall the blessing share.

Z.

(275.) 227. T. 585.

Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched, (sore,
Weak and wounded, sick and
Jesus ready stands to save you,

Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able, :‖:
He is willing; doubt no more.

2. Ho, ye needy, come and welcome:
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money, :‖:
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3. Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost, and ruin'd by the fall:
If ye tarry till ye're better,
Ye will never come at all:
Not the righteous, :‖:
Sinners Jesus came to call.

4. Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you; :‖:
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

5. Agonizing in the garden,
Lo your Maker prostrate lies:
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finish'd;" :‖:
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6. Lo, the incarnate God ascended
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus :‖:
Can do helpless sinners good.

7. Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah, :‖:
Sinners here may sing the same.

J. Cennick.

(276.) 228. T. 205.

SINNER, hear thy Saviour's call,
Lo, he now is passing by;
He has seen thy grievous thrall,
Jesus heard thy mournful cry:
He has pardon to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears;
See the love that fills his heart,
Sinner, wipe away thy tears.

2. Why art thou afraid to come,
Or to tell him all thy case?
He will not pronounce thy doom
Nor will frown thee from his face;
Wilt thou fear Immanuel?
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,
Who, to save thy soul from hell,
Shed his own most precious blood.

3. Think how on the cross he hung,
Pierced with a thousand wounds;
Hark, from each as with a tongue
Now the voice of pardon sounds;
See from all his open'd veins
Blood of wondrous virtue flow,
Shed, to wash away thy stains,
Thee to ransom from thy woe.

4. Though his majesty be great,
Yet his mercy is no less;
Though he thy transgressions hate
Still he feels for thy distress:
By himself the Lord has sworn
He delights not in thy death:
But invites thee to return;—(faith.
Come, that thou mayst live by

5. Raise thy downcast eyes and see
What bright throngs his throne surround;
These, tho' sinners once like thee,
Now have full salvation found:
Yield not then to unbelief, (room;"
While he says, "There yet is
Though of sinners thou art chief,—
Since 'tis Jesus calls thee, come.

J. Newton. (adapted.)

(277.) 229. T. 22.

COME, sinners, to the gospel-feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Not one of you need stay behind:
His gospel calleth to mankind.

2. Attend, the gospel-trumpet sounds, (bounds;
Calls sinners from earth's farthest
The year of Jubilee is come:—
Return ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3. Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye wanderers, who are seeking rest; (blind,
The poor, the maim'd, the halt, the
With Christ a hearty welcome find.

4. The message as from God receive; (live:
Ye all may come to Christ and
O let his love your hearts constrain;
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5. His love is mighty to compel;
His conquering love consent to feel:
Yield to his love's almighty power,
And strive against your God no more.

6. See him set forth before your eyes,
A precious, bleeding sacrifice:
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace.

7. This is the time, no more delay;
This is the acceptable day:
Come in, this moment, at his call,
And live for him, who died for all.

Wesley.

(278.) 230. T. 22.

SINNERS, obey the gospel-word,
Haste to the supper of the Lord:
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away.

2. Ready the Father is to own
And kiss his late returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his pierced hands.

3. Ready the Spirit to impart
Grace to subdue the stubborn heart, (abroad,
To shed Christ's love in you
And witness you are born of God.

4. Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate:
All heaven is ready to resound,
"The dead 's alive, the lost is found."

5. Come, sinners, to your gracious Lord,
Incline your ear, and hear his word:
His offer'd grace with joy receive,
Hear, sinners, and your souls shall live.

Wesley.

(279.) 231. T. 22.

HO, every one that thirsts, draw nigh,
'Tis God invites man's fallen race;
Salvation without money buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.

2. Come to the living waters, come:
Sinners, obey your maker's call:
Return, ye weary wanderers, home.
God's grace in Christ is free for all.

3. Ye heavy-laden, sin-sick souls,
See from the Rock a fountain rise:
For you in healing streams it rolls
From Jesus, made a sacrifice.

4. Nothing you in exchange need give; (hind:
Leave all you are and have be-
Thankful the gift of God receive;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

5. In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife:
Whither, ah, whither would ye go?
Christ hath the words of endless life.

6. To you he calls, "My goodness prove,
My promises for all are free:
O taste my everlasting love,
And let your souls delight in me."

Wesley.

(280.) 232. T. 205.

SINNERS, hear the joyful news,
God, your Maker, is your friend;
Think not, that his wrath pursues,
That his curses you attend:
"As I live," Jehovah saith,
"I do not desire your death;
"Rather, rather would I see
"Each poor sinner turn to me."

2. O then turn to him and live,
Turn to him with all your woe;
He is ready to forgive,
Ready blessings to bestow:
Outstretch'd see his arms of love,
Haste his tender heart to prove;
Haste, ye sinners, you will find
Jesus casteth none behind.

Thos. Dutton.

(281.) 233. T. 106 or 90.

YE sinners, in the gospel race
The Friend and Saviour of mankind;
Not one of all the apostate race,
But may in him salvation find:
His thoughts, his words, and actions prove,
His life and death,—that God is love.

2. Behold the Lamb of God, who bears
The sins of all the world away:
A servant's form he meekly wears
He sojourns in a house of clay:
His glory through a veil is seen,
And God with God is man with men.

3. Behold our God incarnate stands,
And calls his wandering creatures home;
He all day long spreads out his hands,
Come, weary souls, to Jesus come:
Tho' ye be e'er so much oppress'd,
Believe, and he will give you rest.

4. Ah, do not of his goodness doubt,
His saving grace for all is free;
He says, "I ne'er will cast him out,
Who as a sinner comes to me;
I can myself to none deny;"
Come, sinners, come; why will you die?

(282.) 234. T. 151.

SINNERS, would ye be healed?
Then come to Jesus Christ;
In him is grace revealed,
Come only undisguis'd:
Come poor and miserable,
Draw nigh just as you are;
You'll find that he is able
Your losses to repair.

2. His wounds are open fountains
To wash you white all o'er;
Yea, were your sins like mountains,
Or sands on ocean's shore:
Believe in the atonement
By Christ's all-saving blood:
Do not delay one moment;
Come to the Lamb of God.

Hutton.

(283.) 235. T. 90.

WHERE shall my wondering soul begin,
While I to heavenly songs aspire?
A slave redeem'd from death and sin,
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire;
How shall I due thanksgivings raise, (praise?
And sound my great Deliverer's

2. O how shall I thy goodness tell,
Saviour, which thou hast shown to me?
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
A happy child of God should be;
Should know, should feel my sins forgiv'n,
And that I am an heir of heaven.

3. Outcasts of men, to you I call,
Harlots and publicans, believe;
He spreads his arms to embrace you all,
Repenting sinners he'll receive;
No need of him the righteous have,
He came the lost to seek and save.

4. Come, O my fellow-sinners, come, (weight;
Groaning beneath sin's ponderous
He calls you now, invites you home;
Come quickly, ere it be too late:
Though foes protest, and friends repine, (mine.
He died for crimes like yours and

5. For you the healing current flow'd (side;
From the Redeemer's wounded
Languish'd for you the Son of God,
For you the Prince of glory died:
Believe, your sins shall be forgiv'n;
Only believe, and yours is heaven.

Watts.

(284.) 236.* T. 582.

"COME to me," saith the Lord,
"All ye who are oppress'd,
Weary and heavy-laden souls,
And I will give you rest.

2. Whoe'er to me will come,
And offer'd grace receive,
Him I in no wise will cast out,
He shall be mine and live."

Gregor.

237. T. 22.

COME, weary souls, with sin distress'd, (rest;
Come and accept the promis'd
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2. Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load, (abroad;
O come, and spread your woes
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3. Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

4. Lord, we accept, with thankful heart, (part;
The hope thy gracious words im-
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

5. Dear Saviour! let thy powerful love (move;
Confirm our faith, our fears re-
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

Mrs. Steele.

(286.) 238. T. 11.

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Praise ye Jesus' saving name:
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2. Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face;
As to heaven ye onward move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3. Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
Jesus will your guilt remove,
Prompted by redeeming love.

4. Ye, who long, alas, have been
Willing slaves of death and sin;
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5. Welcome, all by sin oppress'd,
Jesus Christ will give you rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6. Sing, ye ransom'd, to his praise,
Tune your songs to grateful lays;
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

7. When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

Countess of Huntingdon's Hymns.

XIV. REPENTANCE UNTO LIFE.

(287.) 239.* T. 132.

LORD Jesus Christ, my sovereign good,
Thou fountain of salvation,
Behold me bow'd beneath the load
Of guilt and condemnation:
My sins indeed are numberless;
O Lord, regard my deep distress,
Relieve my guilty conscience.

2. In pity look upon my need,
Remove my sore oppression:
Since thou hast suffer'd in my stead,
And paid for my transgression,
Let me not yield to dark despair;
A wounded spirit who can bear?
O show me thy salvation!

3. When I review my mis-spent (days,
I feel a heavy burden;
Reflecting on my trespasses,
I scarce could hope for pardon,
But should be hopeless and forlorn,
Uncertain where for help to turn,
If I had not thy promise.

4. But thy reviving gospel-word,
Which leads me to salvation,
Does joy unspeakable afford,
And lasting consolation:
This tells me, thou wilt not despise
A broken heart, in sacrifice
Upon thy altar offer'd.

5. Me, heavy laden sinner, hear,
Bemoaning my transgression;
To my complaints now lend an ear,
To thee I make confession:
My longing is, O wash me clean
From every spot and stain of sin,
Like David and Manasseh.

6. Lord, I approach thy mercy-seat,
And pray thee to forgive me;
With contrite heart, I thee entreat,

Show pity and receive me:
Cast all my sins and trespasses
Into the ocean of thy grace,
And them no more remember.

7. O, for thy name's sake let me prove
Thy mercy, gracious Saviour:
The yoke which galls me, soon re-(move,
Restore me to thy favour:
Thy love shed in my heart abroad,
That I may live to thee, my God,
And yield thee true obedience.

8. Thy joyful Spirit give me power,
Thy stripes heal my diseases;
Apply thy blood at my last hour
To save me, dearest Jesus:
Then to thy promis'd rest me bring,
That with the ransom'd I may sing
Thy praise above for ever.

B. Ringwald.

(289.) 240.* T. 132.

OUT of the deep I cry to thee,
My God, with heart's contrition;
Bow down thine ear in grace to (me,
And hear thou my petition:
For if in judgment thou wilt try
Man's sin and great iniquity,
Ah, who can stand before thee?

2. To gain remission of our sin,
No work of ours availeth;
God's favour we may strive to win,
But all our labor faileth;
We're 'midst our fairest actions lost, (boast:
And none 'fore him of aught can
We live alone thro' mercy.

3. Therefore my hope is in his (grace,
And not in my own merit;
On him my confidence I place,
Instructed by his Spirit: (me
His precious word hath promis'd
He will my joy and comfort be;
Thereon is my reliance.

4. Though sin with us doth much abound,
Yet grace still more aboundeth;
Sufficient help in Christ is found,
Where sin most deeply woundeth:
He the good Shepherd is indeed,
Who his lost sheep doth seek and (lead
With tender love and pity.

Luther.

241. T. 79.

THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry:
A half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A guilty sinner born to die.

2. Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I (stand,
Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or ever shuts me up in hell.

3. O God, mine inmost soul convert! (heart
And deeply on my thoughtful
Eternal things impress; (weight,
Give me to feel their solemn
To tremble on the brink of fate,
And to awake to righteousness.

4. Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar:
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet from thee a joyful doom?

5. Be this my one great business here,
With godly jealousy and fear,
Eternal bliss to insure;

Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
To suffer all thy righteous will,
And steadfast to the end endure.

6. Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting, heavenly love.

C. Wesley, (ad.)

(290.) 242.* T. 14.

O LORD, afford a sinner light,
In darkness still I stray;
Star of the soul, appear in sight,
And show the narrow way.

2. That way is holy, Christians true
Alone may walk therein, (due
Who thro' thy powerful grace sub-
The world, the flesh, and sin.

3. Cold is my love, hence sin doth reign,
And grief corrode my heart;
With things, whose only fruit is pain,
How loth am I to part.

4. Resolve, my stubborn heart, and cleave
To Jesus Christ alone:
Would I all other objects leave,
The work at once were done.

5. Vile worm, shouldst thou refuse (to be
Devoted unto him,
Who died upon the cross for thee,
And did thy soul redeem?

6. Redeeming Lord, O be thou mine,
My Saviour, Sun, and Shield,
Thy blood and death have made me thine,
To thee myself I yield.

7. Mould me as clay, and fashion me
A vessel to thy praise,
Adorn'd with righteousness by thee,
And sanctified through grace:—

8. So shall I walk the narrow way,
By thee, my Day-star, led:
And love divine, thy heavenly ray,
Shall o'er my path be shed.

Buchfelder.

(291.) 243. T. 14.

THE Lord first empties whom he fills,
Casts down whom he would raise;
He quickens, when the letter kills,
Exalting thus his praise.

2. All fears and terrors, when he smiles,
At once must disappear;
The bruis'd and wounded heart he heals,
And feeds with heavenly cheer.

3. When he applies his healing blood
Unto a sin-sick soul,
This balsam, powerful, precious, good,
Ne'er fails to make it whole.

4. He freely laid his majesty
And all his glory by,
That our wants thro' his poverty
He richly might supply.

5. He's full of grace and truth in-deed,
Of peace, of life and light;
To all, that helpless sinners need,
He gives thy soul a right.

6. Tho' heaven's his throne, he pense,
came from thence
To seek and save the lost;
Whate'er might be the vast ex-good
His love would bear the cost.

7. On us he spent his life and blood,
Our losses to retrieve;
Mankind's redemption now holds
For sinners who believe.

Erskine.

(292.) 244. T. 96 or 90.

THE Lord descended from above,
Our loss of Eden to retrieve;
O God of mercy, grace and love,
If all the world in thee may live,
In me a quickening spirit be,
And witness thou hast died for me.

2. Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
By all thy pain and agony, (shame,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy meritorious death, I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.

3. I'll be like Magdalen at thy feet, (tears;
And humbly bathe them with my
The story of thy love repeat
In every mourning sinner's ears;
That all may hear the joyful sound,
Since I, even I, have mercy found.

C. Wesley.

(293.) 245. T. 14.

IN thee, O Christ, is all my hope,
My comfort's all in thee;
Since I'm assur'd thy mercy's nigh,
And that thou stand'st by me.

2. Me, nor the saints on earth can help,
Nor angels near the throne:
To thee I run, thy help to find,
In thee I trust alone.

3. I feel the load of sin so vast,
It sinks me to the grave:
But let thy blood wash out my sins,
Since me thou cam'st to save.

4. Cloth'd in thy righteousness di- (vine,
O may I see thy face;
And have the witness from above,
That I'm restored by grace.

5. On me, thy helpless worm, O (Lord,
A living faith bestow;
That I thy mercy, truth, and love,
May by experience know.

(294.) 246. T. 205.

LONG I strove my God to love,
Long I strove his laws to keep,
Fain would fix my thoughts above,
Faintly hop'd I was his sheep:
But my striving all prov'd vain,
Still I found my heart in pain;
Yet ne'er all my vileness saw,
Till declar'd accurs'd by law.

2. When with sense of guilt op-
press'd
All my soul was sunk in fear,
Pain and anguish filled my breast;
Then did Jesus Christ appear:
Not with vengeance in his eyes,
No, but as a sacrifice
Acceptable unto God;
Glorious offering, precious blood!

3. He was offer'd on the tree,
Jesus, the unspotted Lamb;
Worthy truth, great mystery!
By his blood salvation came:
By his stripes my wounds are heal'd,
By his death God's love reveal'd;
We, once strangers far from God,
Are brought nigh by Jesus' blood.

Vincy.

(295.) 247. T. 581 or 83.

SAVIOUR of thy chosen race,
View me from thy heavenly throne;
Give the sweet relenting grace,
Soften thou this heart of stone:
Stone to flesh, O God, convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart.

2. By thy Spirit me reprove,
All my inmost sins reveal;
Sins against thy light and love
Let me see, and let me feel;

Sins, that crucified my God,
Sins, for which he shed his blood.

3. Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep,
Make me restless to return:
Bid me on thee look and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn:
Till I can, by grace restor'd,
Say, "Thou know'st I love thee, Lord."

4. Might I in thy sight appear,
As the publican, distress'd;
Stand, not daring to draw near,
Smite on my unworthy breast;
Utter the poor sinner's plea,
"God, be merciful to me."

5. Ah, remember me for good,
Passing thro' this mortal vale;
Show me thy atoning blood,
When my strength and courage (fail:
Let me oft in spirit see
Jesus, crucified for me.

C. J. Latrobe.

(296.) 248, T. 582.

AH, whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come,
Ah, why should I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stray.

2. What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within,
Some idol, which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.

3. Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have fear'd to see;
Yea, let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee:
Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

4. I now believe; in thee
Compassion reigns alone:
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done:
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove:
Remove it, then shall I declare,
That thou, O God, art love.

(297.) 249. T. 582.

O LORD, how vile am I,
Unholy and unclean!
How can I venture to draw nigh
With such a load of sin?
And must I then indeed
Sink in despair and die?
Fain would I hope that thou didst (bleed
For such a wretch as I.

2. That blood which thou hast spilt,
That grace which is thine own,
Can cleanse the vilest sinner's guilt,
And soften hearts of stone:
Low at thy feet I bow,
O pity and forgive:
Here will I lie, and wait till thou
Shalt bid me rise and live.

J. Newton.

250. T. 14.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer:
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2. Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3. Bow'd down beneath a load of (sin,
By Satan sorely prest;
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4. Be thou my shield and hiding-place!
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died.

5. O wondrous love! to bleed and (die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

6. "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,
My promis'd grace receive:"
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

J. Newton.

(298.) 251. T. 14.

THE mist before my eyes remov'd,
With wonder struck I see,
Dear Lord, the black, the numerous crimes,
By which I've grieved thee.

2. These were the unrelenting foes,
Which made thee groan and cry;
Which made thee shed thy precious (blood,
And bow thy head and die.

3. Thy love hath thaw'd my frozen heart,
And caus'd my tears to flow;
I now abhor that monster, Sin,
And shun him as my foe.

4. I trust my guilt was done away,
By my incarnate God,
Who felt, to atone for man's offence
The sin-avenging rod.

(299.) 252. T. 11.

HEAR, O Jesus, my complaints,
Known to thee are all my wants:
Self-convicted, self-abhorr'd,
I approach thee, dearest Lord.

2. Known to thee, whose eyes are (flame,
I thy love and pity claim:
With an eye of love look down;
Help me, Lord, O help me soon.

3. Break, O break this heart of (stone;
Form it for thy use alone:
Bid each vanity depart;
Build thy temple in my heart.

4. This be my support in need,
That thou didst so freely bleed:
All my joys and hopes arise
From thy bleeding sacrifice.

5. This confirms me when I'm weak,
Comforts me when I am sick,
Gives me courage when I faint,
Well supplies my every want.

6. Saviour, to my heart be near,
Exercise thy shepherd-care;
Guard my weakness by thy grace,
Fill my soul with heavenly peace.

Countess Huntingdon's H.

(300.) 253.* T. 205.

OH how great, how rich, how free,
Is the grace which Christ bestows!
Only cast your misery
At the foot of Jesus' cross;
Weeping at the throne of grace
Lie, and never quit the place,
Never till your suit 's obtain'd,
Never till the blessing 's gain'd.

Z.

(301.) 254. T. 16.

NOTHING but thy blood, O Jesus,
Can to us afford relief; (us,
Nothing else from guilt release
Nothing else assuage our grief:—

2. Nothing else can ease our bur-
Jesus' precious blood alone (den:
Can produce a sense of pardon,
And dissolve a heart of stone.
Hart.

(303.) 255. T. 151.

O GOD of all compassion,
Attend thy suppliant's cry,
And grant me thy salvation,
Or I must faint and die:
A sinner, but relenting,
O'erwhelm'd with deepest grief,
Falls at thy feet, repenting,
O grant him quick relief.

2. Blest Jesus, gracious Saviour,
Great Lord of all above,
Extend to me thy favour,
The gift of pardoning love:
While strength and spirits lan-
And feeble hopes decay; (guish,
Save, save my soul from anguish,
And wash my guilt away.

(304.) 256. T. 79.

OUT of the deep I cried
To thee, my God, and sighed;
Hear thou my voice, O Lord,
Regard my supplication:
I wait for thy salvation; (word.
My hope and trust are in thy

2. To thee I make confession:
If thou shouldst mark transgression,
Ah, who could guiltless stand?
But mercy interceding,
My Saviour's ransom pleading
For me, I'm sav'd by thy command.

(305.) 257.* T. 36.

LORD Jesus Christ if thou wert not my Saviour,
Were not thy blood still pleading in my favour, (the needy,
Where should I, poorest among all
Find succour ready!

2. What should I do, a sinner vile and wretched,
Were not thy arms of love to me outstretched? (lation,
But thou my refuge art, my conso-
And whole salvation.
Gregor.

(306.) 258. T. 36.

WITH deeply humbled hearts, we make confessions,
Lord, of our sins and manifold transgressions; (unmeasur'd
But thou art merciful, and grace
In thee is treasur'd.

2. Before thy cross we bow with self-conviction,
Bewail our sins, implore thy bene-
diction: (mation
O grant forgiveness and a confir-
Of our salvation.

XV. FAITH.

(307.) 259.* T. 167.

ERE we know our lost condition,
Ere we feel our inbred woe,
And exclaim with deep contrition,
To be sav'd, what must I do?
Nought can yield true consolation,
Vain is all our righteousness:
Faith alone in Christ's oblation
Gives the conscience rest and peace.

2. Living faith, with clearest vision,
Sees the Lamb upon the throne,
And in him a full provision,
Righteousness and peace, our own:
Then our days are mark'd with blessing,
Then our hearts with rapture glow;
Streams of comfort, rich, unceasing,
From the wounds of Jesus flow.

(308.) 260. T. 167.

AS the serpent, rais'd by Moses,
Heal'd the fiery serpent's bite,
Jesus thus himself discloses
To the wounded sinner's sight;
Hear his gracious invitation:
"I have life and peace to give;
I have wrought out full salvation,
Sinner, look to me and live."

2. Dearest Saviour, we adore thee,
For thy precious life and death;
Melt each stubborn heart before (thee,
Give us all the eye of faith:
From the law's condemning sen- (tence
To thy mercy we appeal;
Thou alone canst give repentance,
Thou alone our souls canst heal.

J. Newton.

(310.) 261.* T. 22.

IN holy writ it is avow'd, (God,
That Christ was Israel's covenant
The church's everlasting Head,
Lord of the living and the dead.

2. All things were made by Christ the Word,
By Christ was man to life restor'd;
The prophets, strong in faith and bold,
His coming in the flesh foretold.

3. Abram rejoic'd to see his day,
David proclaim'd Messiah's sway,
Isaiah too his glory saw,
And spake of him with holy awe.

4. 'Tis sure that by his bitter pain
He for mankind did life obtain,
Did for his church on earth atone,
And for the ransom'd round the throne.

5. Wherefore we love the Lamb who died;
We glory in Christ crucified:
Those who in him no Saviour see,
Belong not to our company.

6. Our theme within the church shall be (agony;
Christ's wounds, his griefs and
Our theme, when to the world we call,
His blood, the ransom paid for all.

(311.) 262. T. 22.

FAITH comes by hearing God's record
Concerning Jesus Christ the Lord;
The happy means, which heaven hath bless'd,
To bring us to the gospel-rest.

2. The joyful sound is news of grace,
Redemption of a fallen race,

Thro' Jesus' righteousness divine,
Which bright from faith to faith doth shine.

3. The promise of immortal bliss
We have in Christ our righteousness: (bought:
By death our righteousness he
Faith pleads that right, but buys it not.

4. True faith receives the offer'd good, (blood;
And promise seal'd with Jesus'
Faith gives no title to the bliss,
But takes the Saviour's righteousness.

5. In the Redeemer, as my Head,
The covenant is established:
In him the promises are Yea,
In him Amen, and not in me.

Erskine.

(312.) 263. T. 106 or 90.

FROM life and grace, (this we are bold
Before an erring world to assert,)
Nothing one moment doth withhold
A man, but his unwilling heart:
In our dear Lord there's no delay,
Fix'd is his will, and plain his way.

2. Should any one of serious frame,
That long hath seem'd to seek his face,
His tedious tasks and trials name,
Preparatory steps of grace;
We say, "No, Christ requires them not, (wrought."
And this fine web a false heart

3. Should any think he's so hemm'd
With sin, as to be past relief, (in
Alas, he knows not, that the sin
Which binds his soul, is unbelief:
If to the cross we lift our eye,
Then sin and Satan soon must fly.

4. Ready our Saviour is indeed
His glorious work in all to do:
To every one it must be said,
"Thou hadst been happy long ago,
Hadst thou in faith cast all thy care (prayer."
On Jesus Christ, who heareth

J. Gambold.

(313.) 264. T. 14.

MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.

2. Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead:
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living Head.

3. 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4. 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial power:
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5. True faith obeys its author's
As well as trusts his grace: (will,
A pardoning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.

6. When from the curse he sets us
He makes our nature clean: (free,
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

7. His Spirit purifies the heart,
And seals our peace with God;
True holiness nought can impart
But Jesus' cleansing blood.

Watts.

(314.) 265 * T. 37.

THO' every child of God
Is a new creature,
Yet do we feel the load
Of sinful nature;
Which, if by faith we cleave
To Christ our Saviour,
Can, tho' it makes us grieve,
Condemn us never.

2. He's merciful and kind
Past all expression;
If we are but inclin'd
To make confession
Of all our sinfulness,
His great compassion
Prompts him to grant us peace,
And consolation.

3. He grants us, for our tears,
His oil of gladness;
Delivers, heals, and cheers,
Dispels our sadness:
Yea, tho' our bodies die,
His resurrection
Proves, they shall certainly
Rise to perfection.

4. My portion is the Lord;
I seek his favour,
And in his name and word
Confide for ever;
Nought in the world to me
Can yield such pleasure,
As to be found in thee,
O Christ, my Treasure.

5. Therefore I'll humbly cleave
To my Creator,
Who, that my soul might live,
Assum'd my nature;
Redeem'd me by his blood
And bitter passion:
Thanks to the Lamb of God
For my salvation.

Gregor.

(315.) 266.* T. 106 or 90.

NOW I have found the ground, wherein (main;
Sure my soul's anchor may re-
Ev'n Christ, who to atone for sin
Was as a spotless victim slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2. O Lord, thy everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasseth far;
Thy bosom yearns with tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are,
Thy heart o'er sinners can't but break, (take.
Whether thy grace they slight or

3. God in man's death takes no delight; (tain
Each soul may grace and life ob-
In him, who left his glory bright,
Took flesh, and died, and rose again: (berless
And now he knocks times num-
At our heart's door, and offers grace.

4. O Love, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
From condemnation now I'm free;
Since Jesus' blood, thro' earth and skies,
Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries.

5. By faith I plunge into this sea,
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when sin assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.

6. Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head, (friends be gone;
Tho' strength, and health, and

Tho' joys be wither'd all and dead,
Tho' every comfort be withdrawn:
Steadfast on this my soul relies,
Jesus, thy mercy never dies.

7. Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Tho' my heart fail and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

J. Andr. Rothe.

(316.) 267. T. 14.

HAIL, Alpha and Omega, hail,
Thou Author of our faith,
The Finisher of all our hopes,
The Truth, the Life, the Path.

2. Hail, First and Last, thou great I AM,
In whom we live and move:
Increase our little spark of faith,
And fill our hearts with love.

3. O let that faith which thou hast taught,
Be treasur'd in our breast;
The evidence of unseen joys,
The substance of our rest.

4. Then shall we go from strength to strength,
From grace to greater grace;
From each degree of faith to more,
Till we behold thy face.

Cennick.

(317.) 268. T. 22.

BY various maxims, forms, and rules,
That pass for wisdom in the schools,
I strove my passion to restrain;
But all my efforts prov'd in vain.

2. But since my Saviour I have known,
My rules are all reduc'd to one;
To keep my Lord by faith in view,
This strength supplies. and motives too.

3. I see him lead a suffering life,
Patient amidst reproach and strife;
And from his pattern courage take
To bear and suffer for his sake.

4. Upon the cross I see him bleed,
And by the sight from guilt am freed;
This sight destroys the life of sin,
And quickens heavenly life within.

5. To look to Jesus as he rose,
Confirms my faith, disarms my foes;
Satan I shame and overcome,
By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.

6. Exalted on his glorious throne,
I see him make my cause his own:
Then all my anxious cares subside,
For Jesus lives, and will provide.

7. I see him look with pity down,
And hold in view the conqueror's crown;
If press'd with griefs and cares before,
My soul revives, nor asks for more.

8. By faith I see the hour at hand,
When in his presence I shall stand;
Then it will be my endless bliss,
To see him where and as he is.

Newton.

(318.) 269.* T. 22.

WHEN shall I gain the glorious dress,
Prepar'd to clothe my nakedness?
I need it, Lord, without that vest
I cannot be a wedding guest.

2. When thus I cried in deep distress,
Christ cloth'd me with his righteousness;

And now, thank God, the work is done,
I put my Lord and Saviour on.

3. When Christ, our life, shall once appear,
It will be manifest and clear,
That his atoning blood from sin
Hath wash'd and kept our garments clean.

Esther Gruenbeck.

(319.) 270.* T. 11.

LAMB of God, who thee receive,
Who in thee desire to live,
Cry by day and night to thee,
As thou art, so let us be.

2. Fix, O fix our wavering mind,
To thy cross us firmly bind;
Gladly now we would be clean:
Cleanse our hearts from every sin.

3. Dust and ashes tho' we be,
Full of guilt and misery;
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the purchase of thy blood.

4. Sinners who in thee believe,
Everlasting life receive;
They with joy behold thy face,
Triumph in thy pardoning grace.

5. Life deriving from thy death,
They proceed from faith to faith,
Walk the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day.

6. Blest are they who follow thee,
While this light of life they see;
Filled with thy sacred love,
They thy quickening power prove.

7. Praise on earth to thee be given,
Never-ceasing praise in heaven;
Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are thine.

A. Schindler.

271. T. 166.

LORD, we are thine, since thou hast died! (cease:
Therefore, ye doubts and terrors,
Jesus, the Morning-star, appears,
And bids my troubled soul be peace; (the load
Which, struggling long beneath
Of reasoning, unbelief, and pride,
At last the useless strife gives o'er,
And cleaves to Jesus crucified.

2. Grant me a deeper hold on thee;
That at thy feet I may remain
A poor believing supplicant,
Still glorying in thy Jesus' name,
The power of which, whoever feels,
Will find himself from sin set free,
And all things which would e'er cause pain
In time or in eternity.

(320.) 272. T. 14.

HEAL us, Immanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
Deep wounded souls to thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.

2. Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word;
But wilt thou pity us the less?
Be that far from thee, Lord.

3. Remember him who once ap- (plied
With trembling for relief;
"Lord, I believe," with tears he (cried,
"O help mine unbelief;"

4. She too, who touch'd thee in the (press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answer'd, "Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

5. Conceal'd amid the gathering throng, (view;
She would have shunn'd thy

And, if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.

6. Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee if we may;
O send us not despairing home,
Send none unheal'd away.

Cowper.

(321.) 273.* T. 184.

O JESUS, 'fore whose radiation
The seraphim must cover'd stand,
When, in their awful ministration,
They wait for thy supreme command:
How can this body's eye, dim-sighted,
Which by sin's gloomy misery
And earthly shadows is benighted,
Endure thy glorious light to see.

2. Yet let by faith my penetration
Reach ev'n within the sanctuary;
Thy mercy be my consolation,
May this uphold and strengthen me;
Reach unto me thy sceptre gracious,
Who low, like Esther, 'fore thee bow;
Say, "I will be to thee propitious,
And loving kindness to thee show."

3. O Jesus, show thy great compassion
Unto the soul that pants for thee;
Hear thou my humble supplication,
My God, be merciful to me:
I know thou art with pity filled
To sinners who thy mercy crave;
My pardon by thy blood is sealed,
I know 'twas shed my soul to save.

4. Jesus, above all else I'll love
In thee I will delight alone; (thee;
Could infinite compassion move thee
To leave for me thy heavenly throne?
Then let my heart be dedicated
To thee: fix there thy residence,
Till I shall be to heaven translated,
To see in joy thy countenance.

5. Lord, while my faith to thee ascendeth,
O may thy grace descend to me:
Thou art my joy which never endeth,
O fill my soul with love to thee:
I will adore and love thee longer,
Than while my heart its throbs repeats;
The flame of love shall break forth stronger,
When here my pulse no longer beats.

W. C. Dessler.

(323.) 274. T. 14.

THOU Friend of sinners, hear my cry,
And grant me my request,
May I in thy atonement find
My everlasting rest.

2. May I no more resist thy love,
No more thy Spirit grieve,
But as a little child become,
And simply thee believe.

4. Faith is thy gift, thou slaughter'd Lamb,
Gain'd by thy death for me,
Therefore the privilege I claim,
A child of God to be.

4. Impress this truth upon my breast,
That thou for me hast died,
That I in thee with confidence
For ever may abide.

(325.) 275.* T. 184.

WHEN rising winds and rain descending.
A near approaching storm declare,
With trembling speed, their wings extending.
The birds to hollow trees repair;
Thus I, in faith, by sin oppressed,
My refuge take, O Christ, to thee;
Thy wounds, my hiding place most blessed,
From every evil shelter me.

F. Major.

XVI. THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

(326.) 276.* T. 97.

JESUS, our glorious Head and Chief,
Dear object of our hearts' belief,
O let us in thy nail-prints see
Our pardon and election free;
And, while we view by faith thy pierced side, (for us died.
Call thee our Lord and God, who

2. The doctrine of Christ's blood and death,
Imparting life to us thro' faith,
A mystery is to babes reveal'd,
But from the worldly-wise conceal'd; (is known;
Thereby the Saviour's flock on earth
Of this the ransom'd sing before God's throne.

3. While human nature doth exist,
While Jesus reigns as Lord and Christ,
So long of the whole gospel this
From first to last the substance is;
All to whom God his counsel doth reveal, (seal.
To this as truth divine can set their

4. Should any virtuous seem to be,
Unblamable from infancy,
Scarcely by avarice, lust, or pride,
The world, the flesh, or Satan tried,
And therefore deem himself a child of God; (takes the road.
He's poor and blind, and quite mis-

5. All those who by a beam of light
Can see and own they are not right,
But enter on a legal strife,
To mend their former course of life, (day to day;
And toil and labour hard from
Such also miss to happiness the way.

6. But sinners, who with pungent smart
Bewail the vileness of their heart,
Who mourn because of unbelief,
Of sinners deem themselves the chief, (eousness,
And cast away their self-made right-
May place their trust on Jesus' saving grace.

7. To such he saith, "Arise and live,
I freely all thy sins forgive,
I have redeem'd thee, thou art mine,
Thyself in faith to me resign;
Obey my voice, and walk in all my ways, (a place."
I'll grant to thee in heavenly realms

8. His Holy Spirit we receive,
And on our Saviour's word believe;
We trust in his atoning death,

As the foundation of our faith,
And, in his robe of righteousness array'd,
Are 'midst his chosen, richly comforted.

9. The humble sinner's shame we feel,
And power divine to do God's will;
These are combin'd in every heart,
That in Christ's merits hath a part;
No more, for want of strength, good motions die,
Since Jesus gives us constant victory.

10. We rest in Christ, and yet desire,
Because his love our hearts doth fire,
To serve his cause with all our might,
And deem our Saviour's burden light;
Whene'er we fail, we think ourselves to blame;
If we succeed, we praise his holy name.

11. Should self-complacency take place,
When we review our faithfulness;
We're soon with inward shame bow'd down,
Forget ourselves, and freely own,
That Jesus works in us whate'er is good,
And thank him for the power he hath bestow'd.

12. Grace is the only wish and prayer
Of those who God's dear children are;
They meditate by night and day,
How they may due obedience pay
To Jesus, who redeem'd us by his death;
And grace unmerited supports their faith.

Zinzendorf.

(327.) 277.* T. 22.

THE Saviour's blood and righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
Thus well array'd, I need not fear,
When in his presence I appear.

2. The holy, spotless Lamb of God,
Who freely gave his life and blood,
For all my numerous sins to atone,
I for my Lord and Saviour own.

3. In him I trust for evermore,
He hath expung'd the dreadful score
Of all my guilt; this done away,
I need not fear the judgment-day.

4. Therefore my Saviour's blood and death
Are here the substance of my faith;
And shall remain, when I'm call'd hence,
My only hope and confidence.

5. For should I e'er so faithful prove,
Serve my kind Lord with zeal and love,
And spend my life for him I serve,
Nor e'er from his commandments swerve;—

6. Yet when my Saviour I shall see,
Then shall I have this only plea:
"Here is a sinner, who would fain
Thro' the Lamb's ransom entrance gain."

7. Thus Abraham was sav'd by grace,
Believing in Christ's righteousness;
And all the ransom'd saints in light
In this blest song of praise unite:—

8. "All glory, power, and might pertain
Unto the Lamb, for he was slain,

And hath redeem'd us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God."

9. While here on earth I still remain,
This doctrine firmly I'll maintain;
And both in word and deed proclaim
The power of Jesus' saving name.

10. Lord Jesus Christ, all praise to thee,
That thou didst deign a man to be,
And for each soul which thou hast made
Hast an eternal ransom paid.

11. O King of glory, Christ the Lord,
God's only Son, eternal Word,
Let all the world thy mercy see,
And bless those who believe in thee.

12. Thy incarnation, wounds, and death
I will confess while I have breath,
Till I shall see thee face to face,
Arrayed with thy righteousness.

Z.

(328.) 278.* T. 590.

GRACE, grace, O that's a joyful
A welcome sound to all, (sound,
Who clearly see and deeply feel
The misery of the fall:
Who rightly know the wretched
Of sinners void of grace, (state
Ere Christ elects them to enjoy
In heavenly realms a place.

2. Grace, how exceeding great to
Who, ready to despair, (those,
Asham'd confess, and truly know,
How vile and weak they are;
Yet grace, free grace, most sweetly calls,
"Directly come, who will,
Just as you are, for Christ receives
Poor helpless sinners still."

3. All we, who are his people now,
Were first convinc'd of sin;
Each felt the plague of his own
The leprosy within; (heart,
Then life and righteousness divine
Thro' faith to us were given;
Thus we God's happy people are,
With Christ joint-heirs of heaven.

4. We thirst, O Lord, give us this day,
To taste more of thy grace,
More of that stream, which from the rock
Flow'd thro' the wilderness;
'Tis grace alone that feeds our souls,
Grace keeps us inly poor;
And O that nothing but thy grace
May rule us evermore.

Esther Gruenbeck.

(330.) 279.* T. 16.

WHEN a sinner in affliction
Mourneth on account of sin,
Feels the Spirit's deep conviction,
But no power of faith within:—

2. While the troubled soul is sighing,
"Where shall I find Jesus, where?"
And with tears of anguish crying,—
"O that he my Saviour were!"

3. In a moment stands before us
Jesus with his pierced side:
Now we find, that he's desirous
Us from wrath to screen and hide.

4. Thus the soul at once obtaineth
Pardon from the sinner's friend:
To true happiness attaineth,
And to life which hath no end.

Z.

(331.) 280.* T. 14.

WHAT joy or honour could we (have,
Polluted as we are,
If not the holy Lamb of God
Our joy and honour were.

2. Of nothing we have ever done
To boast could we desire,
When he to judge us shall appear,
Whose eyes are flames of fire.

3. None is so holy, pure, and just,
So perfected in love,
That his best plea, or self-defence,
Of any weight could prove.

4. Nor is there any other way
Into the holy place,
But Christ who took away our sins,
His blood and righteousness.

5. We know the righteousness complete,
Which he procur'd for all;
We know the kind reception giv'n
To the poor prodigal.

6. We know the Shepherd's love, who left
The ninety-nine behind,
And thro' the desert anxious went,
The hundredth sheep to find.

7. To him poor sinners may appeal
With all their misery;
The angels joy to see them come,
Christ calleth, "Come to me."

Z.

(332.) 281.* T. 14.

HAPPY the souls who contrite (are,
Them Jesus doth invite,
And gives to everlasting bliss
A never-failing right.

2. Tho' comforted, they still dis-(trust
Their own untoward heart;
And wonder, that the Lord to them
Such mercy could impart.

3. To world and sin they bid adieu,
His pardon daily prove,
Desiring larger draughts to drink
Of Jesus' dying love.

4. When thus the blessings of his (blood
And merits we enjoy,
Yea, from the fulness of his grace
Take daily fresh supply;—

5. With pity we can look on those
Who still in darkness are,
Inviting them to turn to Christ,
And in his mercy share.

6. For we thro' grace are taught to think,
Each sinner that we see
May pardon, thro' Christ's precious blood,
Obtain, as well as we:—

7. Since Jesus' pardon, love, and grace,
Produce an humble shame,
And stir us up with thankfulness
His goodness to proclaim.

(333.) 282. T. 14.

WITH glorious clouds encom-(pass'd round,
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Will God appear to me?

2. Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou man of grief and (love,
And speak it to my heart.

3. In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design; (man,
What meant the suffering Son of
The streaming blood divine?

4. Didst thou not in our flesh ap-(pear,
And live and die below,
That I might now perceive thee (near,
And my Redeemer know?

5. Come, then, and to my soul reveal (grace,
The heights and depths of
The wounds, which all my sorrows
That dear, disfigur'd face. (heal,

6. Before my eyes of faith, confess'd,
Stand forth a slaughter'd Lamb;
Array me in salvation's vest,
And tell me all thy name.

7. Jehovah in thy person show,
A Saviour crucified; (know,
And then the pardoning God I
And feel his blood applied.

8. I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity. Wesley.

(334.) 283. T. 90.

AND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caus'd his pain? (God?
For me, to make my peace with
Amazing love! how can it be,
That Jesus deign'd to die for me?

2. 'Tis mystery all; my Maker dies; (sign?
Who can explore his strange de-
In vain the highest seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine:
'Tis mercy all; let earth adore,
Let angel-minds inquire no more.

3. He left his Father's throne above,
So free, so infinite his grace;
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For oh! it found out sinful me.

4. Long my imprison'd spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night; (ray,
Thine eye diffus'd a quickening
I 'woke, the dungeon flam'd with light; (free,
My chains fell off, my heart was
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.

5. No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, and all in him is mine:
Alive in him my living Head,
And cloth'd in righteousness divine, (throne,
Now humbly I approach the
And claim the crown thro' Christ my own. Wesley.

(335.) 284. T. 14.

IN evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

2. I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3. Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look: (death,
It seem'd to charge me with his
Tho' not a word he spoke.

4. My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plunged me in despair:
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5. Alas, I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be
For I the Lord have slain. (hid?

6. A second look he gave, which
"I freely all forgive; (said.

This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die, that thou mayst live."

7. Thus, while his death my sin
In all its blackest hue, (displays
(Such is the mystery of grace,)
It seals my pardon too.

8. With pleasing grief and mourn-
My spirit now is fill'd, (ful joy,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

Newton.

(336.) 285. T. 582.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience (peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2. Christ, the true paschal Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3. My faith would lay the hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4. Lord, I look back to see
The burden thou didst bear,
When hanging on the shameful tree;
And know my guilt was there.

5. Believing, we rejoice,
Our curse he did remove; (voice,
We bless the Lamb with cheerful
And sing his bleeding love.

Watts.

(337.) 286. T. 151.

HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole;
There is but one physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul:
Nigh unto death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave;
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.

2 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from anguish frees us,
And saves the soul from death:
Come then to this physician,
His help he'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—look and live.

Newton.

(338.) 287. T. 96.

O THOU who pardon canst impart,
Thy pardoning grace I long to feel:
Give life unto my lifeless heart,
And my diseases kindly heal:
Hear, Jesus, hear my feeble moan,
And me as thine in mercy own.

2. Vain are all other helps beside,
Relief from thee alone can flow;
Other physicians have I tried,
Yet only worse and worse I grow;
Give me by faith on thee to lean,
And say unto me, "Be thou clean."

(339.) 288. T. 151.

MY LORD, how great the favour,
That I, a sinner poor,
Can, thro' thy blood's sweet savour,
Approach thy mercy-door,
And find an open passage
Unto the throne of grace:
Then wait the welcome message
That bids me go in peace.

2. In my forlorn condition,
Who else could give me aid?
Where could I meet compassion,
But in the church's Head?
In mercy, O receive me,
Thou God, who hearest prayer;
From every evil save me,
On thee I cast my care.

3. I'll never cease repeating
My numberless complaints,
But ever be entreating
Thee glorious King of saints,
To form me in thine image,
And fill my soul with love,
Till I to thee my homage
Pay with the saints above.

Countess Huntingdon's H.

(340.) 289. T. 22.

THE one thing needful, that good part
Which Mary chose with all her heart,
I would pursue with heart and mind,
And seek unwearied, till I find.

2. Hidden in Christ the treasure lies,
That goodly pearl of so great price;
No other way but Christ there is
To endless happiness and bliss.

3. But oh, I'm blind and ignorant,
Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, I want,
To guide me in the narrow road
That leads to happiness and God.

4. My mind enlighten with thy light,
That I may understand aright
The glorious gospel-mystery,
Which shows the way to heaven and thee.

5. O Jesus Christ, my Lord and God,
By faith unite my heart to thee,
Who hast redeem'd me with thy blood,
That we may never parted be.

Kendall H. B.

(342.) 290. T. 14.

THOU, Lord, must for thy sake forgive,
It cannot be for mine;
My power the pardon to receive,
My faith, is all divine:—

2. A sinner on mere mercy cast,
Thy mercy I embrace,
And gladly own, from first to last,
That I am sav'd by grace.

291. T. 11.

FATHER, to thy sinful child
Though thy law is reconcil'd,
By thy pardoning grace I live:
Daily still I cry, Forgive.

2. Though my ransom-price He paid,
Upon whom my guilt was laid,
Humbly at thy mercy-seat,
Full remission I entreat.

3. Lord, forgive me, day by day,
Debts I cannot hope to pay;
Duties I have left undone;
Evils I have fail'd to shun;—

4. Trespasses in word or thought;
Deeds from evil motive wrought;
Cold ingratitude; distrust;
Thoughts unhallow'd or unjust.

5. Pardon, Lord!—and are there those
Who my debtors are, or foes,
I, who by forgiveness live,
Here their trespasses forgive.

6. May I feel, beneath my wrongs,
Vengeance to the Lord belongs;
Nor a worse requital dare,
Than the meek revenge of prayer.

7. Much forgiven, may I learn
Love for hatred to return;
Then assur'd my heart shall be,
Thou, my God, hast pardon'd me.

Conder.

XVII. THE SURRENDER OF THE HEART TO JESUS.

(343.) 292.* T. 582.

UNTO the Lamb of God,
Who to retrieve my loss
Became a man, and died for me
Upon the accursed cross;
Unto the Prince of life,
Who felt such racking pain,
While he the vengeance due to me
Did willingly sustain:—

2. To him I wholly give
Myself this day anew,
As his reward so dearly gain'd,
His spoil and purchase due;
That with me he may do
What's pleasing in his sight,
And from me take whate'er him grieves,
Whate'er he sees not right.

3. How very weak I am,
My Saviour well can see,
And how exceeding short I fall,
Of what I ought to be:
Compassionate High-priest,
To thee I must appeal;
My numberless infirmities
O kindly haste to heal.

4. In thy most precious blood,
Which from thy open'd veins,
To heal my soul, on Calvary flow'd,
I pray wash out my stains:
It is thy daily care,
Thy helpless sheep to feed;
To purify their spotted souls,
And gently them to lead.

5. Me thy all-seeing eye
Hath kept with watchful care;
Thy great compassion never fail'd,
Thou heard'st my needy prayer:
This makes me firmly trust
That thou wilt guide me still,
And guide me safe throughout the way
That leads to Zion's hill.

6. Dear Saviour, I resign
My worthless heart to thee;
And, whether cheerful or distress'd,
Thine, thine alone I'll be:
My only aim is this,
(O may I it fulfil!)
Thee to exalt with all my strength,
And do thy holy will.

Esther Gruenbeck.

(344.) 293.* T. 22.

O GOD of mercy, grace, and love,
Thy yearning bowels thee did move,
To call me from death's gloomy night
Into thy own amazing light.

2. I once was wholly dead in sin,
Wholly corrupt and spoil'd within,
The carnal mind still bore the sway,
And hurried me a slave away.

3. It caus'd thee pain, O Son of God,
To see the purchase of thy blood
So deeply sunk in misery;
And 'twas thy aim to set me free.

4. Thou drewest me with cords of love,
Till thou at last didst conqueror prove;
Till sin's strong power thou hadst suppress'd,
And giv'n my weary spirit rest.

5. Now thro' thy wounds my soul hath found ground;
Peace, righteousness, and solid
I've now obtained thro' thy grace
Among thy ransom'd flock a place.

6. I thee adore, my gracious King,
And joyful hallelujahs sing;
My eyes with grateful tears o'erflow,
For all the mercies thou dost show.

7. Faithful to thee I now engage
To be throughout my pilgrimage;
Accept my life and soul, my King,
Pledg'd to thy service these I bring.

8. Nature's reluctance overrule,
The worldly, carnal mind control;
O may I always have in view
Not mine, but thy blest will to do.

9. Thus by thy power I here shall be
Prepar'd for blest eternity, (love,
Walk with my God, him serve and
Till I shall live with him above.

P. H. Molther.

(345.) 294.* T. 168.

OH, at last I've found my Saviour
Who laid down his life for me;
He (O undeserved favour!)
Own'd me as his property:
Conscious of my imperfection,
I'll rely on his direction:
I will nothing know beside
Jesus and him crucified.

2. Others may seek satisfaction
In this poor world's vanity;
Meanwhile shall my heart's affec-
On my Saviour fixed be, (tion
On his meritorious suffering
And sin-expiating offering:
World, for ever be thou gone,
Leave but Christ and me alone.

3. Jesus cur'd my soul's infection
By his soul's dire agony;
From his death and resurrection
Life and power redound to me:
By the virtue of his merit
I shall heavenly joys inherit,
And e'en here a foretaste have
Of that world beyond the grave.

4. Jesus yields me delectation;
When I'm weak he strengthens me,
Sweetens all my tribulation,
And supports me constantly:
His atoning death and passion
Are the cause of my salvation;
Therefore Christ shall ne'er depart
From my sight and from my heart.

5. Oh, I'm lost in deepest wonder,
To think he shall soon appear
To receive me gladly yonder,
And wipe off my every tear:
Then my grateful songs and praises
Shall resound in heavenly places;
Here by faith to him I'll cleave,
Jesus will I never leave.

(346.) 295.* T. 22.

WE pray thee, wounded Lamb of God,
Cleanse us in thy atoning blood;
Grant us by faith to view thy cross,
Then life or death is gain to us.

2. Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee;
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3. What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe;
Until we strength from thee derive,
And in communion with thee live.

4. Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

5. First-born of many brethren thou, (must bow;
To thee both earth and heaven
Help us to thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

(347.) 296. T. 79.

DIDST thou, Lord Jesus, me incline,
When I was lost and dead in sin,
To hear thy quickening voice?
Have I obtained in thy blood (God,
Redemption, and found peace with
And do I in thy name rejoice?—

2. O yes, I feel I am forgiv'n,
A foretaste I enjoy of heaven,
Thy spirit witness bears;
By faith thy righteousness is mine,
I'm well assur'd that I am thine,
My soul no condemnation fears.

3. Yet 'fore thee, Jesus, I must own,
I have not this salvation known
By tracing legal ways; (sin.
Lo, 'twas thy power rais'd me from
Thou didst the saving work begin;
Thine be the glory, thine the praise.

4. May I be faithful to thy call,
Surrender unto thee my all,
Myself to thee resign; (around,
When dangers threaten me
Invincible may I be found,
And never from thy will decline.

5. Me with thy gladdening oil anoint; (point
The destin'd path thou dost ap-
Gladly I then shall tread:
Bedew me with a genial shower,
Into my heart thy influence pour,
And me with heavenly manna feed.

J. Wesley.

(348.) 297.* T. 106 or 90.

O GOD, whose love (immense in height,
In depth unfathom'd) no man knows;
Grant unto me thy saving light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

2. Thy gracious call invites me still,
How light thy burden is, to prove;
Yet I'm unsteady; tho' my will
Be fix'd, yet wide my passions rove;
Great hindrances obstruct the way,
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

3. Mere mercy 'tis, that thou hast brought
My soul to seek its peace in thee;
Yet while I seek but find thee not,
At rest my spirit cannot be;
Oh, when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my wishes to thee tend!

4. Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and be alone
The spring of every motion there:
Then shall my heart from earth be free, (thee.
When it hath found repose in

(349.) 298.* T. 106 or 90.

TAKE, Lord, all self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live,
My vile affections crucify,
Let not one darling lust survive:
O may my heart to thee aspire,
And nought on earth but thee desire.

3. Dear Lord, thy sovereign aid impart, (care ;
To save me from low-thoughted
O banish self-will from my heart,
From all its latent mazes there :
And grant that I may never move
From the blest footsteps of thy love.

3. Each moment draw from earth away (call ;
My heart, that humbly waits thy
Speak to my inmost soul and say,
"I am thy life, thy God, thy all :"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

(350.) 299. T. 90.

JESUS, thy light again I view,
Again thy loving-kindness prove,
And all within me pants anew
To enjoy thy all reviving love :
Again my thoughts to thee aspire,
Unto thy name is my desire.

2. But oh, what offering shall I give (skies ?
To thee, the Lord of earth and
My soul and body now receive,
A holy, living sacrifice :
Small as it is, 'tis all my store,
More shouldst thou have, if I had more.

3. O may I never from thee stray,
Or be again subdu'd by sin :
Guide me, my Life, my Truth, my Way, (clean :
Thy blood preserve my garments
O let thy blood and righteousness
My beauty be, my glorious dress.

4. Send down thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be ; (love,
Clothe me with wisdom, patience,
With lowliness and purity :
Than gold and pearls more precious far (star.
And brighter than the morning-

5. Lord, arm me with thy Spirit's might (name ;
Since I am call'd by thy great
In thee my wandering thoughts unite,
Of all my works be thou the aim :
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be thy praise.

(352.) 300.* T. 376.

"GIVE me thy heart, my son,"
Thus saith the Lord,
"Give me thy heart, and listen to (my word ;
Observe my ways,
Walk in the path of grace ;
In following my direction
I'll grant thee my protection."

2. 'Tis only this which Christ of us desires ; (quires ;
This to promote our welfare he re-
How blest are they
Who Jesus' voice obey,
And give their hearts for ever
To him, our God and Saviour.

Gregor.

(351.) 301.* T. 376.

O TAKE my heart and whatsoe'er is mine,
Beloved Jesus, I'll be only thine ;
To thee I'll live,
And soul and body give :
My words and whole behaviour
Be rul'd by thee for ever.

2. But give thyself, my Jesus, unto me, (tinually :
And dwell within my heart con-
O Lord, remain

My joy, 'midst grief and pain ;
From thee, my soul's beloved,
May I ne'er be removed.

J. Angelus.

(353.) 302. T. 14.

LORD, take my heart just as it is,
Set up therein thy throne :
So shall I love thee above all,
And live to thee alone.

2. I thank thee, that in mercy thou
Hast waken'd me from death,
Arous'd me out of sin's deep sleep,
And call'd to walk in faith.

3. Complete thy work and crown thy grace,
That I may faithful prove,
And listen to that still small voice,
Which whispers only love ;—

4. Which teaches me to know thy (will,
And gives me power to do ;
Which fills my heart with shame, when I
Do not that will pursue.

5. This unction may I ever feel,
This teaching of my Lord,
And learn obedience to thy voice,
Thy soft reviving word.

Stonehouse.

(356.) 303.* T. 11.

GRANT, most gracious Lamb of God,
Who hast bought me with thy (blood,
That my soul and body be
Quite devoted unto thee.

2 Jesus, hear my fervent cry,
My whole nature sanctify ;
Root out all that is unclean,
Tho' it cause me pungent pain.

3. Gracious Lord, I wish alone
Thine to be, yea, quite thine own.
And to all eternity
To remain thy property.

J. Angelus.

(357.) 304.* T. 79.

LORD, take my sinful, worthless heart
As thine, thy grace to me impart,
And deep thy seal impress ;
Take me into thy special care,
Secure my soul from every snare ;
Thyself find always free access.

2. Make me a bosom-friend of thine;
Upon thy breast may I recline,
Preserv'd from needless fears ;
And when this earthly house I leave,
Into those mansions me receive,
Where thou wilt wipe away all tears.

(358.) 305.* T. 166.

DESTROY, O Lord, the carnal mind,
Consume what is not right in me ;
Whether the world in chains me (bind
Or silken cords, I cannot be
Partaker of the joys of heaven ;
For thou requirest that my heart
Without reserve to thee be given,
Resolv'd for thee with all to part.

Z.

(359.) 306.* T. 15.

SEARCHER of hearts, thou know'st thy love
My heart hath captivated ;
My soul is closely to thee join'd,
Ne'er to be separated :—

2. All thou demandest I give up,
Lord, without hesitation ;
But never, never will I leave
Thee and thy congregation.

(360.) 307. T. 184.

O MIGHT we all, Lord God our Saviour,
Thy condescending mercy prize,
To accept of us, (O boundless [favour!)
As of a holy sacrifice;
Of us, tho' sinful, poor, and needy:
Grant that we freely unto thee
May offer up both soul and body,
To love and serve thee faithfully.

J. Swertner.

(361.) 308. T. 590.

PRESENT your bodies to the Lord,
A living sacrifice,
A holy offering unto him,
And pleasing in his eyes:
This is a service which ye owe,
And reasonably due;
For ye are not your own, ye know,
But Christ hath purchas'd you.

XVIII. COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

(362.) 309.* T. 132.

JESUS, thou art my heart's de- (light,
My joy and my salvation;
Thy presence yields me day and (night
Abundant consolation:
Thee I desire to love and praise,
Since thy great love and boundless (grace
Are everything unto me.

2. Thou art the Way, thy Spirit is
As my conductor given;
In following thee I cannot miss
The path to life and heaven:
Thy word be my unerring guide;
Preserve me lest I turn aside,
Or stray from thee, my Saviour.

3. Thou art the Truth, in thee are found
All things that are essential;
Without thee all is empty sound,
In thee is strength substantial:
O Truth, set me at liberty,
That I depend on none but thee
By whom I can be healed.

4. Thou art my Life, thy power divine
Shall influence every motion;
O may thy Spirit me incline
To true, unfeign'd devotion:
Thus I eternal life shall gain,
And till my latest breath remain
A member of thy body.

5. Lord Jesus, thou my Shepherd art,
Who diedst for my transgression;
When lost, I caus'd thee pungent smart,
When found, joy past expression:
Ah, best of shepherds, ever keep
Within thy fold thy helpless sheep,
Protect me from all danger.

6. Thou art my faithful Friend in need,
My flesh and bone, my Brother;
Thy faithfulness and love exceed
Those of the fondest mother:
Thou art my Healer when I'm sick, (when weak,
My Cordial, strengthening me
My Refuge in all trouble.

7. Ah! Lord, how very short I fall,
When on thy praise I enter;
Thou art indeed my All in all,

In thee my wishes centre:
Whate'er I want, thou art to me;
O let my heart incessantly
Be by thy love inspired.

J. C. Lange.

(364.) 310.* T. 228.

HOW bright appears the Morning-star,
With grace and truth beyond compare,
The royal root of Jesse:
O David's Son, of Jacob's line,
My soul's Belov'd and King benign,
Thou cam'st from heaven to bless me:
Precious,—gracious,
Ever glorious—and victorious
Is my Saviour;
Nought but he can please me ever.

2. From him descends a beam of joy,
When he with a complacent eye
Beholds his needy creature;
Immanuel, my sovereign good,
Thy word, thy Spirit, flesh and blood,
Renew my very nature:
Grant me—richly,
Thro' thy merit,—to inherit
Thy salvation;
Hear my ardent supplication.

3. The Father from eternity
In mercy was inclin'd to me,
Thro' thee, his Well-beloved:
I, as a member of thy bride,
In thee, Lord Jesus, can confide;
Thy love remains unmoved:
Oh, I—have joy,
That in heaven—with thanksgiving,
Thee, my Saviour,
I shall love and praise for ever.

4. Tune all your notes to songs of praise,
If you can earthly music raise,
To join celestial concerts:
Be Jesus your delightful theme;
In him and in his saving name
Are centred all our comforts:
Joyful,—awful
Be the phrases—of our praises,
'Tis our duty,
'Fore the Lord of bliss and beauty.

5. Before the world I make my boast,
That he in whom I place my trust,
Is Lord of light and glory:
At last he'll bring me to that place,
Where all the wonders of his grace
Shall lie disclos'd before me:
Amen:—be then
Praise and blessing,—never ceasing,
To him given,
Here, and by the hosts of heaven.

Phil. Nicolai.

(365.) 311.* T. 185.

THE unbounded love of my Creator
Heart-felt gratitude doth claim;
Why did Christ appear in human nature?
'Twas for me he man became:
While the whole world's Saviour I confess him,
As my own Redeemer I embrace
And his merits I apply
To myself especially.

2. When with him, my Lord, in closest union,
I can all things else forget;
In his fellowship and blest communion,
I heaven's bliss anticipate;
By his presence he dispels all sadness,
Filling my poor soul with joy and gladness;
Tho' I often am to blame,
Yet his love is still the same.

3. When my mind pursues this meditation,
That the all-creating Word
Hath by his humanity and passion
To God's image man restor'd;
I regard my body as Christ's temple,
'Tis my aim to follow his example,
And my vessel thro' his grace
In due honour to possess. Z.

(366.) 312.* T. 68.

BLISS beyond compare,
Which in Christ I share:
He's my only joy and treasure;
Tasteless is all worldly pleasure,
When in Christ I share
Bliss beyond compare.

2. Jesus is my joy,
Therefore blest am I:
Oh, his mercy is unbounded,
All my hope on him is grounded;
Jesus is my joy,
Therefore blest am I.

3. When the Lord appears,
This my spirit cheers;
When, his love to me revealing,
He, the Sun of grace, with healing
In his beams appears,
This my spirit cheers.

4. Then all grief is drown'd:
Pure delight is found,
Joy and peace in his salvation,
Heavenly bliss and consolation:
Every grief is drown'd
Where such bliss is found.
G. Arnold.

(367.) 313.* T. 4.

LORD Jesus, I pray,
On earth while I stay,
In union to be
With thee and thy people insepar-
ably:

2. Concern'd for more grace
And true happiness;
Intent evermore
'Fore thee to be contrite, and lowly, (and poor.

3. O were my whole mind
And spirit inclin'd
To show forth thy praise,
To serve thee with gladness, and walk in thy ways.

4. If question'd by thee:
"Say, lovest thou me?"
I own I shall prove
Deficient, O Lord, yet thou know'st [that I love.

5. John's portion so blest,
To lean on thy breast,
Be mine, till with thee,
When time is no more, I for ever [shall be.
Cammerhof.

(368.) 314.* T. 159.

'TIS the most blest and needful
To have in Christ a share,
And to commit our way and heart
Unto his faithful care:
This done, our steps are safe and
Our hearts' desires are render'd pure,
And nought can pluck us from his [hand,
Which leads us to the end.

2. Nought in this world affords true rest
But Christ's atoning blood;
This purifies the guilty breast,
And reconciles to God:
Hence flows unfeigned love to him
Who came lost sinners to redeem,
And Christ our Saviour doth ap-
Daily to us more dear. [pear
C. R. v. Z.

3. My only joy and comfort here
Is Jesus' death and blood;
I with this passport can appear
Before the throne of God:

Admitted to the realms of bliss,
I then shall see him as he is,
Where countless pardon'd sinners (meet,
Adoring at his feet.

Gregor.

(369.) 315.* T. 14.

THY child so minded ever keep;
Let me know nought beside
Thee, who was slain me to redeem,
Thee, Jesus crucified.

2. O may we, Saviour, step for (step,
Bear thee sweet company,
Thus will, whate'er we undertake,
An act of worship be.

3. May we to thee in all our wants
Child-like yet closer fly,
Directing still, throughout our (course,
By faith to thee our eye.

4. Altho' but little we can do,
Yet 'tis our heart's desire,
To do that which affords thee joy;
Nor dost thou more require.

(371.) 316.* T. 36.

LET thy countenance, most loving Saviour, (me ever
Shine on me day and night, and let
Have of thy presence and thy gracious dealing
A tender feeling:—

2. That soul and body, on thy merit feeding, (proceeding,
May daily be from grace to grace
With thee at peace, in tenderest love's communion
And perfect union.

Gregor.

(372.) 317. T. 14.

JESUS, my Saviour, full of grace,
Be thou my heart's delight,
emain my favorite theme always,
My joy by day and night.

2. Hungry and thirsty after thee
May I be found each hour;
Humble in heart, and constantly
Supported by thy power.

3. May thy blest Spirit to my heart,
Throughout my future race,
True faith and constancy impart
To live unto thy praise.

4. The mystery of redeeming love
Be ever dear to me:
Till I shall once in heaven above
For ever dwell with thee.

Countess Huntingdon's H.

(373.) 318. T. 14.

O DEAREST Lord, take thou my heart;
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee.

2. If there's a fervour in my soul,
And fervour sure there is,
It shall be quite at thy control.
And but to serve thee rise.

3. To seek in earthly things for bliss
Is vain; none can be found,
Till Jesus Christ our portion is;
In him true joys abound.

4. 'Tis heaven on earth to taste his love,
To feel his quickening grace;
And all the bliss I seek above
Is to behold his face.

(374.) 319. T. 14.

'TIS heaven on earth by faith to (see
Thy face, my gracious Lord;
The noblest, most substantial joys
Thy cheering smiles afford.

2. Thou say'st, dear Jesus, all thy (saints,
Who love thy face to see,
Shall have, while in this vale of (tears,
Kind visits oft from thee.

3. O let my soul with thee con-
Who art my chief delight; (verse.
For the whole world can't ease my
If banish'd from thy sight. (heart,
Watts.

320. T. 205.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu!
Thou, with all thy creature-
Only Jesus I pursue, (good;
Him, who bought me with his
All thy pleasures I forego, (blood;
All thy wealth and all thy pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
Jesus, and him crucified.

2. Him to know is life and peace,
Joy and pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On my Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
In his favour to abide:
Only Jesus will I know,
Jesus, and him crucified.

3. Him in all my works I seek,
Who expir'd upon the tree;
Only of his love I speak,
Who so freely died for me:
While I sojourn here below,
Nothing I desire beside;
Only Jesus will I know,
Jesus, and him crucified.
Toplady, (ad.)

321. T. 14.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages
His most successful war. [still

2. The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3. There, if thy Spirit teach the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and
love,
She communes with her God!

4. There, like the nightingale, she
pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5. Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And (all-harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, thou art mine!

6. What thanks I owe thee, and
what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo thro' the realms above,
When time shall be no more.
Cowper.

(375.) 322. T. 79.

O JESUS, everlasting God,
Who hast for sinners shed thy
blood
Upon Mount Calvary,
And finish'd there redemption's
toil:
Thus I became thy happy spoil;
All praise and glory be to thee.

2. Fain would I think on all thy
pain, [gain.
Would find therein my life and
And firmly fix my heart
Upon thy wounds and dying love;
Nor ever more from thee remove,
Till from this world I shall depart.

3. The more thro' grace myself I
know,
The more inclin'd I am to bow
In faith beneath thy cross;
To trust in thy atoning blood,
And look to thee for every good,
Yea, count all earthly gain but loss.

(376.) 323. T. 90.

THOU hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient love divine;
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, for thou art mine:
Thou art my fortress, strength, and tower,
My trust and portion evermore.

2. Jesus, my All in all thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
The balm to heal my broken heart,
In storms my peace, in loss my gain;
My joy beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame my glory and my crown;

3. In want my plentiful supply,
In weakness my almighty power;
In bonds my perfect liberty,
My refuge in temptation's hour;
My comfort 'midst all grief and thrall,
My life in death, my All in all.

Wesley.

(377.) 324. T. 22.

'TIS thro' the grace thou dost bestow,
O Lord, that I thy goodness know;
Grant that I in humility
For evermore may cleave to thee.

2. The privilege to be with Christ
In union, can't enough be priz'd;
Since I'm the purchase of his blood,
Grant me this privilege, O God.

3. Reflecting how our Lord and Head,
When ris'n, his followers visited,
We pray to share that happiness,
Which without sight we may possess.

4. Communing with the Lamb of God,
With heartfelt gratitude we're bow'd;
And walk in true humility,
As Christ's disciples constantly.

Kinchin.

(378.) 325. T. 79.

O THAT we could for ever sit
With Mary at our Saviour's feet,
Be this our happy choice;
Our only care, delight, and bliss,
Our joy, our heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's cheering voice.

2. O may his love our hearts inspire; (sire,
Nought else on earth may we de-
Nought else in heaven above:
Let earth and all its trifles go,
Give us, O Lord, thy grace to know,
Give us to feel thy precious love.

(379.) 326. T. 146.

O WHAT is Christ to me!
Who hath for my diseases
Found out a remedy,
And every grief appeases;
My ever faithful Friend,
My confidant most true,
On whom I can depend
In joy and sorrow too.

J. Gambold

(380.) 327.* T. 230.

BE our comfort which ne'er faileth,
When any trial us assaileth,
Or when we're needlessly distress'd;
Jesus show, on each occasion,
That thou our strength art and salvation,

Our shield, our hiding-place, and (rest:
O may we constantly
Look up by faith to thee,
Who redeem'dst us;
And daily prove
That thou art love,
Till we shall be with thee above.

Gregor.

(382.) 328. T. 167.

MOMENTS of ecstatic pleasure,
When I feel thee, Saviour, mine:
What is this world's joy or treasure
To the thought that I am thine?
Earthly dreams of vain enjoyment
Cannot soothe the watchful soul;
Joy and grief, rest and employment,
Sacred be to thee the whole.

(383.) 329.* T. 185.

BETHANY, O peaceful habita- (tion,
Blessed mansion, lov'd abode;
There my Lord had oft his resting station,
Converse held in friendly mood:
With that bliss which Mary highly savour'd.
I could wish this day still to be favour'd;
But thy presence makes to me
Every place a Bethany.

Gregor.

(385.) 330. T. 586.

WHEN Christ our Saviour lives and dwelleth
In us, O what consummate bliss!
This from our hearts all gloom dispelleth,
Our life of heaven a foretaste is:
Lord Jesus, hear our supplication;
Let all of us in every station,
Be truly join'd to thee,
Until eternally
Thy face we see.

J. Swertner.

XIX. THE HAPPINESS OF CHILDREN OF GOD.

(386.) 331.* T. 114.

JESUS, my King, thy kind and gracious sceptre (me:
Assuages every grief that burdens
When I with all my heart apply to thee, (preceptor;
Then thy peace-giving Spirit's my
Thy comforts so refresh and cheer my heart, (soon depart.
That fear and restlessness must

2. The gifts of Christ are so inestimable,
That all the world nought equal can afford:
What are the treasures which the worldlings hoard? (able,
To comfort weary souls they are not
But Jesus can and does abundantly; (He.
All earthly joys will fail, but never

3. How highly bless'd, how happy is the spirit,
Which, weary of self-working, inly mourns,
And unto him for aid and succour turns:
The humble every good from him inherit;

He to the troubled soul imparteth ease, (science peace.
Restoring to the wounded con-

4. That which the law could have imparted never, (grace;
Is then produc'd alone by Jesus'
This is the source of genuine holiness: (behaviour;
This changes and reforms our whole
From strength to strength, from grace to grace led on, (run.
We safe proceed, until our race is

5. O may I look to Christ without cessation; (from on high,
Come, visit me, thou Day-spring
That in thy light the light I may espy, (foundation;
On grace depending as my sole
Confirm my faith, grant that no fault in me (from thee.
May intercept the light that beams

6. Thou Source of love, I rest in thy embraces, (peace:
Thou art alone my everlasting
My only treasure is thy boundless grace; (thy mercies;
'Tis heaven on earth to live upon
And since in thee all happiness I find, (mind.
I seek nought else to satisfy my

C. F. Richter.

(387.) 332.* T. 115.

HOW great the bliss to be a sheep of Jesus, (staff:
And to be guided by his shepherd-
Earth's greatest honours, howsoe'er they please us,
Compar'd to this, are vain and empty chaff: (give.
Yea, what this world can never
May, thro' the Shepherd's grace, each needy sheep receive.

2. Here is a pasture, rich and never failing, (flow;
Here living waters in abundance
None can conceive the grace with them prevailing,
Who Jesus' shepherd-voice obey and know:
He banishes all fear and strife,
And leads them gently on to everlasting life.

3. Whoe'er would spend his days in lasting pleasure,
Must come to Christ, and join his flock with speed;
Here is a feast prepar'd, rich beyond measure,
The world meanwhile on empty husks must feed:
Those souls may share in every good
Whose Shepherd doth possess the treasuries of God.

J. J. Rambach.

(388.) 333.* T. 164.

O DAYS of solid happiness,
O antepast of heaven, (grace,
When, in the accepted time of
We know our sins forgiven:
Cleans'd in the precious flood
Of Christ's atoning blood,
Enjoying in our hearts by faith
The blessings purchas'd by his death.

2. The peace of God then fills the soul,
And heals the wounded spirit;
The broken heart is then made
By virtue of his merit: (whole,
Yea, his sweet looks of grace
Convey such happiness,
That we in his redeeming love
Anticipate the bliss above.

3. But why do tears, and grief, and care,
Sometimes allay our gladness,
And, tho' his favour still we share,
Awaken thoughts of sadness?
'Tis when to mind we call
The wormwood and the gall
Of our past state, as sinners lost,
And what a price our ransom cost.

4. When thus we contemplate the grace,
The love, and condescension
Of Christ to our apostate race,
Which pass all comprehension,
Low at his feet we bend;
Own him the sinners' friend,
Determin'd to know nought beside
Christ Jesus, and him crucified.

5. How pleasant is our lot, how good
And blest beyond expression;
For, having cleans'd us by his blood,
He bears us with compassion,
Applies his healing power
To us each day and hour;
Yea, we in him redemption have
In death itself and in the grave.

6. And this our joyful theme shall be,
When, call'd to see our Saviour,
We join the glorious company
Around his throne for ever;
Then we in highest strain
Shall praise the Lamb once slain.
Who hath redeem'd us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to (God.
Gregor.

(389.) 334.* T. 218.

HOW bless'd am I, most gracious Saviour,
Reposing on thy sacred love!
With grief o'erwhelm'd, I seek thy favour,
And thy reviving bounty prove:
The dismal clouds of night must vanish,
When joys divine my heart re- (plenish,
While I recline upon thy breast:
Ah, then I find on earth my heaven;
Such comforts to all those are given,
Who seek in thee their peace and rest.

2. If my sin's burden would oppress me,
Or legal thunders me affright, (me,
Or fear of death and hell distress
By faith to thee I take my flight:
In thee I always find protection
'Gainst Satan's darts and sin's infection, (place;
Thou art my shield and hiding-
Though foes assail in combination,
Who shall condemn? Lord, my salvation,
My confidence is in thy grace.

3. If thou thro' thorny paths wilt lead me,
I'll simply trust in thee, O Lord;
The clouds at thy command must feed me;
And rocks must drink to me afford:
In thy kind leadings acquiescing
I'm sure to meet with nought but blessing;
If I have thee, it doth suffice:
I know that souls, to bliss created,
Who shall to glory be translated,
Must humbled be before they rise.

4. Friend of my soul, O how contented
Am I, when leaning upon thee:
By sin I am no more tormented,
Since thou dost aid and comfort me:
O may the heart-reviving feeling

I have of thy most gracious dealing,
A foretaste yield of joys above:
I scorn, vain world, thy adulation,
For Jesus is my delectation,
And I'm an object of his love.

W. C. Dessler.

(390.) 335.* T. 582.

JESUS, thou hast reveal'd
Thyself to me by faith,
And to my heart made manifest
Thy wounds, thy blood and (death:
Thy name and cross alone
To me can comfort yield;
Since I thereby, as thy reward,
To God am reconcil'd.

2. My soul, before thee bow'd,
Is cheered by thy grace;
Now I no more need toil and strive
In search of happiness;
But am assur'd that thou
Hast all my sins forgiv'n,
And by thy painful death for me
Procured life and heaven.

3. Thou who didst love me first
Teach me to trust in thee
Unshaken, till I thee above
Shall praise eternally:
E'en here thou art my song;
Thy grace doth richly claim
That thy church militant on earth
Give glory to thy name.

4. Unfeigned thanks receive,
For thy unbounded grace,
From us, who in thy name believe,
And humbly seek thy face;
Lord, we are bound to thee,
Since thou our souls hast gain'd,
And for us by thy precious blood
Eternal bliss obtain'd.

5. The merits of thy death
Each day to us apply,
And grant that to the throne of grace
We boldly may draw nigh;
That mercy we may find
And help in time of need;
Thus shall we, by thy Spirit led,
From grace to grace proceed.

6. Thy cross and saving name
We freely will confess, (earth,
Thy gospel spread thro' all the
Make known thy righteousness;
To all mankind proclaim
The virtue of thy blood,
And cry in every sinner's ear,
"Behold the Lamb of God."

A. Grassman.

(391.) 336.* T. 11.

BLEST are they, supremely blest,
Who, of Jesus' grace possess'd,
Cleave to him by living faith,
Till they shall resign their breath.

2. One with Christ their Head they share
Happiness beyond compare;
Since on him their hopes they build,
He is their reward and shield.

3. Tho' all earthly joys be fled,
If in him they trust indeed,
He will be their constant friend,
And protect them to the end.

4. If to Jesus they appeal,
When their faith and courage fail,
He assures them of his love,
Doth their strength in weakness prove.

5. They who simply to him cleave,
From his fulness grace receive:
And throughout their mortal days
Their employment is his praise.

6. Jesus wipes away their tears,
And their drooping spirits cheers;
They in truth, with heart and voice,
Evermore in him rejoice.

J. G. Wolf.

(393.) 337. T. 590.

JESUS, whose hands once pierc'd with nails
Were stretch'd upon the wood,
Out of whose wounds in plenteous (streams
Flow'd the atoning blood;
How safely rests a weary child
Who keeps the Lord in view;
Let unbelief say what it will,
This is for ever true.

2. The more the Lamb of God we view,
The more we walk in light;
His gracious presence doth dispel
Sin's dark and dismal night:
The cheering beams, which Christ the Sun
Of righteousness displays,
Enkindle many a lifeless heart,
And love unfeigned raise.

3. Is there a thing that moves and (breaks
A heart as hard as stone,
That warms a heart as cold as ice;
'Tis Jesus' blood alone:
This precious balm can truly cheer,
And heal the wounded soul;
What multitudes of broken hearts
This stream of life makes whole.

4. Hark, O my soul, what sing the choirs
Around the glorious throne?
"The Lamb was slain," for ever-(more
Sounds in the sweetest tone;
The elders there cast down their (crowns,
And all, in endless day
Sing praise to him who shed his blood,
And wash'd their guilt away.

5. This, while on earth, we will (declare,
Cheerful in our degree,
That thro' Christ's all-atoning (blood
Each soul may happy be:
But thou, O Lord, make every day
Thy grace to us more sweet,
Till we behold thy pierced side,
And worship at thy feet.

Schlicht.

(394.) 338. T. 132.

OH, if the Lamb had not been (slain,
To save us from perdition,
And everlasting life to gain,
What had been our condition?
But since in him poor sinners find
A friend so faithful, true, and kind,
We cannot but be happy.

2. With all our errors and mistakes
He bears, and loves us dearly;
A contrite soul he ne'er forsakes,
That follows him sincerely:
When the whole heart to him is giv'n,
We have a foretaste here of heaven,
In fellowship with Jesus.

3. When we have fail'd and deeply (mourn,
That we the Spirit grieved,
And to our Lord for comfort turn,
We quickly are relieved: (shame,
Whene'er we say, with humble
"Lord Jesus, I have been to blame,"
He saith, "Thou art forgiven."

4. As pardon'd sinners we rejoice
With Jesus' congregation;
Above all other things we prize
His bitter death and passion;
His wounds, his tears and bloody sweat
We bear in mind, nor can forget
His unexampled mercy.

J. Cennick.

(395.) 339. T. 115.

O HAPPY days, days mark'd with solid blessing, (friend below!
In converse spent with our best

Then streams of heavenly comfort, rich, unceasing, (merits flow;
To us from Jesus' wounds and
Thus we for his appearance wait:
When we shall rest with him, our joy will be complete.

2. Meanwhile our lot is fall'n in pleasant places,
A goodly heritage we have indeed;
The Lamb to follow and show forth his praises, (to tread:
And in his footsteps with his flock
May we, by nothing drawn aside,
Maintain our part with him and with his chosen bride.

3. Accept us as we are, tho' poor and needy, (grace;
O Lord, and sanctify us by thy
That we, as vessels for thy use made ready, (place,
May glorify thy name in every
And care in true simplicity,
As thine espoused souls, for what belongs to thee.

4. How precious are thy thoughts, beloved Saviour,
Thy thoughts of peace o'er us, the sum how great! (favour,
Already here we in thy sight find
In thy sweet nearness heaven anticipate:
And oh, what bliss awaits us there,
Where we with the redeem'd shall in thy glory share.

5. But since the pure in heart alone inherit (sweet;
Those promises so precious and so
From all defilement of the flesh and spirit (service meet:
Cleanse us, and make us for thy
That we ourselves to thee may yield, (of us fulfill'd.
Till thy whole counsel be in each

(396.) 340. T. 594 or 184.

WHAT peace divine, unutterable,
When we with Christ our God converse! (able,
No angel's tongue to express is
What feels a sinner free from curse: (ing,
Such bliss to enjoy in all its mean-
Implies, our sinful hearts to know,
And, by the Holy Spirit's training,
Before the cross of Christ to bow.

2. From him true heavenly life deriving, (each stain,
With cleansing power from sin's
Partakers of his grace reviving,
Within us all is born again:
We hunger then for food celestial,
We thirst for life's exhaustless stream; (terrestrial,
And wean'd from love of things
We find in Christ our bliss supreme.

3. Thrice happy they, who by experience (death to life;
Have known this change from
Who look to him with faith and patience, (strife:
While pilgrims in this world of
His blood-bought grace and full salvation (low;
Their solace prove, while here be-
And, when complete their faith's probation,
To see his face with joy they go.

341. T. 14.

IF Christ is mine, then all is mine,
And more than angels know;
Both present things, and things to
And grace, and glory too. [come,

2. If he is mine, then though he
He never will forsake: [frown,

His chastisements all work for good,
And but his love bespeak.

3. If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
And all their power repel.

4. If he is mine, let friends for-
And earthly comforts flee, [sake,
He, the dispenser of all good,
Is more than all to me.

5. If he is mine, unharm'd I pass
Thro' death's tremendous vale,
He'll be my comfort and my stay,
When heart and flesh shall fail.

6. Let Christ assure me he is mine,
I nothing want beside;
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

Beddome.

(398.) 342. T. 14.

AMAZING grace, (how sweet the sound!)
That sav'd a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believ'd.

3. Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I am already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4. The Lord hath promis'd good to
His word my hope secures; (me,
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

5. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

J. Newton.

(399.) 343.* T. 97.

MY All in all, my faithful Friend,
Upon whose mercy I depend;
Than aught in earth or heaven more dear; (year;
My paschal Lamb from year to
My Shield, my Rock, my Polar-star, my Guide, (abide.
Thou art my God, and ever shalt

2. When doubts and fears a gloomy band,
Beset my soul on every hand;
When fails my strength, and reason's light
Appears immers'd in darkest night,
Thee, the great Counsellor, I still can trace, (and grace.
Unsearchable in wisdom, power,

3. Since thou to me didst being give,
And bid me for thy service live,
Mete thou my few remaining hours, (powers:
Thy staff support my failing
Inspire each thought and word, and let my race (face.
Be run in righteousness before thy

4. And should I longer journey here,
O grant me oft, the way to cheer,
To view from Calvary's sacred brow (Thou;
Fair Salem's towers, whose builder
That city, where thou dwell'st as Lamb and light: (affright.
Thus shall no danger my weak soul

5. When, all my labours o'er, in faith
Upon the merits of thy death,
I humbly claim the free reward,
Purchas'd by thee, my gracious Lord;
Ev'n then, thou know'st, my glory and my crown
Thou, Jesus, shalt abide, and thou alone.

Zinzendorf.

(401.) 344. T. 205.

HAPPINESS, delightful name,
Where may it be found, O where?
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,
All confess, It is not here:—
Jesus crucified to know,
This is happiness below;
Him to see, adore, and love,
This is happiness above.

(402.) 345.* T. 4.

DEAR Lord, when I trace
The offers of grace
Received from thee, (infancy:
Thy drawings of love from my first

2. I fall at thy feet;
Thy mercy's so great,
I'm lost in amaze:
Thy love and forbearance all thought far surpass.

3. I now wish to be
Devoted to thee
Who for me hast died (thee abide.
O grant I may serve thee, and in

Zinzendorf.

(403.) 346.* T. 33.

O REJOICE, Christ's happy sheep;
For your shepherd will for ever
You, his flock, in safety keep;
You are objects of his favour:
Only fast unto him cleave,
You he'll ne'er forsake nor leave.

XX. GRATITUDE FOR OUR SALVATION.

(404.) 347.* T. 119.

THANKS and praise, :‖:
Jesus, unto thee are due;
O accept our adoration
For the blessings, which accrue
From thy human life and passion:
May our hearts and lips with one accord
Praise thee, Lord. :‖:

2. For thy death :‖:
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God,
That our lives and whole demeanor
Praise thee, yea, each drop of blood
Be devoted to thy honour,
And our souls uninterruptedly
Cleave to thee. :‖:

Louisa v. Hayn.

3. O how great :‖:
Are the blessings we derive
From the fulness of our Saviour:
They who him by faith receive,
And desire to taste his favour,
From this source may freely take always
Grace for grace. :‖:

4. Ah remain, :‖:
Ah remain our highest good;

In our hearts, dear suffering Saviour,
Shed thy dying love abroad;
This will rule our whole behaviour;
And our love inflame, till we shall be, Lord, with thee.:||:

Tranecker.

(405.) 348.* T. 14.

O JESUS, for thy matchless love
Accept our warmest praise;
Since thou didst leave thy throne
To save a sinful race. (above,

2. Thanks for thy sufferings, tears, and cries,
And groans in thy distress:
The source of never-fading joys
And endless happiness.

3. Thanks for thy thirst, O Prince of peace,
When hanging on the tree:
What a divine refreshment this
To souls athirst for thee.

4. Thanks for thy last heart-pier-
And meritorious death: (cing cry,
Grant we may all on thee rely,
And live a life of faith. Z.

(406.) 349. T. 14.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song:
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

2. His love what angel's thought can reach?
What mortal's tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3. He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came on earth to bleed and die;
Was ever love like this?

4. Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

5. O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming
And join the sacred song. (name,

J. M. Steele.

(407.) 350. T. 167.

SING with humble hearts your praises
For our Saviour's boundless grace;
Pay due homage to Christ Jesus,
Come with thanks before his face:
Praise him for his death and bleed-
All our happiness lies there; (ing,
Praise him for his gracious leading,
Praise your faithful Shepherd's care.

2. Praise for every scene distressing,
Praise for all thou didst endure,
Praise for every gift and blessing
Which thy griefs for us procure:
In thy ransom'd congregation
Shall thy death our theme remain,
Till thou com'st with full salvation,
Lord of glory, Lamb once slain.

3. Thou, to purchase our salvation,
Didst assume humanity;
Jesus, for thy bitter passion
May we ever thankful be:
Fill'd with awe and humbly bowing,
At thy feet we prostrate fall,
Gratefully this truth avowing,
That thou art our All in all.

J. Miller.

(409.) 351. T. 185.

DEAREST Jesus, in this world a
How delightful 'tis to me (stranger,
To behold thee, lying in a manger,
In the deepest poverty:

How do I rejoice to see my Maker,
Of my human nature a partaker,
Urg'd by love, forsake his throne,
For my sins by death to atone.

2. He's my God, my flesh and bone, my Brother,
Born to suffer death for me ; (other,
He's my Saviour, I will know none
He my All in all shall be :
I confess with joy and exultation,
From his birth, his life, and bitter passion
All my hopes and joys arise ;
Him above all else I prize.

3. Oh, what comfort flows, as from
When I, by his Spirit led (a fountain,
To Gethsemane & Calvary's moun-
See my Saviour in my stead (tain,
Suffering, bleeding, on the cross expiring, (quiring ;
Life, and peace, and rest for me ac-
Then his merits are applied
To my heart: for me he died.

(412.) 352.* T. 590.

WHAT strikes, O wounded Lamb
My soul so sensibly ? (of God,
'Tis when I view the fervent love,
That brought thee down to die ;
And feel that from thy precious
So freely shed for me, (blood,
Flows all my happiness in time
And in eternity.

2. This grace, as long as life shall
I humbly will proclaim ; (last,
Ev'n I, a sinner void of good,
Who dust and ashes am :
'Tis deeply rooted in my heart,
Eras'd it ne'er shall be,
That by thy meritorious death
Thou hast redeemed me.

3. Thy mercy may I ne'er forget,
While here below I stay :
I'm lost in wonder and amaze,
When I thy goodness weigh,
That I, poor sinner, am become
A child of thine through grace,
And being thine, a joyful heir
Of ceaseless happiness.

4. With contrite tears I thee adore,
And thank for mercy free ;
I'll in my walk show forth thy praise
Ev'n in my small degree :—
If thou support me with thy aid,
As my most gracious Lord,
The imperfect service which I yield,
Will joy to thee afford.

5. Whenever my frail nature swerves
Beyond the proper bounds,
Thou know'st, O Lord, what pain it gives,
How grievously it wounds :
With eager haste I therefore flee,
And safely wish to hide
Within thy wounds, O Christ my (rock,
And in those clefts abide.

6. O thou who to redeem my soul
Didst on the cross expire,
Grant I may love thee in return :
Be this my fix'd desire,
Henceforth no more to cherish self,
But to thy praise to live
Who lovedst me, and out of love
Thyself for me didst give.

7. Thy sufferings then, and bitter
My heart shall e'er retain; (death,
And earnestly I'll shun thro' grace
Whatever gives thee pain :
For nothing now, which this vain
Can offer or devise, (world
Can yield me any further joy,
Nought but my ransom-price.

8. For ever then remain engrav'd
Deep in my heart's recess ;

Thee whom I wish in love in truth,
O may my mouth confess:
Grant that each sheep within thy fold
Thy mark impress'd may bear,
Until thou at the judgment-day
In glory shalt appear.

Anna Nitschmann.

(413.) 353.* T. 151.

BEHOLD, my soul, thy Saviour
Pours out his life and blood,
Thee to restore to favour,
And reconcile to God:
His death thy guilt erases,
His stripes give thee relief:
Rise then, and sing his praises
Who turns to joy thy grief.

2. How is my soul delighted,
Tho' shame o'erspreads my face,
When I, by faith excited,
The Lamb of God can trace
In all his bitter passion,
Till, dying on the tree,
He bore my condemnation,
And gained life for me.

3. I see him in the garden
Shed floods of bitter tears,
Sinking beneath the burden;
I hear his anxious prayers:
I see him pine and languish,
As on the ground he lay,
Till thro' his pores in anguish
The blood-sweat forc'd its way.

4. I fully am assured
My Saviour loveth me,
By all he hath endured
In his great agony: (rows,
His back plough'd deep with fur-
His side pierc'd with a spear,
And unexampled sorrows,
His boundless love declare.

5. My favourite theme is Jesus,
All else I count but loss;
His love all thought surpasses,
Ah, view him on the cross;
Thence hope and consolation
I freely can derive;
Were he not my salvation,
I could not bear to live.

6. Near Jesus' cross I tarry,
On him I fix mine eyes,
Behold him spent and weary,
A bleeding sacrifice:
In heaven of his glory
I shall obtain a sight,
But here his suffering beauty
Remains my chief delight.

7. What undeserved favour
To me has Jesus shown;
Might I recline for ever
Upon his breast like John:
'Tis my heart's inclination,
Like Mary oft to sit,
Until my consummation,
Lord, at thy pierced feet.

8. In my forlorn condition
Thou, Lord, didst me receive;
Thou savedst from perdition
My soul, and bad'st me live:
With inward spirit's ardour
I thank thee for thy grace;
Thyself this heavenly fervour
Of love to thee increase.

Praetorius, &c.

(414.) 354 * T. 146.

LORD Jesus, who for me
Hast endless bliss obtained,
And as thy property
My soul by blood regained;
Accept a weeping eye,
A warm and grateful heart;
Tho' a thank-offering poor,
Yet take it in good part.

2. Jesus, thy dying love,
And thy blood-bought salvation,
By day and night shall prove
My favourite meditation:
While I commune with thee,
As though before mine eyes
I saw thee bodily;
My faith this vivifies.

3. I look to Golgotha,
For me I view thee languish,
And melt like wax away
Before thy pain and anguish:
By faith I see God's wrath
In what on thee did fall,
The fountain too and bath
For my offences all.

4. Most gracious God and Lord,
Mankind's almighty Saviour,
Worthy to be ador'd
By all, both now and ever:
Those souls are bless'd indeed
Who thee embrace by faith,
As thou for us wast laid
Low in the dust of death.

5. In thee I trust by faith,
Jesus, my God and Saviour;
On thy atoning death
My soul shall feed for ever:
Thy sufferings shall remain
Deep on my heart impress'd,
Thou son of God and man,
Till I with thee shall rest. Z.

(416.) 355.* T. 146.

WE sinners, void of good,
Defil'd by sin and stained,
Yet bought with Jesus' blood,
Who our salvation gained,
As helpless, vile, and poor,
Appear before his face,
And humbly him adore
For our blest lot of grace.

2. When we thy mercy weigh,
How nails and scourges tore thee,
Our debt immense to pay,
We melt in tears before thee:
Thy pain, thy stripes, and wounds,
Thy death, thou slaughter'd Lamb,
Whence all our bliss redounds,
Our grateful praises claim.

3. Eternal thanks be thine,
Author of our salvation:
Thou didst our hearts incline
To accept thy invitation;
We are thy property,
O may we thine abide;
This is our only plea,
That thou for us hast died.

4. Might with an iron pen
This truth divine be graven,
For sinners Christ was slain,
To purchase life and heaven:
Unwearied we prolong,
And joyfully repeat
The blessed gospel-song;
"Tis ever new and sweet.

Abr. v. Gersdorf.

(418.) 356* T. 15.

THY blood, thy blood the deed
hath wrought,
That won me for thee, Saviour;
Else had I never on thee thought,
Nor come to thee for ever.

2. Tho' I'm a sinful creature still,
I have a full exemption (quell
From serving sin, since thou didst
Its power by thy redemption.

3. I feel how much in debt I am,
This makes me oft ashamed;
Yet as thy purchase, slaughter'd
I am through mercy claimed. (Lamb,

4. O let me thee behold in faith,
As thou for me wast wounded;

And trust in thy atoning death,
Whereon my bliss is grounded.

5. Thy mercy ne'er from me re-
But under thy direction (move,
Let me experience, while I live
On earth, thy kind protection.

6. May this each day be my em-
The fruits of thy blest passion (ploy,
Still more completely to enjoy,
And taste thy great salvation :—

7. Till I shall once behold thy face
In endless bliss and glory,
And for the wonders of thy grace
With humble thanks adore thee.

Abr. v. Gersdorf.

(420.) 357. T. 141.

LAMB of God beloved,
Once for sinners slain,
Thankful we remember
What thou didst sustain;
Nothing thee incited
But unbounded grace,
To bear condemnation
In the sinner's place.

2. I with sacred sorrow
View Mount Calvary;
But my soul rejoices
O'er thy death for me:
Since thou by thy passion
Didst for me atone,
Take me as an offering;
Thine I'll be alone.

3. In thy wounds, O Jesus,
I have found true peace;
Thou in all distresses
Art my hiding-place:
Unto thee I'll ever
Look with humble faith,
And rejoice, and glory
In thy wounds and death.

4. I unworthy sinner
Lie before thy throne;
Tho' I scarce am able
To express, I own,
All my wants, dear Saviour,
Yet thou know'st them well;
Now in me the counsel
Of thy love fulfil.

Cennick.

(421.) 358. T. 341.

'Tis done, my God hath died,
My love is crucified!
Break, this stony heart of mine;
Pour, my eyes, a ceaseless flood;
Feel, my soul, the pangs divine;
Catch, my heart, the issuing blood.

2. To love thee, Lord,—ah, this
Ev'n here is heavenly bliss:
With thy love my heart inspire,
There by faith for ever dwell;
This I always will desire,
Nothing but thy love to feel.

3. He bore the curse of all,
A spotless criminal:
Burden'd with our crimes and guilt,
Blacken'd with imputed sin,
Man to save, his blood he spilt;
Died, to make the sinner clean.

4. Join earth and heaven to bless
The Lord our righteousness;
Sinn'd we All and died in One,
Just in One we All are made;
Christ the law fulfill'd alone,
Died for all. for all obey'd.

5. In him complete I shine,
His death, his life is mine;
Fully am I justified;
Free from sin, and more than free;
Guiltless, since for me he died,
Righteous, since he rose for me.

6. Jesus, to thee I bow,
Approach thee humbly now:
O the depths of love divine!
Who thy wisdom's stores can tell?

Knowledge infinite is thine,
All thy ways unsearchable.

C. Wesley.

359. T. 14.

I LOVE the Lord! he lent an ear,
When I for help implor'd;
He rescu'd me from all my fear,
Therefore, I love the Lord.

2. Return, my soul, unto thy rest:
From God no longer roam;
His hand hath bountifully blest;
His goodness calls thee home.

3. What shall I render unto thee,
My Saviour in distress!
For all thy benefits to me,
So great and numberless!

4. This will I do, for thy love's sake,
And thus thy power proclaim:
Salvation's sacred cup I take,
And call upon thy name.

5. Thou God of covenanted grace!
Hear, and record my vow,
While in thy courts I seek thy face,
And at thine altar bow:—

6. Henceforth myself to thee I give,
With single heart and eye,
To walk before thee while I live,
And bless thee when I die.

J. Montgomery.

(423.) 360. T. 205.

LAMB of God, thy precious blood,
Healing wounds and bitter death,
Be our trust,—our only boast,
Blessed object of our faith:
Thy once marred countenance
Comfort to our hearts dispense;
By thy anguish, stripes, and pain,
May we life and strength obtain.

2. We adore—thee evermore,
Jesus, for thy boundless grace;
For thy cross,—whereby for us
Thou hast gain'd true happiness;
For thy death, which sets us free
From sin's cruel slavery;
For thy all-atoning blood, (God.
Which hath brought us nigh to

3. What can we—now give to thee,
For thy unexampled love?
We're unclean—and full of sin,
Till thou dost our guilt remove:
Is aught good in us, we own
'Tis not ours, but thine alone;
Unto us belongeth shame,
But all glory to thy name.

4. Thro' thy grace, may we always
Put our trust in thee by faith,
And rely—eternally
On thy meritorious death:
Fill our hearts with constant peace,
Till in thee we end our race,
And shall thee for evermore
'Midst the ransom'd hosts adore.

Countess Z. & Spangenberg.

(424.) 361. T. 159.

I'M overcome with humble shame,
And blushes fill my face,
When I behold the suffering Lamb,
And when my faith can trace
How Jesus paid my ransom price,
And gave himself a sacrifice;
My gracious Saviour, near to thee
I ever wish to be.

2. 'Tis then with happy John I view
His body mark'd with scars;
Like Mary I his feet bedew
With floods of sinner-tears:
I'm struck with this most charming sight,
The Lamb of God is my delight;
The glory of the Trinity
In him by faith I see.

3. Free from the noisy, busy crowd,
Here would I ever stay,

And live in union with my God,
With Jesus night and day;
Extolling his unbounded love,
Till to his presence I remove,
And there in higher notes of praise
My Hallelujahs raise.

Kendall H. B.

(425.) 362. T. 166.

WHAT praise unto the Lamb is due!
How should this theme our souls inspire,
When we his boundless love review,
And see him on the cross expire:
Who can describe how much he lov'd, (zeal,
Or paint that strong and fervent
With which his tender heart was mov'd, (hell.
When he sustain'd the pangs of

2. Beside him we will nothing know, (loss:
All things account for him but
Our hearts with love to him shall glow,
We'll glory only in his cross:
He is the hungry sinner's food,
His goodness we desire to taste;
When we enjoy his flesh and blood,
It proves to us a heavenly feast.

3. Thy wounds present to our faith's eye;
Their influence shed within our breast;
Lord, let no stranger with thee vie,
Let sin be wholly dispossess'd:
Free from the law's condemning power,
By grace alone we wish to live;
Grace must support us every hour,
Faith can alone the victory give.

Delamotte.

(426.) 363. T. 16.

SWEET the moment, rich in bless- (ing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possess- (ing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2. Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3. Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming from his languid eye.

4. Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

5. Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

6. May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go; (healing,
Prove his wounds each day more
And himself more fully know.

R. of Camb.

(430.) 364.* T. 185.

IF to me experience had not proved.
What surpasses human thought,
That my Saviour, by compassion moved,
With his blood my pardon bought,
I had spent my days in anxious grieving; (lieving
But, to him be praise, I now, be-
In my Lord, by faith receive (give.
Comfort, which the world can't

2. O what blessings are from Jesus'
And atoning death deriv'd; (passion
I refuse all other consolation,

If of these I am depriv'd: (dew me,
But no sooner doth his blood be-
And impart its healing virtue to me,
Than my soul, tho' sunk in grief,
Is restored, and finds relief.

3. When my Jesus from the cross complacent
Casts on me a look of love,
Grateful tears flow down my cheeks incessant,
All my soft affections move; (ed,
Could I, with a mind of earth divest-
By all worldly cares quite unmolested,
Be engag'd with him alone,
Then were heaven on earth begun

C. R. v. Z.

(432.) 365.* T. 205.

ALL the bliss—which we possess,
Is deriv'd from Jesus' cross;
He to God—hath by his blood
Reconcil'd and saved us:
Now his righteousness is found
Our salvation's only ground;
Hence all our felicity
Springs, here and eternally.

2. Amen, yea,—Hallelujah;
Lord, our comfort, joy, and peace,
By thy cross—thou gain'dst for us
Everlasting happiness:
Since the effects we richly prove
Of this wondrous act of love,
With what gratitude should we
Raise our hearts and eyes to thee.

Countess Z. and Gr.

(433.) 366. T. 14.

HOW can I view the slaughter'd Lamb,
And all his sufferings trace,
And not sink down with humble shame,
And give him thanks and praise.

2. This, Lord, I do with many tears,
And own, with wonder fill'd,
Thy stripes and shame, thy griefs and prayers
Made me thy pardon'd child.

3. Still be thy wounds to me more dear,
More precious every day:
Till I at thy pierc'd feet appear,
Dress'd in thy bright array.

J. Cennick.

(434.) 367.* T. 14.

THE impression of what Christ my friend
Hath done for worthless me,
When he his life and blood did spend,
Attend me constantly.

2. O may I humbly onward move,
While dying here I stay;
And Jesus, whom unseen I love,
Prepare me for his day.

C. R. v. Z.

368. T. 11

WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2. When in ecstacy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3. When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth and grace.

4. Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

J. Montgomery.

(436.) 369.* T. 79.

TIME'S undefin'd dimensions,
Eternity's expansions,
Have fill'd my soul with awe;
But nothing e'er so struck me,
As when God's Spirit took me
To that great sight on Golgotha.
C. R. v. Z.

(437.) 370.* T. 228.

SING Hallelujah, honour, praise;
Your grateful lauds to Jesus raise,
O favour'd congregation:
For he became a sacrifice,
And paid in blood our ransom-price,
Procuring our salvation;
Holy,—happy
Is our union—and communion
With our Saviour;
Blessed be his name for ever.
Darmstadt H. B.

2. O how enraptur'd is my heart,
That in my Jesus I have part;
He is my only treasure:
May I for evermore abide
A member of his chosen bride,
And live unto his pleasure:
Oh, I—have joy,
At the favour,—that my Saviour,
Here already,
Join'd me to the Church his body.
Z.

XXI. LOVE OF JESUS.

(439.) 371.* T. 97.

THOU Source of love, thou sinner's Friend,
Thy mercy who can comprehend?
Who ever can presume to say
He lov'd, ere thou hadst shown the way?
Thou who hast lov'd us from eternity,
Dost raise within us genuine love to thee.

2. Such unexampled, boundless grace
Doth fill our souls with deep amaze,
That God, who earth and heaven made,
Should be in human flesh array'd,
Thereby to save lost man from death and hell,
Who did so basely 'gainst his Lord rebel.

3. Thy love, which always is the same,
Can ev'n the coldest hearts inflame
Yea, they must feel a kindling ray,
Dissolve in tears and melt away:
Thy mercy, Lord, is such an endless store,
Man's reason here must silently adore.

4. However weak and helpless we,
However powerful sin may be,
Thou art our strength in every case;
Thro' thy support and aiding grace
We firmly trust that we shall conquerors prove,
Since thou dost give us victory from above.

5. Lo, we fall down with filial fear,
Conscious that thou art present here;
We humbly laud thy saving name,
We sink, abas'd with humble shame,

Almighty God, before thy glorious throne, (viour own.
And thee our only Lord and Sa-

6. Reach out thy sceptre, King of love,
Let us thy royal favour prove,
Who, conscious of our indigence,
Approach thy throne with confidence; (to glow,
O teach our lips to praise, our hearts
Our eyes with grateful tears to overflow. Countess Z.

(440.) 372.* T. 97.

WHOM, dear Redeemer, dost thou love? (prove?
What doth thy highest pleasure
Whom dost thou favour, cheer, and bless,
And call to endless happiness?
Thou, who art holy, great, unchangeable, (manuel?
The mighty God, yet our Im-

2. The answer humble thanks doth claim, (shame:
And fills our souls with conscious
"I love thee, sinner; come to me,
I will receive thee graciously;
Tho' thou be sinful, ready to despair, (glory share."
Thou shalt my pardon, help, and

3. What wonder in the soul takes place, (grace;
When we survey thy boundless
For ah! to know our evil heart,
And thy great name, and what thou art, (cious prove,
And yet to find thee still so gra-
This makes us sink abas'd with shame and love.

4. We all know who and what we are,
And all with one consent declare,
That in ourselves no good we find
To move thee, Lord, to be so kind:
Yet many here with inward rapture feel (seal.
Thy Spirit's unction and assuring

5. O ground us deeper still in thee,
And let us thy true followers be;
And when of thee we testify,
Fill thou our souls with heavenly joy: (inspire,
May thy bless'd Spirit all our souls
And set each cold and lifeless heart on fire.

6. Our souls and bodies, Lord, prepare, (bear;
That we rich fruit for thee may
Grant we may live unto thy praise,
And serve thy cause with faithfulness; (wish and aim,
Since grace and truth are our heart's
O glorify in us thy saving name. Countess Z.

(442.) 373.* T. 79.

GRACIOUS Redeemer, who for us
Didst die upon the shameful cross
To save our souls from death,
We humbly at thy feet fall down,
And thee thy body's Saviour own,
On whom we firmly trust by faith.

2. Weak, helpless babes, 'tis true, we are, (clear;
Poor sinners, but from guilt made
The virtue of that blood,
Which did for all our sins atone,
We have experienc'd, and have known (of God.
From thence the quickening power

3. We, deeply bow'd, can nought reply,
But at thy pierced feet we lie,
Astonish'd at thy grace,
That, vile and wretched as we are,

Such undeserved love we share ;
To thee is due eternal praise.

4. When we thy boundless love survey,
Our hearts like wax then melt away,
Our eyes with tears o'erflow ;
We are determin'd nought beside
To know, but Jesus crucified,
And him to follow here below.

A. Nitschman.

(443.) 374.* T. 79.

CHRIST, my Redeemer, Lord, and God,
How came I, sinner void of good,
To that bless'd company
Of ransom'd souls, who are in faith
United, grounded on thy death ?
Why didst thou fix thy choice on me ?

2. To thee, with guilt oppress'd, I cried :
My prayers were heard, my wants (supplied ;
My heart devoid of faith,
Unfeeling, dead in sins before,
Now quicken'd by thy mighty power,
Glows with love's ardour for thy (death.

3. Tho' I to mercy had no right,
Yet I found favour in thy sight,
Like Magdalen at thy feet ;
So that I now, supremely blest,
In thee have found true peace and rest,
Yea, happiness and joy complete.

C. R. v. Z.

(444.) 375.* T. 132.

THE Lord my Shepherd is and Guide,
Who kindly doth direct me ;
For all my wants he will provide,
From dangers will protect me :
He leads me to a pasture-ground,
Where for my soul rich food isfound,
The word of his salvation.

2. He guides my soul to living springs,
Where sweetly I'm refreshed ;
His Spirit joy and comfort brings
To me whene'er abashed :
He leads me in the blessed way
Of his commandments, day by day,
To his name's praise and glory.

3. A table for me he prepares,
My soul enjoys his favour ;
And, thus secur'd, no enemy dares
My God and me to sever ;
My heart his Holy Spirit cheers,
And changeth all my grief and fears
To joys unutterable.

4. His goodness and his mercies all
Will follow me for ever ;
And I'll maintain my proper call
To cleave to my dear Saviour,
And to his congregation here ;
And when call'd home, I shall live there
With Christ, my soul's Redeemer.

W. Mosel.

(445.) 376.* T. 36.

THY thoughts of peace o'er me, my gracious Saviour,
Thy mercy, love, and patience, which ne'er waver,
These are my comfort, prompt me to prostration,
And adoration.

2. I am the chief of sinners, yea, the poorest
Of those, whom of thy favour thou assurest ;
Yet blessings on all sides I see abounding,
My soul surrounding.

3. Hadst thou not sought me first
and follow'd ever, (thy favour;
I had not come to thee, nor known
When thou hadst found me, then
with arms of mercy
Thou didst embrace me.

4. I thank thee with sincerest heart's
affection, (election,
That thou, according to thy grace-
Hast brought me to thy blood-bought
congregation,
Seal'd my salvation.

Gregor.

(447.) 377. T. 89.

ONE there is above all others,
Who deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2. Which of all our friends, to save
us, (blood?
Could or would have shed his
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconcil'd in him to God:
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a friend in need.

3. When he liv'd on earth abased,
"Friend of sinners" was his name;
Now, to heavenly glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4. Could we bear from one another,
What he daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us, tho' we treat him thus;
Tho' for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

5. Oh, for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas, forget too often,
What a friend we have above:
But when home our souls are
brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

Newton.

(448.) 378. T. 14.

JESUS, thy love exceeds by far
The love of earthly friends;
Bestows whate'er the sinner needs,
Is firm, and never ends.

2. My blessed Saviour, is thy love
So bounteous, great, and free?
Behold I give my sinful heart,
My life, my all to thee.

3. No man of greater love can boast,
Than for his friend to die:
Thou for thy enemies wast slain;
What love with thine can vie?

4. Tho' in the very form of God,
With heavenly glory crown'd,
Thou wouldst partake of human
Beset with troubles round. [flesh.

5. And now, upon thy throne above,
Thy love is still as great:
Well thou remember'st Calvary,
Nor canst thy death forget.

6. O Lord, I'll treasure in my soul
The memory of thy love;
And thy dear name shall still to me
A grateful odour prove.

Watts.

(449.) 379. T. 90.

JESUS, Redeemer of mankind,
Sovereign Creator, Lord of all,
Since I in thee salvation find,
Before thy cross I humbly fall:
My Lord, my God, my soul's desire,
With sacred flames my heart in-
spire.

2. How couldst thou love such worms as we?
Why didst thou look upon our race?
Why didst thou die upon the tree?
What caus'd all this but boundless grace?
'Twas, dearest Lord, thy matchless love,
Which thee to save our souls did move.

3. O let thy pity thee constrain,
Pardon our sin, its power subdue;
May all of us be born again,
Thy image in us all renew:
Let on us shine thy cheering face;
Give us to know thy saving grace.

4. Be thou our strength, be thou our song;
Be our exceeding great reward:
Let every heart and every tongue
Rejoice and triumph in the Lord:
Jesus, our boast shall be of thee,
In time and in eternity.

(450.) 380. T. 14.

COME, Holy Ghost, inspire my
With thy immortal flame; (song
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue
The Saviour's lovely name.

2. The Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in this blissful sound;
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

3. Here pardon, life, and joy divine
In rich effusion flow
For guilty rebels, lost by sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

4. God's only Son, stupendous grace,
Forsook his throne above;
And swift to save our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.

5. The almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd with wondering eyes,
And hail'd the incarnate God.

6. O the rich depths of love divine;
Of bliss a boundless store:
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.

7. On thee alone my hope relies:
Beneath thy cross I fall,
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All.

Scottish Tabernacle.

(452.) 381. T. 90.

BEFORE the Father's awful throne
Our High-priest lifts his pierced (hands,
And interceding for his own
His purchas'd property demands;
His people's everlasting Friend,
Who, loving, loves them to the end.

2. By faith we claim him as our own,
Our kinsman, near allied in blood,
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,
The Son of man, the Son of God:
We to his mercy-seat draw nigh;
He never can himself deny.

(453.) 382.* T. 14.

THY mercies and thy faithfulness,
Dear Lord, are daily new,
But who can tell them to thy praise
Upon a close review?

2. Could I exalt thee worthily
For thy unbounded grace,
Display'd in various ways to me,
My lauds would never cease.

Gregor.

(454.) 383.* T. 590.

O Lord, accept my worthless heart,
And keep it ever thine;

Since thou for me, a sinful worm,
Hast shed thy blood divine,
Therewith to save my guilty soul
From endless pain and woe:
What dearest friend in all the world
Could equal kindness show?

A. Kessler.

(455.) 384.* T. 56.

THOU, O Jesus, :‖: art a gracious Lord,
Ever faithful, :‖: keeping to thy word;
None can be so full of grief,
But he soon may find relief
By the comfort :‖: thy kind looks afford.

Zinzendorf.

(456.) 385.* T. 37.

LORD, had I of thy love
Such an impression,
As to forget all else
In that fruition,
Still would my love fall short
Of thy great mercies;
Nor can eternity
Tell all thy praises.

Z.

(457.) 386. T. 151.

O LOVE, all love excelling,
From heaven to earth come down,
Come, fix in us thy dwelling,
Of all thy gifts the crown:
Lord, thou art all compassion,
Unbounded love thou art;
O grant us thy salvation,
Speak peace to every heart.

(458.) 387. T. 184.

HOW much we're lov'd by God our Saviour,
With warmest gratitude we trace;
His patience, mercy, pardon, favour,
Supported us throughout our race:
To him we trust for future blessing;
He'll lead us till our latest breath:
O may we all with love unceasing
Rejoice in him, our Lord, by faith.

XXII. LOVE TO JESUS.

(459.) 388.* T. 106 or 90.

THEE will I love, my strength and tower;
My soul with love to thee inspire:
Thee will I love with all my power;
Thou art alone my souls' desire:
Thee will I love, my King and God;
Shed in my heart thy love abroad.

2. Ah, why did I so late thee know,
Thou fairest of the sons of men?
Ah, why did I no sooner go
To thee who canst relieve my pain?
Asham'd I sigh and inly mourn,
That I so late to thee did turn.

3. In darkness willingly I stray'd;
I sought thee, yet from thee I rov'd;
For wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than thee I lov'd;
And now, if more, at length, I see,
'Tis thro' thy light, and comes from thee.

4. Give to my eyes repenting tears,
Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires;

That all my powers, with all their
  might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

J. Angelus.

(462.) 389.* T. 151.

JESUS, my highest treasure,
  In thy communion blest
I find unsullied pleasure,
  True happiness and rest:
Myself as an oblation
  I have to thee assign'd,
Because thou by thy passion
  Hast heal'd my sin-sick mind.

2. O joy, all joys exceeding!
  Thou Bread most heavenly,
When I on thee am feeding,
  Thou dost me satisfy
With marrow and with fatness,
  With comfort, joy, and peace,
And fill my heart with gladness,
  Assuaging my distress.

3. Let me perceive thy friendly,
  Thy cheering countenance;
Spread thro' my heart its kindly,
  Enlivening influence:
Without thee, gracious Saviour,
  To live is nought but pain;
To enjoy thy love and favour
  Is happiness and gain.

4. Earth's glory to inherit
  Is not what I desire;
My heavenly-minded spirit
  Glows with a nobler fire:
Where Christ himself appareth
  In brightest majesty,
For me a place prepareth,
  There, there I long to be.

S. Liscov.

(463.) 390.* T. 83.

JESUS is my light most fair;
He, the Father's well-beloved,
Left his throne, our griefs to share,
By eternal mercy moved:
He alone is my delight,
He hath overcome me quite.

2. Round his pierced feet I'll cling,
Him I seek with love most tender;
And accurs'd be everything, (der:
Which my seeking him would hin-
Tell me nought of worldly fame,
Tell me of his lovely name.

3. But himself I must behold,
To him I will make confession;
My defects are manifold,
But I trust to his compassion;
For I cannot, will not rest,
Till he grants me my request.

4. Thou in grace hast look'd on me,
And with precious gifts hast (blessed;
Yet content I cannot be,
Till I am of thee possessed:
Jesus, now upon me shine,
Jesus, be thou ever mine.

C. F. Richter, (ad.)

(464.) 391.* T. 39.

I'LL glory in nothing but only in
  Jesus, (to release us;
As wounded and bruised from sin
For he is my refuge, to him I'll
  cleave solely,
Thus can I, like Enoch, in this
  world live holy.

2. What tho' the world foameth
  and rageth with fury,
In nought but my crucified Jesus
  I'll glory:
Beside him, my Saviour, I'll know
  nothing ever;
From him neither trials nor death
  shall me sever.

3. My Jesus is always desirous to
  meet me, (greet me:
Abounding in love, and in mercy to

Above all I love him, for he is my
treasure; (with pleasure.
I humbly adore him and serve him

4. My heart's fix'd on Jesus whose
love is so tender; (render:
My life and my all unto him I sur-
He is and remaineth my soul's
meditation, (summation.
My faith's only object, till my con-

J. Angelus.

(465.) 392.* T. 83.

JESUS will I never leave,
He's the God of my salvation;
Through his merits I receive
Pardon, life, and consolation:
All the powers of my mind
To my Saviour be resign'd.

2. Nought on earth can satisfy
One desire which God inspireth;
Only Jesus can supply
All my needy heart requireth:
He all losses can retrieve,
Him I'll therefore never leave.

3. He is mine, and I am his,
Join'd with him in close commu-
And his bitter passion is (nion;
The foundation of this union:
Full of hopes which never yield,
Firm on him, my rock, I build.

4. O the happy hours I spend
With him in bless'd conversation;
He's my near and faithful friend,
Full of grace, peace, and salvation:
From the look at Jesus' wounds
Pure delight to me redounds.

5. With my Jesus I will stay,
He my soul preserves and feedeth;
He, the life, the truth, the way,
Me to living waters leadeth:
Blessed who can say with me,
Christ, I'll never part with thee.

C. Keymann.

(466.) 393.* T. 22.

DEAR Jesus, when I think on thee,
My heart for joy doth leap in me;
Thy blest remembrance yields de-
light,
But far more blest will be the sight.

2. When thou art near, I must con-
I feel a bliss I can't express: (fess,
Thy love, my Saviour, ne'er can
cloy, (joy.
Fountain of bliss and source of

3. Let me by faith behold thy face,
Still taste thy love and share thy
grace; (name,
Still let my tongue confess thy
And Jesus be my constant theme.

4. Thy love and mercies all exceed;
The more I on these dainties feed,
The more my eager soul is bent
To live but in this element.

Bernhardus.

5. Blest Jesus, what delicious fare,
How sweet thy entertainments are;
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

Watts.

(467.) 394.* T. 11.

DEAREST Jesus, come to me,
And abide eternally;
Friend of needy sinners, come,
Fill and make my heart thy home.

2. Oftentimes for thee I sigh,
Nothing else can give me joy;
This is still my cry to thee:
Dearest Jesus, come to me.

3. Should I in earth's pleasures roll,
None could satisfy my soul;
Thee, O Jesus, I adore,
Thou'rt my pleasure evermore.

4. Jesus, thee alone I call
My beloved Friend, my All;

Nothing, whatsoe'er it be,
Shall divide my heart with thee.
J. Angelus.

(468.) 395.* T. 15.

GRACIOUS Redeemer, thou hast (me
To come to thee invited;
Thy love, to love thee ardently,
Hath my cold heart excited.

2. Thy cross, thy shame, thy agony,
Thy wounds, and bitter passion,
Have wholly won my heart for thee,
And prompt my adoration.

3. The fire of love that burns within,
Is that divine impression,
That thou didst suffer for my sin,
And die for my transgression.
J. Angelus.

(469.) 396.* T. 97.

'TIS evident that Jesus loves,
His death for us this fully proves;
He lov'd the world, a sinful race,
He loves the church, his flock of (ev'n me,
grace,
He loves the children, yea, he loves
Who nought deserv'd but endless misery.

2. O may I in his love be blest,
Like John, reclining on his breast;
And oft, like humble Magdalen,
Adore the friend of sinful men,
With longing heart attending at (I meet.
his feet,
Till with a gracious look from him

3. I'll weep whene'er he's not to me
What the most cordial friend can be;
Do I not always feel him nigh,
And his reviving grace enjoy,
Do I not in his sweet communion (comfort give.
live,
Nought else to my poor soul can
Z.

(470.) 397.* T. 4.

WHEN duly I weigh,
How much day by day
Thee, Lord, I have tried,
My Friend ever faithful, who for
me hast died;—

2. I own the fault mine:
Thy patience divine,
Which clearly I trace,
With tears fills my eyes, with shame
covers my face.

3. As Mary ador'd
Her Master and Lord,
When her thou didst greet,
And prostrate before thee, embraced
thy feet;

4. As Thomas with awe,
Thy wounds when he saw,
His Saviour avow'd,
And cried with conviction, "My
Lord and my God;"—

5. As Peter replied,
His love being tried,
"My heart thou dost prove,
Lord, thou knowest all things, thou
know'st that I love;"—

6. So may I, each day,
A clearer display
Obtain of thy grace; (increase.
Thus my love, O Jesus, to thee will
Cammerhof.

(471.) 398.* T. 45.

WHAT splendid rays—of truth
and grace,
All other lights excelling,
I perceive, when Jesus Christ
Makes my heart his dwelling.

2. He blesseth me—so sensibly,
That spirit, soul, and body
Can in him my Saviour joy,
Tho' quite poor and needy.

3. His looks of grace insure always
To me my heavenly calling:
Am I weak, his hand preserves
Me, his child, from falling.

4. My prayer sincere—while absent here
From him, my soul's beloved,
Is, that my heart's confidence
In him be unmoved.

5. Could I with him—spend all my time,
In constant love's fruition,
Infinitely happy then
Would be my condition.

6. Whene'er I mourn—and humbly
For comfort to my Jesus, (turn
This already is a proof
That he's near and gracious.

7. They who have grace—our Saviour's face
To seek on each occasion,
Never fail to be refresh'd
With his consolation.

Gregor.

(472.) 399.* T. 167.

O COULD we but love that Sa-
Who loves us so ardently, (viour,
As we ought, our souls would ever
Full of joy and comfort be:
If we, by his love excited,
Could ourselves and all forget,
Then with Jesus Christ united,
We should heaven anticipate.

2. Did but Jesus' love and merit
Fill our hearts both night and day,
And the unction of his Spirit
All our thoughts and actions sway:
Might we all be ever ready
Cheerfully to testify,
How our spirit, soul, and body
Do in God our Saviour joy.

Z.

(473.) 400. T. 14.

TEN thousand talents once I ow'd,
And nothing had to pay;
But Jesus freed me from the load,
And wash'd my debt away.

2. Yet since the Lord forgave my sin,
And blotted out my score;
Much more indebted I have been,
Than e'er I was before.

3. My guilt is cancell'd quite, I know,
And satisfaction made;
But the vast debt of love I owe
Can never be repaid.

4. The love I owe for sin forgiv'n,
For power to believe,
For present peace, and promis'd heaven,
No angel can conceive.

5. That love of thine, thou sinners' Friend,
Witness thy bleeding heart,
My little all can ne'er extend
To pay a thousandth part.

6. Nay more, the poor returns I make
I first from thee obtain;
And 'tis of grace, that thou wilt take
Such poor returns again.

7. 'Tis well—it shall my glory be,
(Let who will boast their store,)
In time and in eternity
To owe thee more and more.

Newton.

(474.) 401. T. 11.

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2. "I deliver'd thee, when bound,
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3. "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yea, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4. "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5. "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done,
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6. Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore,
O for grace to love thee more.

Cowper.

(475.) 402. T. 14.

TEACH me yet more of thy blest ways,
Thou slaughter'd Lamb of God;
And fix and root me in the grace,
So dearly bought with blood.

2. O tell me often of each wound,
Of every grief and pain;
And let my heart with joy confess,
From hence comes all my gain.

3. For thee, O may I freely count
Whate'er I have but loss;
And every name, and every thing,
Compar'd with thee, but dross.

4. Engrave this deeply in my heart,
That thou for me wast slain;
Then shall I, in my small degree,
Return thy love again.

5. But who can pay that mighty debt,
Or equal love like thine?
My heart, by nature cold and dead,
To thankfulness incline.

J. Hutton.

XXIII. BROTHERLY LOVE, AND UNION OF SPIRIT.

(479. 403. T. 11.

THEY who Jesus' followers are,
And enjoy his faithful care,
By a mutual, hearty love,
Their belief in Jesus prove.

2. From their being join'd in one,
By the faith of God's dear Son,
Boundless blessings they receive,
And to Christ desire to live.

3. None in his own wisdom trusts,
None of his attainments boasts;
Each his brother doth esteem,
And himself the meanest deem.

4. They're delighted, when they all
With one voice on Jesus call;
And when fitly, without strife,
Each his duty doth in life.

5. Meek they are to all mankind,
To good offices inclin'd,
Ready, when revil'd, to bless,
Studious of the public peace.

6. Tender pity, love sincere
To their enemies they bear;
And, as Christ affords them light,
Order all their steps aright.

7. Jesus, all our souls inspire,
Fill us with love's sacred fire;
Thus will all in us perceive,
That we in thy name believe.

8. May it to the world appear,
That we thy disciples are,

By our loving mutually,
By our being one in thee.

J. Gambold.

(480.) 404. T. 22.

BEHOLD us, Lord, rough stones we are,
Yet for thy building us prepare;
Reject not one of us, we pray,
Thy Spirit's voice may all obey.

2. O may thy flock still more increase
In mutual love and perfect peace;
In harmony with fervent zeal
Serve thee, and do thy holy will.

3. Lord, grant us a forgiving mind,
To patience and to peace inclin'd,
That we may with each other bear;
To cherish love be all our care.

4. Tender compassion may we show,
Share in each other's weal and woe,
Rejoice with those that do rejoice,
And with the weeping sympathize.

5. At all times may we ready be,
Yea, even in deep poverty,
The wants of others to relieve,
And soothe and comfort them that grieve.

6. And be it our concern to seek
In nothing to offend the weak,
To bear with their infirmities,
And others, not ourselves to please.

7. Grant us in meekness to reclaim,
Those who have been in aught to blame,
Mindful that we, as well as they,
Are liable from thee to stray.

8. May we, tho' gifts be manifold,
As members of one body, hold
One doctrine, and be ever led
By thee, our Master, Lord, and Head.

9. O make us quite conform'd to thee,
And grant us true humility;
May we, supported by thy grace,
With patience run our destin'd race.

W. Foster.

(481.) 405. T. 14.

O LET thy love our hearts constrain,
Jesus, thou God of love;
The bond of peace let us maintain;
All discord far remove.

2. Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts
Write thou indelibly thy law;
Let love pervade our hearts.

3. Who would not now pursue the way,
Where Jesus' footsteps shine;
Who would not own the pleasing sway
Of charity divine?

4. United firmly by thy grace,
We shall thy followers prove;
The frowning world must then confess;
"See how these Christians love."

Wesley.

(482.) 406. T. 11.

CHERISH us with kindest care,
Jesus, we thy brethren are,
Of thy flesh and of thy bone;
To the end, O love thine own.

2. As our Head us move and guide,
Divers gifts to each divide:
Plac'd according to thy will,
Let us all thy mind fulfil.

3. Sweetly may we all agree,
Useful to each other be;
Each the other's burden bear,
In his weal and woe take share.

4. If one member honour'd be,
All rejoice most heartily;

If one suffer, all a part
Bear with sympathizing heart.

5. Closely join'd to thee, our Head,
Nourished by thee and fed,
Let us daily growth receive,
And with thee in union live.

407. T. 14.

BLEST Saviour, on my soul im-
The image of thy mind, (press
To bear my brother's waywardness,
Long suffer, and be kind.

2. 'Tis hard the worldling's scoff
to meet,
And that from day to day,
To mark the scorner in his seat,
And be the drunkard's lay.

3. More hard to bear the look un-
kind,
The word that causeth pain,
Where nature's closest ties should
And love alone obtain. (bind,

4. Most hard, when brethren in the
By selfish passions borne, (Lord,
Aid the rude world, by glance or
word,
To wreathe the crown of thorn.

5. Yet when I think what patient
My Lord extends to me, (care
Shall I not with my brother bear,
And that right lovingly?

6. O yes—what wrong to me is
By brother, friend, or foe, (done,
I leave it in thine hand alone,
And 'neath thine hand lie low.

J. A. Latrobe.

(483.) 408. T. 11.

JESUS, we look up to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Thou who art the Prince of peace,
Bid contention ever cease.

2. By thy reconciling love
Every stumbling block remove;
Lord, us all in thee unite,
To enjoy thy saving light.

3. Make us all one heart and mind,
Courteous, merciful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
As thou wast on earth, O Lord.

4. Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
In our conduct patterns be
Of unfeign'd humility.

(485.) 409.* T. 167.

FLOCK of Jesus, be united,
Covenant with him anew;
By his love divine excited,
Praise and serve him as 'tis due:
O that nothing whatsoever
May relax this blessed tie;
In thy love, most gracious Saviour,
Grant us all stability.

2. With love's ardour to be fired,
Let us with each other vie;
So that, should it be required,
For the brethren we could die:
O what boundless love did Jesus
To his enemies display!
May his holy pattern teach us,
How love ought to bear the sway.

3. O that we, his steps to follow,
'Midst affliction, scorn, and spite,
And his sacred name to haliow,
Did each other more excite:
Every one stir up his brother
To keep Jesus still in view,
Thus encouraging each other
His example to pursue.

4. Then the souls he joined together
Will, according to his prayer,
Be accepted of his Father,
And his kind protection share:

As thou art with him united,
Lord, may we be one in thee,
And, by genuine love excited,
Serve each other willingly. Z.

(486.) 410.* T. 167.

GRANT, Lord, that with thy directions;
"Love each other," we comply,
Aiming with unfeigned affection
Thy love to exemplify:
Let our mutual love be glowing;
Thus will all men plainly see,
That we, as on one stem growing,
Living branches are in thee.

2. O that such may be our union,
As thine with the Father is,
And not one of our communion
E'er forsake the path of bliss:
May our light 'fore men with brightness,
From thy light reflected, shine;
Thus the world will bear us witness,
That we, Lord, are truly thine.
Z.

(488.) 411.* T. 14.

HOW pleasant is love's harmony,
When brethren truly dwell
Together in heart's unity,
And cordial friendship feel.

2. Lord Jesus, in that very night,
Ere thou didst bleed and die,
Thou didst with thy disciples urge
Love's ever-sacred tie.

3. Remind thy little flock, too apt
Among themselves to jar,
That all thy members' unity
Was e'en thy dying care.

4. May we this testament fulfil,
One mind and spirit be,
And love with unremitting zeal
Each other fervently. Z.

412. T. 14.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word!

2. When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;

3. When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can a brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love;

4. When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet, and fond esteem,
In every action glows.

5. Love is the golden chain, that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His spirit fill'd with love.
Swaine.

413. T. 582.

BLEST is the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2. Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3. We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4. From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

Fawcett.

(491.) 414.* T. 165.

JESUS, grant me to inherit,
Strengthen'd by thy aiding grace,
Thro' the guidance of thy Spirit,
All the fruits of righteousness:
Grant me true humility,
Faith and zeal to live for thee;
To mankind O make me gracious,
To my friends and foes propitious.

2. Give me grace in all conditions
Firmly to adhere to thee;
And, 'midst all the exhibitions
Of thy boundless love to me,
To let my poor neighbour share
In my plenty and my prayer:
By thy love to me imparted
Make me always tender-hearted.

3. In the lonely house of mourning,
Thro' the weeping family, (ing,
Comfort, medicine, meat, and cloth-
May I minister to thee:
May I calm the orphan's cry,
Make the widow sing for joy,
And the captive's moan distressing
Raise to songs of praise and blessing.

(492.) 415. T. 39.

WHAT brought us together, what joined our hearts?
The pardon which Jesus, our High-priest, imparts:
'Tis this which cements the disciples of Christ,
Who are into one by the Spirit baptiz'd.

2. Is this our high calling, harmonious to dwell, (praises to tell,
And thus in sweet concert Christ's
In peace and blest union our moments to spend,
And live in communion with Christ as our friend?—

3. O yes, having found in the Lord our delight, (by night;
He is our chief object by day and
This knits us together, no longer we roam, (is our home.
We all have one Father, and heaven

(493.) 416. T. 159.

WHEN brethren dwell in unity
In Jesus' ransom'd fold,
Join'd by love's ever sacred tie,
'Tis pleasant to behold: (scends,
Like dew his grace on them de-
Yea, his rich blessing he commands
Upon their going out to rest;
Their coming in is blest.

2. We tread on consecrated ground,
For 'tis his own abode,
The sparrow here a nest hath found,
Thine altars, O Lord God:
Blest they who to his courts repair,
To seek him in his house of prayer;
To such he will himself reveal,
His praises they shall tell.

(494.) 417. T. 159.

WE in one covenant are join'd,
And one in Jesus are; (bin'd
With voices and with hearts com-
His praise we will declare:
In doctrine and in practice one,
We'll love and serve the Lord alone;
With one accord sound forth his
Till we shall see his face. (praise,

J. Swertner.

XXIV. FOLLOWING JESUS, AND BEARING HIS REPROACH.

(495.) 418.* T. 230.

JESUS, Lord most great and glorious,
Reward and crown of the victorious,
Restorer of lost paradise;
We appear with supplication,
Before thee, God of our salvation,
And send to thee our fervent cries:
O Lord our righteousness,
'Tis thy delight to bless;
We desire it,
Come then, for we—belong to thee,
And bless us inexpressibly.

2. Blessed are the poor in spirit,
They shall the realm of heaven inherit,
Free grace is theirs and endless bliss;
While all those who place reliance
On their own works, and bid defiance
To grace, will of salvation miss:
O may we all of thee
Learn true humility,
Lowly Jesus;
May we despise—all earthly joys
For thee the pearl of greatest price.

3. They that mourn, blest is their station,
They find abundant consolation,
Since Jesus first that path did tread;
He prevailed while he suffer'd,
And now to us that cup is offer'd,
By which himself was perfected:
We cannot hope for joy
On earth without alloy,
Here is weeping;
At the Lamb's feast—is perfect rest,
This is a vale of tears at best.

4. Blessed are the meek in spirit,
They shall, saith Christ, the earth inherit; (here;
Their life is hid with him while
Yet as heirs of Christ's salvation,
In heaven they have their conversation, (there:
Their treasure and their hearts are
And as the Lamb of God
Life's path with meekness trod,
His disciples
His steps pursue,—and as 'tis due
Show in their conduct meekness too.

5. Blessed, who without cessation
Hunger and thirst for that salvation,
Which flows from Christ's pure righteousness;
They are fill'd and satisfied,
With richest dainties are supplied.
Who long and pant for saving grace:
Christ's body and his blood
Prove their life-giving food;
Thereby nourish'd, (bear
From year to year—they thrive and
Fruits that to him well-pleasing are.

6. All the merciful are blessed;
For they, when in their turn distressed,
Shall mercy find most certainly:
Water to the poor afforded
Is as an act of love recorded,
And is rewarded generously:
Who to the indigent
Doth prove beneficent,
He is blessed; (same,
But woe to them—who scorn the
For God remembers not their name.

7. All the pure in heart are blessed;
Of joys unspeakable possessed.

They shall behold their God in peace:
They who faithful have remained
To Jesus, and preserv'd unstained
The garment of his righteousness,
Shall once obtain the grace,
To see him face to face:
I entreat thee,
Impart to me—that purity,
Dear Jesus, which I trace in thee.

8. They are blessed with God's favour,
Who peace unceasingly endeavour
Among their neighbours to secure:
As his children them he owneth;
He with success their labour crowneth,
And their reward of grace is sure:
Love is the character
Of each true follower
Of our Saviour:
May he through grace—make us always
Intent upon promoting peace.

9. Blest are they who gladly suffer
For righteousness, and freely offer
Their lives and blood for Jesus' sake;
Yea, who bear the cross with meekness,
Resign'd and patient in all weakness,
And him their only pattern make:
For Jesus' help and love
Their consolation prove:
They who freely
For him will bear—reproach, while here,
At last shall in his glory share.

10. Blessed they who are despised,
In scornful manner stigmatized,
And for their Saviour's sake defam'd:
As the bride deems it an honour
To take the bridegroom's name upon her,
Should we of Jesus be asham'd?
Far, far be this from us;
Welcome, reproach and cross:
We are Christians,
Who follow thee—Lord, cheerfully
Thro' honour and thro' infamy.

11. Gracious Lord, who by thy passion
And death hast gained our salvation,
O may we all thy name confess:
May we be by faith united
To thee, who hast us all invited,
To share eternal happiness:
Constrain us by thy love,
In all we do to prove
Faithful followers,
Dear Lord, of thee;—and grant that we
May ever love thee ardently.

Z. in part.

(496.) 419.* T. 11.

HOLY Lamb and Prince of peace,
Hear my soul implore thy grace;
Grant that my behaviour may
Meekness, such as thine, display.

2. O that I may faithfully
To thy voice obedient be;
Valiant, steadfast, may my love
In the hardest trials prove.

3. Keep thou me, a feeble child,
Sober, watchful, undefil'd;
That where'er thy steps I see
Simply I may follow thee.

4. Thou the great victorious Lamb,
Who all hosts of hell o'ercame,
Grant that by thy blood I may
Conqueror be till thy great day.

5. When thou shalt on Zion stand,
May I be at thy right hand,
Clothed in the glorious dress
Of thy spotless righteousness.

C. F. Richter.

420. T. 22.

HOW shall I follow him I serve?
How shall I copy him I love?
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to his seat above?

2. Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,
Are these the consecrated road?

3. 'Twas thus he suffer'd, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
Until the perfect work was done;
And drank the bitter cup of gall.

4. Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary, (thine.
Nor heed my griefs, remembering

5. O let me think how thou didst (leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve, (night:
The toilsome day, the homeless

6. To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest not thyself to please;
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love thee more than these?

Conder.

421. T. 11.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King!
As ye journey, sweetly sing!
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways!

2. We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3. Foes are round us, but we stand
On the borders of our land:
Jesus, God's exalted Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.

4. Onward then we gladly press
Through this earthly wilderness:
Only, Lord, our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

Cennick.

(498.) 422. T. 587.

O TELL me no more
Of this world's vain store;
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er.

2. A country I've found,
Where true joys abound;
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

3. The souls that believe,
In paradise live: (receive.
And me in that number will Jesus

4. My soul, don't delay,
He calls thee away:
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

5. No mortal doth know
What he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort; Go, follow him, go.

6. Perhaps, with the aim
To honour his name,
I may do some service, poor dust tho' I am.

7. Yet this is confess'd,
I count it mest bless'd,
As at the beginning, in him to find rest.

8. And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

9. So closely in mind
To Jesus I'm join'd,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.

10. Lo, this is the race
I'm running thro' grace
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

J. Gambold.

(499.) 423.* T. 26 or 22.

LORD Jesus, 'tis with us thy aim,
That soul and body should be thine;
O take our hearts, and us incline
To be devoted to thy name.

2. What love can be compar'd with thine?
Who hath to us so just a claim
As thou, who didst our souls redeem,
And for us leave thy throne divine?

3. Go, all ye wise, without control
Your empty notions still pursue;
Jesus alone I have in view, (soul.
This powerful magnet draws my

4. A subject I of Christ my King;
And tho' I poor and helpless be,
Yet all around shall plainly see,
My Saviour is my every thing.

5. Thee I adore, most gracious Lord;
Grant that my walk in truth may
At all times pleasing unto thee, (be
Directed by thy holy Word.

6. My King, thy noble statutes write
Upon the table of my heart;
Thy grace and truth to me impart,
And let thy law be my delight.

Z.

(500.) 424.* T. 83.

JESUS Christ, thou Leading-star,
Thy great name we praise and
From believers be it far (hallow:
Any other guide to follow:
Thou, Lord, if we walk in light,
Wilt direct our steps aright.

2. Christians are not here below
To enjoy earth's transient treasure;
After Christ they're call'd to go,
His reproach they count a pleasure;
Under manifold distress,
Thro' the narrow gate they press.

Z.

(502.) 425. T. 22.

IF father, mother, children, wife,
Houses, or lands, or aught in life
Delude thy heart, and thou no
Dost follow Jesus as before; (more

2. His words with due attention hear:
"My cross whoever will not bear,
And all forsake to follow me,
He cannot my disciple be."

3. First let us duly count the cost,
And then in Jesus place our trust;
If we on him alone depend,
He 'midst all trials proves our friend.

4. If once the plough in hand we take, (back;
Preserve us, Lord, from looking
O let us thro' thy aiding grace,
Pursue our course with steadiness.

5. On those who faithful prove to death, (faith,
And show by works of love their
A crown of life thou once wilt place,
Before thy Father them confess.

W. Foster.

426. T. 14.

WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas! what numbers do!)

Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

2. O Lord, with such a heart as
Unless thou hold me fast, (mine,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3. Yet thou alone hast power, I
To save a wretch like me: (know,
To whom, or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee?

4. Beyond a doubt, I rest assur'd
Thou art the Christ of God,
Who hast eternal life secur'd
By promise and by blood.

5. The help of men and angels join'd
Could never reach my case;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.

6. No voice but thine can give me
And bid my fears depart: (rest,
No love but thine can make me
And satisfy my heart. (blest,

7. What anguish has that question
If I will also go? (stirr'd,
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer, No.

J. Newton.

(503.) 427.* T. 90.

"My yoke," saith Christ, "upon you take,
Serve me amidst oppression;
The world and all its joys forsake,
And shun no tribulation:
Come follow me, and humbly bear
My cross, & in my suffering share."

2. Then let us follow Christ our
Both soul and body offering, (Lord,
Be cheerfully, with one accord,
Partakers of his suffering;
For they who show true faithfulness,
Shall gain a rich reward of grace.

J. Angelus.

428. T. 167.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despis'd, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my All shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hop'd, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

2. Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts & looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain:
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favour loss is gain;
Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring the sweeter rest.

4. Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

5. Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;

Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there;
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days:
Hope shall change to full fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
Lyte.

(505.) 429.* T. 16.

CROSS, reproach, and tribulation,
Ye to me are welcome guests,
When I have this consolation,
That my soul in Jesus rests.

2. The reproach of Christ is glorious;
Those who here his burden bear,
In the end shall prove victorious,
And eternal glory share.

3. Christ, our ever-blessed Saviour,
Bore for us reproach and shame,
Conqueror now he lives for ever,
And we conquer in his name.

4. Bear then the reproach of Jesus,
Ye who live a life of faith;
Sing ye joyful songs and praises,
Ev'n in martyrdom and death.

5. Bonds, and stripes, and tribulation,
Are our honourable crowns;
Shame is our glorification,
Gloomy dungeons are our thrones.
Lange, or Gotter.

(506.) 430. T. 22.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A sinful worm asham'd of thee?
Forbid it, Lord; thee I confess,
Before both friends and enemies.

2. Asham'd of Jesus, of my God,
Who purchas'd me with his own blood,
Of him who to retrieve my loss,
Despis'd the shame, endur'd the cross?

3. Asham'd of Jesus, of that Friend
On whom my heavenly hopes depend?
It must not be;—be this my shame,
That I not more revere his name.

4. Asham'd of Jesus, of my Lord,
By all heaven's glorious hosts ador'd?
No, I will make my boast of thee,
In time and in eternity.

5. And when I stand before thy throne,
Me 'fore thy heavenly Father own;
Then shall the holy angels see
Thee, Jesus, not asham'd of me.
Countess Huntingdon's H.

(507.) 431.* T. 14.

GLORY to God, whose witness-train.
Those heroes bold in faith,
Could smile on poverty and pain,
And triumph ev'n in death.

2. Scorn'd and revil'd as was their Head,
When walking here below,
Thus in this evil world they led
A life of pain and woe.

3. With the same faith our bosom glows,
Wherein those warriors stood,
When in the cruel hands of those
Who thirsted for their blood.

4. God whom we serve, our God can save,
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, or smooth a wave,
For such as fear his name.

5. Yea, should it ev'n to man appear
At times, as tho' our Lord
Forsook his chosen people here,
At last he'll help afford.

6. If but his arm support us still,
Is but his joy our strength,
We shall ascend the rugged hill,
And conquerors prove at length.

(510.) 432.* T. 56.

BLESSED Jesus, :‖: all our hearts incline (steps shine;
Thee to follow :‖: where thy foot-
At all times and everywhere
May our words and actions bear
A resemblance, :‖: gracious Lord, to thine.

v. Pfeil.

(513.) 433.* T. 164.

HOW great at last my joy will be,
If I have faithful proved
To Christ, and 'midst adversity
Till my last breath him loved:
They who reproach here bear,
In heaven a crown shall wear;
Who follow Christ are truly blest,
For they with him shall ever rest.

v. Bonnin.

(514.) 434. T. 159.

We covenant with hand and heart,
To follow Christ, our Lord;
With world, and sin, and self to part,
And to obey his word:
To love each other heartily,
In truth and in sincerity,
And under cross, reproach and shame,
To glorify his name.

(515.) 435. T. 155.

AMEN, Ruler of thy Church,
Grant, we pray, this our petition:
In submission
To thy will, with steady pace,
In thy ways
To proceed: if thou attend us,
Cross and shame shall not offend us;
Thee we boldly will confess.

Z.

XXV. SELF-KNOWLEDGE, AND SIGHING FOR GRACE.

(516.) 436. T. 37.

THEY that are whole need not
The good Physician;
But they who know and feel
Their lost condition,
Bewail their wretched state,
To Christ appealing,
Experience of his stripes
The virtue healing.

2. We know, that in our flesh
No good thing dwelleth;
But with ne'er failing skill
Our wounds he healeth:
Thus spirit, body, soul,
Tho' poor and needy,
Can to rejoice in him
Be ever ready.

(518.) 437.* T. 22.

MY soul before thee prostrate lies,
To thee, its source, my spirit flies;
O turn to me thy cheering face;
I'm poor, enrich me with thy grace.

2. Deeply convinc'd of sin, I cry,
In thy death, Saviour, let me die:
O may the world, may self and pride
In me henceforth be crucified.

3. Take full possession of my heart,
To me thy lowly mind impart;

Break nature's bonds, and let me see,
He whom thou free'st, indeed is free.

4. My heart in thee and in thy ways
Delights, yet from thy presence strays;
O keep, I pray, my wavering mind
Stay'd upon thee, to thee resign'd.

5. I know that nought in me avails,
Here all my strength and wisdom fails;
Who bids a sinful heart be clean?
Thou only, Saviour of lost men.

6. Still will I wait, O Lord, on thee,
Till in thy light the light I see;
Till thou in my behalf appear,
To banish every doubt and fear.

7. All my own schemes, each fond design,
I to thy better will resign;
Impress this deeply on my breast,
That I in thee am truly blest.

8. Then ev'n in storms I thee shall know,
My sure support and refuge too;
In every trial I shall prove,
Assuredly, that God is love.

C. F. Richter.

(520.) 438.* T. 141.

I AM a poor sinner,
This I surely know;
And if my dear Saviour
Did not love me so,
As ne'er to forsake me,
Worthless tho' I be,
He ere now his mercy
Had withdrawn from me.

2. Grace and a sensation
Of my sinfulness,
Keep on each occasion
In me equal pace:
While I own ashamed,
I deserved wrath;
I rejoice, reclaimed
From sin's power, by faith.

3. Jesus, when thy blessings
Fill my needy heart,
Fear and anxious doubtings
Then from me depart;
I, in thy atonement,
My election trace,
And rejoice, astonish'd
At my lot of grace.

4. Witness true and faithful,
Christ, the Church's Head,
All is Yea and Amen
Thou hast promised:
As I am, so take me
With my worst and best;
Ever thine preserve me
Till with thee I rest.

5. While we thy past dealings
Gratefully review,
We're assur'd, thy mercies
Are each morning new;
And that thou wilt freely
Give thy promis'd grace,
And amidst our weakness
Form us to thy praise.

Zinzendorf

(521.) 439.* T. 141.

JESUS' love unbounded
None can e'er explain;
Yet, alas, how often
Do we cause him pain:
Even those still grieve him,
Who enjoy his grace,
And, to him devoted,
Should show forth his praise.

2. Lord, thy body's Saviour,
Comfort us anew;
Ah, regard our weeping;
Thy compassion show:

Pardon our transgressions,
Hear our fervent cry,
And our souls and bodies
Heal and sanctify.

3. All our days, O Jesus,
Hallow unto thee;
May our conversation
To thy honour be:
Let us all experience
To the end of days,
Thy reviving presence
'Midst thy chosen race.

Zinzendorf.

(522.) 440.* T. 30.

O MY God, I come oppress'd with sadness, (gladness,
Fill my troubled soul with joy and
In thy salvation; (lation.
No where else I find true conso-

2. Faithfully thy Spirit me directed,
But his warnings I have oft neg-
Most gracious Saviour, (lected;
Pardon and restore me to thy favour.

3. I confess, O Lord, with deep contrition, (tion;
My unfaithfulness, hear my peti-
Comfort and bless me, (refresh me.
With thy gracious presence now

4. O baptize me with thy fire and Spirit; (merit
Grant me from the fulness of thy
True heart's compunction, (tion.
Primitive love, simplicity, and unc-

5. Give me grace to walk with circumspection; (infection,
Keep me from the world's and sin's
That my behaviour (Saviour.
May adorn thy doctrine, gracious

L. C. Schlicht.

(523.) 441.* T. 16.

O WHAT would be my condition,
Did not Jesus stand my friend!
But his faithful love and mercy
Keep me from all danger screen'd.

2. Doth howe'er in my frail nature
Something stir that is not good,
And might to my soul prove hurtful,
Straight I turn to Jesus' blood:—

3. Straight to Jesus' wounds and bruises,
With believing confidence:
Thus I always can find shelter
From sin's baneful influence.

4. Lamb of God, display the virtue
Of thy sanctifying blood;
Overstream with life and blessing
Us poor sinners 'fore thee bow'd;

5. Sinners, in ourselves unworthy
Of the smallest crumb of grace,
But who dare of boundless mercy
Boast, to our Redeemer's praise.

M. Hehl.

(525.) 442.* T. B. p. 114.

WHEN I am conscious truly
Of my great sinfulness,
And that so very slowly
Towards the mark I press;
Nought then can comfort me,
But Jesus' mercy free,
And that he bore with patience
My sins upon the tree.

2. Yea, when I see in spirit
My Saviour shed his blood,
That I might life inherit
And everlasting good;
Then I true happiness
And joy in him possess,
My eyes with tears flow over
For heart-felt thankfulness.

Z.

(527.) 443. T. 119.

AT thy feet, :‖:
At thy pierced feet I lie; (trition,
Saviour, mark my heart's con-
Listen to each broken sigh;
Ah, refuse not the petition
Of a sinner, conscious he's unclean,
Full of sin. :‖:

2. Make me clean, :‖:
My whole nature purify;
Wash me in that precious fountain,
Which by faith I open'd see,
Standing on the blissful mountain,
Where thou bear'st my sin, my guilt, and shame,
Slaughter'd Lamb. :‖:

3. Look on me, :‖:
See each painful wound and sore,
Thou compassionate Physician,
Speak the word, my sickness cure;
Wrest me from the sad condition,
Into which transgression brought my soul;
Make me whole :‖:

4. Bid me live, :‖:
Bid a dying sinner live;
Raise, O raise my drooping spirit:
Then to thee myself I'll give,
And, until I heaven inherit,
Every moment in thy service spend,
Faithful Friend. :‖:

J. Hartley.

(528.) 444. T. 14.

O JESUS, Jesus, my good Lord,
How wondrous is thy love,
Thy patience, pity, tenderness,
Which I each moment prove.

2. I once was wholly dead in sin,
And ignorant of thee,
And liv'd contentedly therein,
Nor knew thy love to me.

3. But thine all-seeing eye then view'd,
And mark'd my every way,
Me still in tender love pursu'd,
Who oft from thee did stray.

4. Yet oh, how faithless is my mind,
How prone to turn aside,
And wander in its own deceits
Of reasoning and of pride.

5. How doth the old corruption strive
And fight to reign again;
There's surely not a heart like mine,
So wretched, dark, and vain.

6. Thou Friend of sinners, love me
The poorest and the worst: (still,
Where sin abounded, well I know,
Thy grace aboundeth most.

7. Yet let me not thy grace abuse,
And sin because thou'rt good:
But let thy love fill me with shame,
That I so long withstood.

8. On me, my King, exert thy power,
Make old things pass away;
Create all new, draw me to thee
Still nearer every day.

9. Thou know'st which way to rectify
Each stubborn ill within,
How to subdue my every thought,
And conquer all that's sin.

10. Chastise me when I do amiss;
O might no thought arise
Which is displeasing unto thee:
Of grace send fresh supplies.

11. Impress thy wounds upon my heart,
And all thy bitter pain;
Abide in me for evermore,
And constant victory gain.

M. Taylor.

(530.) 445. T. 151.

COME, faithful Shepherd bind me
With cords of love to thee,
And evermore remind me
That thou hast died for me:
O may thy Holy Spirit
Set this before mine eyes,
That I thy death and merit
Above all else may prize.

2. Am I of my salvation
Assured thro' thy love;
May I on each occasion
To thee more faithful prove:
Hast thou my sins forgiven,
Then, leaving things behind,
May I press on to heaven,
And bear the prize in mind.

3. Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake me,
Tho' I am oft to blame;
As thy reward, O take me
Anew, just as I am:
Grant me henceforth, dear Saviour,
While in this vale of tears,
To look to thee, and never
Give way to anxious fears.

Hutton.

446. T. 14.

OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2. Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3. What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4. Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6. So shall my walk be close with Calm and serene my frame; (God,
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Cowper.

(531.) 447. T. 106 or 90.

AH, Lord, how apt am I to stray
From thee, how prone to lust and pride;
Nature oft strives to bear the sway,
And turn my heart from thee aside:
Yet such vile, wretched sinners are
The objects of thy love and care.

2. Forbid, O Lord, each vain desire,
Bind my affections to thy cross;
Quench all the sparks of nature's fire,
May I count all for thee but loss:
Lord Jesus, tear each idol down,
Thy love within my heart enthrone.

3. O Jesus, wipe away my tears,
Be unto me a healing balm;
Warm thou my heart, dispel my fears,
And speak the tempest to a calm:
Remove the maladies of sin,
And in thy blood O wash me clean.

4. I gladly will show forth thy praise
If thou wilt gird me with thy power,
And sing the glories of thy grace,
Until my pilgrimage be o'er;
With hallow'd fire inspire my tongue,
And love shall be my endless song.

Countess Huntingdon's H.

448. T. 14.

DEAR Lord! accept a sinful (heart,
Which of itself complains,
And mourns, with much and frequent smart,
The evil it contains.

2. How eager are my thoughts to roam
In quest of what they love!
But ah! when duty calls them (home,
How heavily they move!

3. O cleanse me in a Saviour's blood,
Transform me by thy power;
O make me thy belov'd abode,
And let me rove no more.

Cowper.

(532.) 449. T. 22.

VAIN are all efforts of the mind,
The way of life and peace to find,
Till on our hearts it is impress'd,
That Jesus is our only rest.

2. By my own strength I can't procure
True rest, nor even feel I'm poor;
Strive I great comforts to obtain,
Instead of joy I've nought but pain.

3. He shows me how from him I (and love,
And court my neighbour's praise
How self-will raises discontent
Against my Saviour's government.

4. How soon when Satan tempts, I start,
Pass by convictions in my heart,
Let my first love and zeal abate,
Fall, and my very fall forget.

5. When, fill'd with humble shame, I feel (still,
That he hath patience with me
I sink abas'd before his face,
And thank him for his boundless grace.

6. Search out, discover, and erase,
Whatever is not to thy praise;
All that might an obstruction prove
To thy bless'd purposes of love.

7. Complete thy work, my gracious King,
My heart into subjection bring;
Destroy, I pray, the carnal mind,
And make me quite to thee resign'd.

Delamotte.

(533.) 450. T. 22.

FROM my own works at last I cease,
For God alone can give me peace;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care.
Of my own strength I must despair.

2. Lord, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sin, but cannot feel
True sorrow, till thy Spirit show
My unbelief, the source of woe.

3. 'Tis thine alone to change the heart,
Thou only canst good gifts impart;
I therefore will my heart resign
To thee, O cleanse and seal it thine.

4. With humble faith on thee I (All:
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my
I wait, O Lord, to hear thee say,
"My blood hath wash'd thy sins away."

5. Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And give thyself unto my heart.

Wesley.

451. T. 22.

WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2. Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.

3. O let me then at length be taught,
What I am still so slow to learn;
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4. Sweet truth, and easy to repeat:
But, when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5. But Oh! my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

6. Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine:
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive; (mine.
Be shame and self-abhorrence
Cowper.

(534.) 452. T. 106 or 90.

O JESUS, could I always keep
My eye on thee, the living way,
I then, tho' once a wandering sheep,
Should err no more, or run astray;
But wheresoe'er thou goest, I
Should follow thee, not asking why.

2. O that I never might forget
What thou hast suffer'd for my sake,
To save my soul, and make me meet
Once of thy glory to partake:
O might I oft in spirit see
How thou wast crucified for me.

3. But, gracious Lord when I reflect (thee;
How oft I've turn'd my eyes from
How treated thee with cold neglect,
And listen'd to the enemy;
And yet to find thee still the same,
This fills my soul with humble shame.

4. Astonish'd at thy feet I fall,
Thy love exceeds my highest thought;
Henceforth be thou my All in all,
Thou who with blood my soul hast bought; (prove,
May I henceforth more faithful
And ne'er forget thy dying love.
Vincy.

(535.) 453. T. 79.

WHEN, having been with guilt oppress'd,
My wandering spirit findeth rest
Thro' Jesus' pardoning grace;
Then I by faith can call him mine,
My needy soul doth then incline
To be in Mary's happy place.

2. My prayer is: Jesus, let me hear
Thy voice, which can instruct and cheer
My poor and worthless heart;
For should I cease thy words to obey, (stray,
And from thy blessed presence
Nature would soon its power assert.

3. A single eye, a faithful heart,
Dear Jesus, to thy child impart,
In every trying hour; (vent,
Reason's tormenting thoughts pre-

Still keep my eye on thee intent,
Till sight my faith and hope o'er-
power. J. Swertner.

(536.) 454. T. 22.

LORD Jesus, my most faithful
friend,
Thy aid unto thy child extend
In each temptation's trying hour;
That sin may not my heart o'er-
power.

2. That spark enkindled in my heart
Preserve unquench'd, tho' all the art
Of Satan and the world be tried
To draw me from thy faithful side.

3. O let thy Spirit stay with me,
To groan and speak my wants to
thee;
Still let him show my every need,
And that in thee I'm help'd in-
deed.

4. Thy faithfulness I oft have prov'd
In countless trials quite unmov'd:
Thy grace alone can me preserve,
When my frail heart from thee
would swerve. Z. (?)

(537.) 455. T. 14.

GRACIOUS Redeemer, Lamb of
I thirst alone for thee; (God,
I long to enjoy thy saving grace,
And taste thy mercy free.

2. For mercy, mercy, Lord, I ask;
This is the total sum:
Mercy, good Lord, is all my suit;
O let thy mercy come.

3. Search me, O God, and know my
heart,
Try me, and know each thought:
On me look down in mercy, Lord,
Whom thou with blood hast
bought.

4. My faithlees heart, O gracious
Correct with gentle hand; (Lord,
In every danger help afford,
Alone I cannot stand.

5. Without thy favour while I live
Life but a burden is;
Nought else can satisfaction give,
Experience shows me this.

6. Haste then, O Lord, to thee I
pray;
Impart to me thy grace,
That when this life is fled away
In heaven I may have place.

(538.) 456. T. 96 or 90.

AH, give me, Lord, myself to feel,
My inbred misery reveal; (say,
Ah, give me, Lord, I still would
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray:
My business this, my only care,
My life, my every breath be prayer.

2. Father, I want a thankful heart;
I wish to taste how good thou art,
To plunge into thy mercy's sea,
And comprehend thy love to me
More fully with the saints below,
Till I, as I am known, shall know.

(539.) 457. T. 159.

WITH what unwearied faithful-
Lord, hast thou follow'd me; (ness,
Tho' I, regardless of thy grace,
In darkness stray'd from thee:
How heavy hung the dismal cloud,
How did distresses on me crowd:
And I, despairing of relief,
In thee had no belief.

2. But thou, my kind, almighty
Didst sin's dominion quell; (Friend,
My misery and confusion end,
And every cloud dispel: (grace,
One look cast at the throne of
One smile complacent from thy face,

Assures me, that thy mercy free
Is not withdrawn from me.

A. Tranecker.

(540.) 458. T. 159.

MY case to thee is fully known,
On thee I cast my care;
Dear Saviour, that thy will be done
In me, is all my prayer:
O may I harbour in my breast
No thought that cannot bear the test,
When thou discover'st by thy light
To me what is not right.

2. Reality and solid ground,
Firm root in thee to gain; (drown'd
To feel thy precious blood hath
Whatever gives thee pain:
'Tis this I want, nor can I be
Content, till I am one with thee.
Until my life is hid in thine,
Till thou art wholly mine.

E. D. Rose.

(541.) 459. T. 159.

HOW needful, strictly to inquire
And ask our hearts each day,
"Doth Jesus' love me still inspire,
My thoughts and actions sway?
Am I a branch in Christ the vine?
Am I his own, and is he mine?
Do I by faith unto him cleave,
And to his honour live?"

2. The Spirit's witness, full and
Will state the real case, (clear,
And either draw a contrite tear,
Or thanks unfeigned raise:
Hence will the consequence ensue,
That the full purpose we renew,
To run in faith the appointed race,
Supported by his grace.

(542.) 460. T. 11.

THEY who know our Lord indeed,
Find in him a friend in need,
And behold in Jesus' face
Nought but mercy, truth, and grace.

2. They can cast by faith their care
On that Lord who heareth prayer;
And when they to him draw nigh,
He doth all their wants supply.

3. They who him their Saviour
Lowly at his footstool bow; (know,
They to whom his name is dear,
To offend him greatly fear.

4. O how wondrous is his love
To all who his goodness prove;
Deep abasement, heavenly joy,
Their alternate thoughts employ.

5. Wonders without end we see,
Countless mercies great and free:
Lord, accept our thanks and praise
For thy goodness, truth, and grace.

(543.) 461. T. 14.

WITHOUT a consciousness with-
Of poverty and need, (in
An humbling sense of guilt and sin,
We are not poor indeed.

2. But all who know themselves
aright,
Are ready to confess,
Instructed by the Spirit's light,
Their utter helplessness.

3. How greatly he forgiveness
wants,
The contrite sinner knows;
With inward spirit's ardour pants
In Christ to find repose.

4. Who is so full of tenderness
And patience, as thou, Lord?
But I must own with shame, alas,
I oft transgress thy word.

5. Oh, from my heart, God Holy
Ghost,
This suit I make to thee:

Show me how much my ransom (cost,
How great my poverty.

(544.) 462.* T. 22.

O LORD, 'fore thee abas'd I fall,
And on thy name for mercy call;
The faults indeed are numberless,
Which humbly I to thee confess.

2. I give myself to thee anew,
My soul and body are thy due:
Form me into thy likeness here,
By means, or gentle, or severe.

3. Grant that I may henceforth to thee
More faithful and obedient be:
O may thy blood and righteousness
My beauty be, my glorious dress.

(545.) 463. T. 36.

THY love unchanging is our consolation, (salvation,
Thy patience and long-suffering our
O thou, our yesterday, to-day, and ever,
Most faithful Saviour.

2. Thy purposes of love remain unshaken, (saken:
Tho' we, alas, our vows have oft for-
Forgive, bear with us, grant us thy direction,
And kind protection.

3. As a thick cloud let all our sins be blotted (be noted;
Out of thy book, that nothing past
As children chasten us when we are failing,
Heal us when ailing.

(546.) 464. T. 141.

SINCE we, though unworthy,
Through electing grace,
'Midst thy ransom'd people
Have obtain'd a place;
Lord, may we be faithful
To our covenant found,
To thee, as our Shepherd,
And thy flock fast bound.

2. While we, deeply humbled,
Own we're oft to blame,
This abides our comfort,
Thou art still the same:
In thee all the needy
Have a friend most dear,
Whose love and forbearance
Unexampled are.

3. Hear the joint petition
We present to thee,
Whose unbounded mercy
Is our only plea:
All that is displeasing
Unto thee, forgive;
More to thy name's glory
May we henceforth live.

(549.) 465. T. 14.

I KNOW the weakness of my soul,
But Jesus is my stay;
My kind Redeemer hath engag'd
To lead me in his way.

2. For ever he abides the same,
Tho' I to change am prone;
My welfare always he promotes,
Who chose me for his own.

(551.) 466.* T. 97.

WHATE'ER I am, whate'er I do,
'Tis grace I must ascribe it to;
This can alone my heart preserve;
For I'm so liable to swerve,
That ev'n the grace which thou today bestow'st, (lost.
If not renew'd, to-morrow might be

Z.

(552.) 467. T. 590.

THE worst of evils we can name
Is an unfaithful heart;

May none amongst us from our (Lord
Be tempted to depart :
Our human frailty need not lead
Our souls from him astray ;
For he the needful strength imparts
To walk the narrow way.

(553.) 468.* T. 590.

FEAR not, without reserve disclose
The festering wounds of sin :
Your case the Lord, your Healer, knows ;
His blood can wash you clean :
There is a balm in Gilead,
To cure the sin-sick soul ;
None e'er to Christ for refuge fled
But was by him made whole. Z.

(555.) 469.* T. 214.

THOUGH by nature I'm defiled,
Jesus' blood hath made me clean ;
He my sin-sick soul hath healed :
Yea, tho' traces still remain
Of my former sad condition,
When to him for help I cry,
He to soothe my grief is nigh :
Lord, remain my kind physician,
I, thy patient, then am sure
Thou wilt work a thorough cure.
Gregor.

XXVI. SANCTIFICATION.

(561.) 470.* T. 22.

JESUS, the church's Lord and Head,
The Spirit's influence on us shed,
Whom thou, while sinners, by thy blood (God.
Hast ransom'd and brought nigh to

2. Since thou our wretched, lost (estate
In mercy didst commiserate,
And feeble flesh and blood assume,
To save us from the wrath to come :

3. We are, if we in thee believe,
And from thy fulness grace receive,
Made clean and sanctified by thee,
And serve thy name acceptably.

4. Renew'd in heart, we're then inclin'd
To live according to thy mind :
Can we do good—with cheerfulness
We do it, and give thee the praise.

5. Whatever honors thee our Lord,
What is call'd virtue in thy word,
Is honest, lovely, pure, and just,
By faith in thee is then produc'd.

6. Preserve, O Lord, our garments pure,
Keep us from every harm secure ;
Our members render thro' thy grace
Blest instruments of righteousness.

7. May spirit, soul, and body be
A pleasing sacrifice to thee ;
Thy name we bear, our hearts thou know'st,
In thee alone we place our trust.
Z.

(562.) 471.* T. 11.

MIGHTY God, we humbly pray,
Let thy power so bear the sway.
That in all things we may show
That we in thy likeness grow.

2. Grant that all of us may prove,
By obedience, faith, and love
That our hearts to thee are given,
That our treasure is in heaven.

3. May it in our walk be seen,
That we have with Jesus been,
That as king o'er us he reigns,
And unrivall'd sway maintains.

4. Then shall we in every state,
Soul and body dedicate
Unto him who for us died,
Till with him we're glorified. Z.

563. 472.* T. 14.

HOW can a sinner here below
Be pleasing unto God?
By his own righteousness?—O no:
Alone through Jesus' blood.

2. When thro' his merits we obtain
The gift of pardoning grace,
A sanctified heart we gain,
And walk in holiness.

3. If anything in us appears
Unlike to Jesus' mind,
To own it with repenting tears,
Ah, may we be inclin'd.

4. A child of God for ever pants
More like his Lord to be;
Tho' with conviction still he grants,
That none is good but He.

5. Oft as in spirit Christ he views,
This is his humble cry,
Which he continually renews:
"As thou wast, O were I!"

6. "Whate'er is carnal, through thy (grace
In me be mortified;
Thus, clothed in thy righteousness,
I shall in thee abide."

Louisa v. Hayn.

(564.) 473.* T. 185.

HE who striveth for sanctification,
But is unrenew'd in heart,
Feeling yet a secret condemnation,
Since with sin he still takes part;
He who hath not yet in Christ believed,
Pardon in his blood, and peace received;
Hath not found that holiness
Which adorns a child of grace.

2. But how happy is the soul that cleaveth,
To the Friend of sinners poor;
And with humble confidence believeth,
My diseases he can cure:
While with shame confessing, that by nature
He throughout is a corrupted creature,
By the blood of Christ applied,
He is cleans'd and sanctified.

(565.) 474.* T. 151.

WHO thro' Christ's blood remission
Of all his sins hath gain'd,
And without intermission
With Jesus hath remain'd;
To true sanctification
Attains through Jesus' grace,
And in his conversation
Shows forth his Saviour's praise.

2. Our pleasure and our duty,
Though opposite before,
Since we have seen his beauty,
Are join'd to part no more;
It is our highest pleasure,
No less than duty's call,
To love him beyond measure,
And serve him with our all. Z.

(567.) 475. T. 585.

BLESSED Jesus, we implore thee,
Let us, cleans'd and purified,
Walk in grace and truth before thee
And in thee by faith abide;
Sanctified :‖:
Both in body and in mind.

2. Unto us thy name's sweet savour
Is an ointment poured forth;
In thine eyes we have found favour,
Tho' deprav'd and void of worth;
And thy banner :‖:
Over us is love divine.

3. Now the conflict is decided,
We count all things else but loss;
What with thee our hearts divided
Now is nailed to thy cross:
We will glory :‖:
In the wounded Lamb of God.

4. We will dwell on Calvary's mountain,
Where the flocks of Zion feed;
Oft resort unto the fountain,
Open'd when the Lord did bleed;
Thence deriving :‖:
Grace, and life, and holiness.

5. There, with trimmed lamps we'll tarry,
Till the Lord comes from on high,
Watch in prayer and ne'er be weary,
But await the midnight cry:
Haste to meet him, :‖:
Lo, the Bridegroom draweth nigh.

6. On that day of consummation
May we sinners mercy find,
Saved with complete salvation,
And not one be left behind;
As wise virgins :‖:
May we then before thee stand.

(568.) 476.* T. 185.

WITH new life endow'd by Christ our Saviour,
May we to the world be dead;
That great prize to gain be our endeavour,
Purchas'd when for us he bled:
By his love constrain'd may we adore him,
Thinking, speaking, acting, as before him,
Being to his gracious mind
Ever willingly resign'd.

2. May we all be ever so disposed
In our hearts by day and night,
As when, this life's period being closed,
We to him shall take our flight;
Or as when, releas'd from condemnation,
We receiv'd the seal of our salvation,
And obtained thro' his blood
Happiness and peace with God.

Z.

(571.) 477.* T. 102.

CHRIST crucified, my soul by faith
With thee desires to be united;
For, as the purchase of thy death,
To thy communion I'm invited:
O hear my petition, and let me with thee
Be crucified, Jesus, with all that's in me.

2. O that I might still more enjoy
The blessed fruits of all thy passion:
Thy merits to my soul apply,
And let me share thy great salvation:
O hear my petition, &c.

3. Let me in all things conqueror prove,
Deliver me from sin's infection;
Preserve me in thy sacred love
As well in joy as in affliction:
O hear my petition, &c.

J. C. Schmidt.

(572.) 478.* T. 185.

TO the soul that seeks him Christ is gracious;
They who wait, ne'er wait in vain,

But experience him a God propi-
He the feeble doth sustain: (tious;
Hungry souls he on rich pastures
feedeth, (leadeth,
Those who thirst, to living waters
Hears the needy sinner's cry,
And to help and save is nigh.

2. Hath he join'd us to the church,
his body,
O may we in him abide; (ready,
As wise virgins be to meet him
Be our lamps with oil supplied:
Looking unto him for preservation,
May we shielded be from each
temptation,
And unto the end endure.
Making our election sure.

479. T. 14.

OH for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the
So freely shed for me!— (blood

2. A heart resign'd, submissive,
My dear Redeemer's throne; (meek,
Where only Christ is heard to
Where Jesus reigns alone: (speak,

3. An humble, lowly, contrite
Believing, true, and clean, (heart,
Which neither death nor life can
part
From him that dwells within:—

4. A heart in every thought re-
new'd,
And fill'd with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and
A copy, Lord, of thine. (good,

5. Thy nature, gracious Lord, im-
Come quickly from above: (part;
Write thy new name upon my
heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

C. Wesley.

(573.) 480. T. 585.

HALLELUJAH, praise be given
Unto Jesus, who for us
Left his glorious throne in heaven.
And was offer'd on the cross;
That his sufferings:‖:
Might retrieve our dreadful loss.

2. We behold in him our brother.
Unto us by blood allied: (other,
He's our strength, we need no
For our wants he will provide;
Soul and body:‖:
May through him be sanctified.

(574.) 481. T. 185.

SHOULD our minds, to earthly
objects cleaving,
Of the mark forgetful prove!
God forbid! all worldly trifles leav-
ing,
Let us fix our thoughts above.
Have with Christ in heaven our
conversation, (tion,
Keep in view our blessed destina-
As redeem'd from this world's
thrall,
To pursue our heavenly call.

2. Let us watch and pray, and
never slumber,
Lest the foe approach unseen,
Cast away whate'er would us en-
cumber:
Fear to touch the thing unclean:
Lest, escaped from the world's pol-
lution, (sion:
We again give way to sin's delu-
Ah, 'twould cause us pungent
pain
Christ to crucify again.

3. God be prais'd, tho' in ourselves
defiled,
Tho' sin cleaveth to us still.

By the tempter we need not be (foiled,
If to Jesus we appeal;
Yet our Lord a faithful heart demandeth: (tendeth
Happy, who with listening ear at-
To the Spirit's warning voice,
Nor his chastening doth despise.

(577.) 482. T. 79.

DEAR Lord, my soul desireth,
In all thy word requireth,
By works to adorn thy grace:
O may my conversation
Display on each occasion
That holy mind which in thee was.

(578.) 483.* T. 68.

WHILE we take our seat
At the Master's feet,
Urg'd by love, we in our measure
His commandments keep with plea-
Doth he strength bestow, (sure;
We can all things do.

(579.) 484. T. 14.

BESPRINKLE with thy blood my heart,
O Jesus, Son of God;
And take away whate'er thy grace
Hath hitherto withstood.

2. Earthly affections mortify,
And carnal nature's strife;
O may I henceforth only thirst
For thee, the well of life.

3. Waters of life hence may I draw,
And never more depart:
My ardent longing is, O Lord,
Fix at this spring my heart.

4. Alas, with shame I own that oft
I've turned away from thee:
O let thy work, renew'd to-day,
Remain eternally. J. Hutton.

(580.) 485.* T. 79.

JESUS, thyself to us reveal,
Grant that we may not only feel
Some drawings of thy grace,
But in communion with thee live,
And daily from thy death derive
The needful strength to run our race.

2. O let us always think thee near,
Near unto us as is the air
Which constantly we breathe:
Thus will from all we think or do
To thee unfeigned praises flow;
For thine we are in life and death.

3. Jesus, thou fain wouldst have us be (thee;
In all things more conform'd to
We're fill'd with conscious shame,
And thank thee for thy care and love; (prove,
Thy patience, which we richly
Our heart-felt gratitude doth claim.
Joh. de Watteville.

486. T. 11.

LORD, I look for grace to thee;
Meek and humble may I be,
Pride and anger put away,
Love for injuries repay.

2. May I hate a lying tongue,
Never seek another's wrong,
From all paths of fraud abstain,
And abhor unlawful gain.

3. Lord, each evil temper cure,
Banish every thought impure,
Cleanse my heart, my sins forgive;
Teach me to thy praise to live.

(582.) 487. T. 16.

JESUS, by thy Holy Spirit
May we all instructed be;
Sanctify us by the merit
Of thy bless'd humanity.

2. Grant that we may love thee truly; (sway,
Lord, our thoughts and actions
And to every heart more fully
Thy atoning power display.

3. Lead us so that we may honour
Thee, the Lord our righteousness,
And bring fruit to thee, the donor
Of all gospel-truth and grace.

Z.

488. T. 14.

OH that the Lord would guide my
To keep his statutes still! (ways,
Oh that my God would grant me
To know and do his will! (grace

2. O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3. From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

4. Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5. My soul has gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip,
Yet I have not forgot thy way;
Restore thy wandering sheep.

6. Make me to walk in thy com-
'Tis a delightful road; (mands,
Nor let my head, or heart, or
Offend against my God. (hands

Watts.

(585.) 489.* T. 590.

O THOU, whose human life for us
Did happiness obtain;
Thou who, expiring on the cross,
God's image didst regain;
Once lost it was, but is restor'd
By thy humanity;
Under thy shadow, Son of Man,
'Tis good a man to be.

Gregor.

(586.) 490. T. 586.

HOW could I bear to be partaker
Of sinful, frail humanity,
Had not the world's almighty Maker
Become a sinless man for me?
But since my God assum'd my nature,
I gladly am a human creature;
For such his mercies are,
He takes a tender share
In all I bear.

Nyberg.

(588.) 491.* T. 228.

O JESUS, were we thro' thy grace
In all respects form'd to thy praise,
Like thee in thought and action;
Did we but wake and sleep to thee,
Bear pain and sickness patiently,
Trusting in thy direction:
Where'er—we are,
Might, dear Saviour,—our be-
Thro' thy blessing, (haviour,
Always be to thee well-pleasing.

Z.

(589.) 492.* T. 79.

THY law, O Lord, be my delight;
My gracious King, thy statutes
In my untoward heart: (write
Thy power divine afford me grace
To love thee, and to walk thy ways,
And never from thee to depart.

G. Arnold.

(590.) 493. T. 14.

I ASK not honour, pomp, or praise,
By worldly men esteem'd;
I wish from sin's deceitful ways
To feel my soul redeem'd.

2. I wish as faithful Christians do,
Dear Lord, to live to thee,
And by my words and walk to (show,
That thou hast died for me.

3. O grant me, thro' thy precious blood,
Thy gospel thus to grace:
Renew my heart, O Lamb of God,
Thus shall my works thee praise.

4. Quick as the apple of the eye,
O God, my conscience make;
Arouse my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep me still awake.

J. Cennick.

(591.) 494. T. 114.

GOD, who art love, the same both now and ever,
Lift up, we pray, on us thy countenance,
Thy pardon grant, thy peace divine dispense,
And give us richly to enjoy thy favour;
On us thy sactifying grace bestow,
That in thy love and knowledge we may grow.

XXVII. HUMILITY, SIMPLICITY, AND GROWTH IN GRACE.

(593.) 495.* T. 151.

GENTLE is the coercion
Of Jesus' power and love;
Without it my exertion
Must unavailing prove:
Humble in heart and broken,
To Christ for strength I flee;
"My grace," himself hath spoken,
"Sufficient is for thee."

2. If ask'd: "hast thou already
In grace such progress made,
As with steps firm and steady
The appointed path to tread?"
I own: "I'm weak and feeble,
Alone I cannot stand;
'Tis Christ who makes me stable,
And holds me by the hand."

3. Is good in contemplation,
I on my Saviour call,
Who gave the intimation,
And worketh all in all;
The wish'd-for good effected,
His gracious help I own,
Who hath the work directed:
The praise be his alone.

(594.) 496.* T. 83.

WOULD we inward peace enjoy,
We must first be poor in spirit,
At the feet of Jesus lie,
Trusting only in his merit;
Then our kind and loving Lord
Will to us his strength afford.

2. None from God so distant are,
None so sinful, none so wretched.
But they may his mercy share,
For his arms are still out-stretched:
Yet we must, when we apply,
On his grace alone rely.

3. In this humble, happy frame,
And from grace to grace proceeding.
We press forward in his name,

And have cause to bless his leading;
Gladden'd by his looks of grace,
We run our appointed race.

(596.) 497. T. 590.

O LORD, the contrite sinner's friend,
Most wretched should I be,
Did I not know thy precious blood
Was shed for worthless me:
Nought could console me in dis-
Or give my soul relief; (tress,
When troubles seize my anxious breast,
Nought could appease my grief.

2. O give me, Jesus, give me still
My poverty to know;
Increase my faith, may I in grace
And in thy knowledge grow:
More clearly to me manifest
The mystery of thy cross;
And for this precious pearl may I
Count all things else but dross.

M. Taylor.

(598.) 498.* T. 22.

MY Saviour, that I without thee
Can nothing do, rejoices me:
For all thy grace thou dost bestow,
I fain my gratitude would show.

2. Tho' weak and poor, I am thine own;
All praise is due to thee alone,
That thou, when humbly I appear
'Fore thee, in mercy drawest near.

3. When pride would stir within my breast,
I find no happiness nor rest;
But, walking in humility, (thee.
Have perfect peace and joy in

4. O keep me contrite, low, and poor;
Thus shall I praise thee evermore:
Myself thrice blessed I can call,
When I am nought and thou my All.

A. Nitschman.

(599.) 499.* T. 14.

NONE God the Father's favour share,
Or heaven's kingdom win
But those who little children are,
And as such enter in.

2. The high and mighty ones the Lord
Doth from their seats put down:
But to the poor doth grace afford,
And them with blessings crown.

3. O may I with submissiveness,
Dear Lord, be taught by thee;
To thee obedience show thro' grace,
And learn humility.

4. Jesus, I humbly thee implore,
Grant me thy Spirit's light,
That he may teach me evermore,
And guide my steps aright.

5. A lowly mind impart to me,
According to my prayer;
Since those who know their poverty,
To the Most High are near.

6. Thou, who in heaven art ador'd,
Dost with the contrite dwell,
Revive the humble by thy word,
The broken-hearted heal.

7. Therefore, my soul, delight no more
In this world's vanity:
Look forward; Jesus hath in store
Unfading joys for thee.

8. Lord Jesus Christ, O may I grow
In knowledge and in grace;
Grant that in me, while here below,
Thy likeness all may trace.

Z.

500. T. 11.

LORD, if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,
Clothed with humility;—

2. Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child;
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
Wean'd from all the world besides.

3. Father, fix my soul on thee,
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want beneath, above;
Happy in thy precious love.

4. Oh that all may seek and find
Every good in Christ combin'd!
Him let Israel still adore;
Trust him, praise him evermore.

Madan's Collection.

(601.) 501.* T. 14.

HAPPY the man whose highest (good
Is Christ invariably;
He shows his love and gratitude
By true humility.

2. In weakness, power divine he gains,
He dwells in peace and rest;
And owns with filial confidence:
"Lord, what thou dost is best;—

3. "For thou art gracious, wise, and good,
Thou know'st how help to afford,
The time when it should be bestow'd:
Thy goodness be ador'd."

Z.

502. T. 205.

LORD, I feel a carnal mind,
That doth hang about me still,
Vainly tho' I strive to bind
Mine own proud, rebellious will;
Does not haughtiness of heart
Separate my God and me?
Meek Redeemer, now impart
Thine own deep humility.

2. Fain would I my Lord pursue,
Would be all my Saviour taught,
Do as Jesus bids me do,
Fain would think as Jesus thought;
But 'tis thou must change my (thee;
heart,
This good gift must come from
Meek Redeemer, now impart
Thine own deep humility.

3. Lord, I cannot, must not rest,
Till I all thy mind obtain,
Chase presumption from my breast,
And thy heavenly mildness gain:
Give me, Lord, thy gentle heart;
Lowliness my portion be;
Meek Redeemer, now impart
Thine own deep humility.

4. Let thy cross my will control,
And conform me to my guide;
In thy image mould my soul,
Crucify my sinful pride:
Give me, Lord, a contrite heart,
Ever looking up to thee;
Meek Redeemer, now impart
Thine own deep humility.

Toplady, (ad.)

(602.) 503.* T. 141.

GO, ye flattering visions,
Honours, wealth, and lusts:
He who, lowly-minded,
In our Saviour trusts,
Rich in grace, is blessed,
Freed from anxious care;
For the poor in spirit
Heaven's kingdom share.

Z.

(603.) 504.* T. 16.

WHEN simplicity we cherish,
Then the soul is full of light;

But that light will quickly vanish,
When of Jesus we lose sight.

2. He who nought but Christ desireth,
He whom nothing else can cheer,
But the joy which he inspireth,
Lending to his voice an ear;—

3. Who sincerely loveth Jesus,
And upon his grace depends;
Who but willeth what him pleases,
Simply following his commands;

4. Who to Jesus humbly cleaveth,
Pays obedience to his word,
Yea, in closest union liveth
With our Saviour, Head, and Lord:

5. Who in Jesus Christ abideth,
And from self-dependence free,
In nought else but him confideth:
Walks in true simplicity:

6. He who is by Christ directed,
Trusting the good Shepherd's care,
From all harm will be protected,
And no danger needs to fear.

Spangenberg.

(604.) 505.* T. 184.

O BLEST condition, happy living,
Which true simplicity imparts,
When we to God ourselves are giving,
And Jesus' mind rules in our hearts:
This lays our souls in deep prostration,
And fervent prayer before the throne,
Casts down each vain imagination,
Till every thought is Christ's alone.

2. That which is by the world esteemed,
A single mind counts vanity;
What's innocence by others deemed,
Is shunn'd by true simplicity:
Because the love to things terrestrial
We must deny thro' Jesus' grace.
And, to obtain the prize celestial,
Cast off whate'er impedes our race.

3. The simple heart no care perplexes,
That robs the world of all content;
Envy nor strife his spirit vexes,
Who lives in that calm element;
He cherishes his hidden treasure,
Unruffled by the worldling's spite:
If others ask to share this pleasure.
Simplicity tastes true delight.

4. O Jesus, God of my salvation,
Thy single mind impart to me;
Root out the world's infatuation,
However keen the pain may be:
Thrice happy they who tread unwearied
The path of true simplicity;
They as wise virgins are prepared
To meet the Bridegroom cheerfully.

G. Arnold.

(605.) 506.* T. 22.

MEEK, patient Lamb of God, impart
Thy meekness to my stubborn heart;
Grant me to keep thee full in view,
And thy example to pursue.

2. Thy blood preserve my garments clean
From every spot and stain of sin:
As a wise virgin, to prepare
For meeting thee, be all my care.

3. Bestow on me a simple mind,
To every hurtful fancy blind;
Thy meekness, true sincerity,
And needful wisdom grant to me.

4. Thou holy, spotless Lamb of God,
My worthless heart make thine abode;

O may I in thine image grow,
And honour thee in all I do.

(606.) 507. T. 106 or 90.

A SINGLE mind to me impart;
Lord, may I sordid lucre flee,
Nor set on earthly gain my heart,
Hate avarice as idolatry;
Fix my desires on things above,
Rich in possession of thy love.

2. Let neither honours, pomp, nor pride,
Nor this world's gaudy vanity,
Which draw the soul from thee aside,
Beguile me from simplicity;
May this my highest honour be,
To be esteemed, Lord, by thee.

3. Screen me in each unguarded hour,
Lord, under thy protecting care;
Preserve me from seduction's power,
Lest fleshly lusts my soul ensnare:
May I to avarice, lust, and pride
Say, "Christ destroy'd you when he died."

(609.) 508.* T. 167.

TO belong to Christ our Saviour,
Christian, what doth this imply?
Constantly to seek his favour,
Ever watching faithfully;
To implore his kind direction
Day by day in all we do;
To confide in his protection,
Freed from every earthly view.

Z.

(610.) 509.* T. 151.

AMIDST this world's profaneness
May I thy truth confess;
In primitive way and plainness,
Thy servant be thro' grace:
Nor fear, nor interest ever
Cause me to turn aside,
Or my connexion sever
With thy redeemed bride.

(612.) 510.* T. 22.

CHRIST is the Vine, we branches are;
Without him we no fruit can bear:
For of ourselves we cannot grow,
He must both power and life bestow.

2. Lord, thou hast chosen us, that we
Should bear well-pleasing fruit to thee:
O make us fruitful to thy praise;
Preserve us all from barrenness.

J. Nitschman.

(613.) 511. T. 11.

JESUS, who for me hast died,
Grant I may in thee abide;
Set me, Lord, unto thy praise;
Water me with showers of grace.

2. Make my heart a garden fair,
Which such pleasant fruit may bear.
As affords true joy to thee
And thy Father constantly.

3. In thy garden here below
Water me that I may grow:
When all grace to me is giv'n,
Then transplant me into heaven.

Hammond.

(614.) 512.* T. 167.

AS the branches are connected
With the vine, ev'n so thro' grace
A close union is effected
'Twixt the Lord our righteousness
And believers, who, though feeble,
Life and power from him derive,
And thereby are render'd able,
Bearing fruit, to grow and thrive.

Gregor.

(615.) 513.* T. 10.

WOULD we by our behaviour
Show that we love our Saviour;
He only can instruct us,
And in the way conduct us.

2. Thro' his atonement's powers
O may we bloom like flowers,
And by his grace and blessing
Bear fruit to him well-pleasing.
Gregor.

(616.) 514.* T. 185.

IN thy love and knowledge, gracious Saviour,
May we more and more abound;
Thy complete atonement shall for ever
Of our doctrine be the ground:
Grant that all may, in thy word believing, (cleaving,
And to thee, the Vine, as branches
Thro' thy Father's nursing care
Fruit unto thy honour bear. Z.

(617.) 515.* T. 4.

LORD Jesus, be near,
Thou seest us here;
Unite us in heart:
Dear Lord, come and bless us, our Brother thou art.

2. Soon make us to be
Well-pleasing to thee;
'Tis time and 'tis right
To bring forth some fruit which may yield thee delight.

3. From this very day
We will not delay
To follow the Lamb,
To serve him with gladness, and honour his name. Z.

(619.) 516. T. 228.

BE this our happy destiny,
Lord Jesus, to be one with thee;
Grant, thro' thy Spirit's leading,
That we may gain yet firmer root
In thee, and bear abundant fruit,
From grace to grace proceeding:
From thee—daily
Strength receiving,—to thee cleaving,
Blessed Jesus;
Thus we shall show forth thy praises.

XXVIII. PATIENCE UNDER AFFLICTION, AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

(620.) 517. T. 14.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2. Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5. His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

Cowper.

(621.) 518. T. 22.

DESPONDING soul, thou need'st not fear,
Since God thy every prayer doth hear;
In his own time he'll surely grant,
As he thinks fit, what thou dost want;—

2. For he thy case doth understand;
Himself will take thy cause in hand:
The scale will turn, and thou shalt be
Asham'd of thy anxiety.

(622.) 519.* T. 151.

IS God my strong Salvation,
No enemy I fear;
He hears my supplication,
Dispelling all my care:
If he, my Head and Master,
Defend me from above,
What pain or what disaster
Can part me from his love?

2. Of this I am persuaded;
With joy I can declare,
His love to me ne'er faded,
He listens to my prayer;
He aid to me dispenses,
He stands at my right hand;
Yea, when a storm advances,
'Tis calm at his command.

3. The ground of my profession
Is Jesus and his blood;
He gives me the possession
Of everlasting good:
Myself and whatsoever
Is mine I cannot trust;
The gifts of Christ my Saviour
Remain my only boast.

4. His Spirit is the sovereign
Possessor of my heart;
There he alone shall govern,
And slavish fear depart:
He gives his benediction,
Yea, helpeth me to cry
Abba, when in affliction,
With child-like fervency.

5. His Spirit cheers my spirit
With many a precious word,
That I shall joy inherit,
By trusting in the Lord:
Since after tribulation
All those who Jesus love,
Have that blest expectation
To live with him above.

6. Should earth lose its foundation,
He stands my lasting rock;
No temporal desolation
Shall give my love a shock:
I'll cleave to Christ my Saviour,
No object, small or great,
Nor height, nor depth, shall ever
Me from him separate.

P. Gerhard.

(623.) 520. T. 14.

GOD is my Saviour and my light.
Why should I be dismay'd?
'Tis he defends my life; of whom
Then need I be afraid?

2. Hear my requests, O Lord, and give
An answer full of grace:
Thy face thou bidst me seek, and I
Reply: "I'll seek thy face."

3. Lord, do not in displeasure hide
Thyself, nor me reject;

The aid which I have had before,
From thee I still expect.

4. Wait still on God, my soul, from
All needful strength derive; (him
Tho' he delay, he will at length
The fainting heart revive.

(624.) 521.* T. 159.

LOOK up, my soul, to Christ thy (joy.
With a believing mind;
With all the ills which thee annoy,
The way to Jesus find: (home,
Here in this world thou hast no
Nor lasting joy; to Jesus come,
He is the pearl of greatest price,
Who all thy wants supplies.

2. Steadfast in faith to Jesus cleave,
His faithfulness review,
And every burden with him leave,
Whose love is daily new: (right,
His ways with thee are just and
He puts thy enemies to flight,
However threatening they appear;
Take courage, he is near.

3. Thy closet enter, pray, and sigh,
To Jesus tell thy grief;
His ear is open to thy cry,
His hands to give relief: (grieve,
Tho' men forsake thee, hate and
Thy Saviour thee will never leave,
His word is pass'd, he'll aid afford;
Rely upon the Lord.

4. Lift up thy heart to him on high,
And leave this sordid earth;
Behold with a believing eye
God's excellence and worth:
Devote thy life, thy all to him,
Who did thy soul from death redeem,
In love to thee the cross endur'd,
And life for thee procur'd.

5. Arise and seek the things above;
Let heaven be all thy aim,
Where Jesus dwells in bliss and love,
And earth and sin disclaim:
The world and all its empty joy
His potent breath will once destroy;
Abiding rest and peace of mind
In Christ alone we find.

(625.) 522. T. 590.

SINCE we can't doubt God's equal (love,
Unmeasurably kind;
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resign'd; (good;
Good, when he gives, supremely
Nor less when he denies;
Ev'n crosses from his sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

2. Whate'er I ask, I surely know
And steadfastly believe,
He will the things desired bestow.
Or else a better give;
To thee I therefore, Lord, submit
My every fond request,
And own, adoring at thy feet,
Thy will is always best.

Bishop Kenn.

(626.) 523. T. 205.

IF to Jesus for relief
My poor soul hath fled by prayer,
Why should I give way to grief,
Or to heart-consuming care:
Are not all things in his hand,
Has he not the promise pass'd?
Will he then regardless stand,
Will he let me sink at last?

2. While I know, his providence
Still disposeth each event,
Shall I judge by feeble sense,
Shall I yield to discontent?
If he worms and sparrows feed,
Clothe the grass in rich array;

Can he see a child in need,
From me turn his eye away?

3. When his name was quite unknown,
And while sin my life employ'd,
Then he watch'd me as his own,
Or I must have been destroy'd:
Now his mercy-seat I know,
Now by grace I'm reconcil'd;
Would he spare me while a foe,
Now to leave me when a child?

4. If he all my wants supplied,
When I still disdain'd to pray;
Now his Spirit is my guide,
How can Jesus answer nay?
If he would not give me up,
When my soul against him fought;
Will he disappoint the hope,
Which himself in me hath wrought?

5. If he shed his precious blood,
Me to bring to his bless'd fold;
Can I think, that meaner good
He will e'er from me withhold?
Vain is Satan's each device,
Here my hope rests well assur'd:
In that great redemption-price
I now see the whole secur'd.

J. Newton, (ad.)

(627.) 524. T. 22.

WHO can condemn, since Christ hath died?
I by his blood am justified:
He ever lives to intercede,
And sends me help in time of need.

2. What can from Christ me separate?
Shall trials howsoever great,
Shall tribulation or distress,
Shall peril, sword, or nakedness?

3. O no, I shall in all things prove
Conqueror thro' him who me did love;
My Lord obtain'd the victory,
Sufficient is his grace for me.

4. O love unbounded! refuge sure!
My helpless soul now lives secure:
Long as in thee, O Lord, I trust,
I know I never shall be lost.

M. Taylor.

(628.) 525. T. 590.

NO more with trembling heart I try
A multitude of things,
Still wishing to find out the source
From whence salvation springs:
My anchor's cast, cast on a ground,
Where I shall ever rest
From all the labour of my thoughts,
And workings of my breast.

2. What is my anchor? if you ask:
"A hungry, helpless mind,
Diving, with misery for its weight,
Till firmest grace it find:"
What is my ground? "'Tis Jesus Christ,
Whom faithless eyes pass o'er;
Yet here all sinners anchor may,
And ne'er be shaken more."

J. Gambold.

(629.) 526. T. 14.

HOW happy we, when guilt is gone;
This alters our whole frame:
The same occasions still come on,
But we are not the same.

2. The load which caus'd us anxious care,
No more can weigh us down;
For Christ the burden helps to bear,
We bear it not alone.

3. While we at honest labour toil,
Our hearts may be at ease;
For if our Saviour on us smile,
In trouble we have peace.

4. Sick outwardly or in distress
We may be, 'tis confess'd;
But the believer ne'ertheless
In trials finds he's bless'd.

5. Have we thro' dangerous paths to rove,
The shades of death to pass;
Our shield eternal is his love,
Our light his glorious face.

6. O Lord, we can rely on thee,
We bless thy secret hand;
Thou between us and misery
Of every kind dost stand.

(630.) 527. T. 22.

WHEN by adversity I'm tried,
In God, my rock, I will confide;
'Midst trials, whatsoe'er they be,
Rely on his fidelity.

2. I'll trust my great physician's skill,
Resign'd obey his blessed will; (fit,
For each disease he knows what's
He's wise and good, and I submit.

3. Altho' his medicine cause me smart,
And wound me in the tenderest
It is with a design to cure; (part,
I must and will his touch endure.

4. Lord Jesus Christ, afford me grace,
In every trial thee to praise;
O let thy sacred will be mine,
To thee myself I now resign.

W. Foster.

528. T. 14.

O THOU, whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seem severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say,
There is no mercy here.

2. O grant me to desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
More than the world's supremest
Succeeded by a frown. (gain.

3. Then, though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see; (blow,
The very hand that strikes the
Was wounded once for me.

Edmeston.

529. T. 205.

'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know.
Sanctifying every loss:
Trials must and will befall;
But, with humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

2. God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil; (weeds,
These spring up, and choke the
Which would else o'erspread the soil:
Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

3. Did I meet no trials here,
No correction by the way,
Might I not with reason fear,
I should prove a cast-away?
Worldlings may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

Cowper.

530. T. 166.

'MIDST stormy days and nights of fear,
My anxious soul on thee would rest:

My Jesus, when wilt thou draw near
To heal the sorrows of my breast?
O Saviour, till my tearful eye
Shall draw from thee the promis'd peace;
Until the waves of misery
At thine almighty word shall cease;

2. Till then, though clouds inclose me round, (sight;
And darkness hide thee from my
Mine ear shall listen for the sound
Of thy dear footsteps in the night;
Thus waiting till the mourn appear
When thou upon my soul shalt rise,
And with sweet words of promise cheer, (eyes.
And heal my wounds, and dry my

Morton.

(631.) 531. T. 590.

WHAT tremblings seize the traveller's soul
Beneath the darkening sky,
While awful thunders round him (roll,
And lightning flashes nigh;
Soon as the sun again is view'd
The clouds are all dispers'd,
The face of nature is renew'd,
Joys on the pilgrim burst.

2. While passing thro' this shadow'd vale,
To yonder blissful land,
Black storms and tempests us assail,
O'er which we've no command:
Unerring Wisdom thus permits
His children to be tried;
But he that to God's will submits,
With strength shall be supplied.

3. Afflicted souls, await the end
Appointed by our God;
From him deliverance shall descend
With great increase of good:
Whate'er the dispensation be,
Which he to send finds meet,
His aim accomplish'd, each shall see
For him it was most fit.

4. By Christ we're screen'd with tender care
From vain and worldly noise:
Ye who God's happy children are,
Can in the Lord rejoice,
And walk in union with your God,
Who is your nearest friend,
Upon life's rough and dangerous (road
In safety to the end.

J. Swertner.

(632.) 532. T. 167.

HERE, in constant, quick succession,
Bright and gloomy days are seen;
Yonder, without variation,
Skies unclouded and serene:
Sufferings here are transitory;
Light are ev'n the most severe.
Set against the weight of glory,
Which awaits the conqueror there.

2. Tho' by threatening storms surrounded,
Or oppress'd by pain and grief,
This poor heart is not confounded;
For in God I find relief:
On his powerful arm reclining,
I affliction's load sustain,
Bear the cross without repining.
Till the glorious crown I gain.

(633.) 533. T. 14.

HOW condescending 'tis, that He
Who worlds to being spake,
One promise unto worthless me
Should ever deign to make.

2. Yet countless are his promises,
And who can doubt his truth?
He'll lead me on throughout my race,
To hoary hairs from youth.

3. What is his covenant of love?
A covenant firm and sure;
Hills may depart, and mountains move,
And yet it shall endure.

4. 'Tis, that the kindness of our God
Shall ne'er from us depart,
That equally his smile or rod
Displays his loving heart;—

5. That He will guide us, whom no power
Nor craft can e'er withstand,
That not temptation's darkest hour
Shall wrest us from his hand;—

6. That truth and mercy, while we've breath,
Shall compass us around,
And that with him shall after death
Our glorious lot be found.

7. In all distress to him I'll cry,
I'll humbly trust his word;
Nothing I ask will he deny;
For is he not my Lord?

8. O the rich blessings which accrue
To all who love his name;
His gifts are every morning new,
His bounty still the same.

(635.) 534.* T. 79.

AS thy will, O my Saviour,
Unto thy Father's ever
Was subject and resign'd:
Grant that, in deep subjection,
To follow thy direction
I may be cheerfully inclin'd.

2. I'll spare all needless thinking,
Nor shall my mind be shrinking
Concerning what may be;
May I in each proceeding
Submit to thy wise leading,
That thou'rt my all suffices me.

(636.) 535. T. 9.

WHAT, my soul, should bow thee down?
Perils or temptation?—
Is not Christ upon the throne
Still thy strong salvation?

2. Cast thy burden on the Lord,
Thy almighty Saviour;
He who death for thee endur'd,
Surely will deliver.

3. Mention to him every want,
Yea, whate'er may grieve thee;
If for comfort thou dost pant,
Jesus will relieve thee.

4. Turn, my soul, unto thy rest,
Quickly turn to Jesus;
In his presence thou art blest,
He to thee is gracious.

5. Mourn whene'er thou hast forgot
Him, whose great compassion
Never fails, whose blood hath bought
Thy complete salvation.

6. Earthly things do not regard,
Trust in Jesus' favour;
He will be thy great reward
And thy shield for ever.

Cennick.

(637.) 536.* T. 16.

STORMS of trouble may assail us,
Yea, life's vessel overwhelm;
Yet no danger need appal us,
If our Saviour guide the helm.

2. If with willing resignation,
Free from care we acquiesce
In his ways, his consolation
Will alleviate our distress.

3. God is mighty to deliver,
None his power can withstand;
In all trials whatsoever
He will be our gracious friend.

4. When his hour strikes for relieving,
Help breaks forth amazingly,
And, to shame our anxious grieving,
Often unexpectedly.

J. D. Herrnschmidt.

537. T. 11.

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

2. Thou didst form me in the womb,
Thou wilt guide me to the tomb;
All my times shall ever be
Order'd by thy wise decree:—

3. Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;—

4. Times, temptation's power to prove;
Times to taste the Saviour's love;
All is fix'd—the means and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

5. Plagues and death around me fly;
Till he bids, I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.

Ryland.

538. T. 96 or 90.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view, (few,
And days are dark, and friends are
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienc'd every human pain:
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2. If aught should tempt my soul to stray (way,
From heavenly wisdom's narrow
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or to do the sin I would not do;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3. If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceiv'd by those I priz'd too well,
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe;
At once betray'd, denied, or fled
By those that shar'd his daily bread.

4. When vexing thoughts within me rise, (dies;
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit
Yet He, who once vouchsaf'd to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry, (eye.
The throbbing heart, the streaming

5. When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
For Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead.

6. And oh, when I have safely pass'd
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging watch beside
My dying bed, for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

Lord Glenelg.

(638.) 539.* T. 83.

MY Redeemer knoweth me,
Both in joy and in affliction;

O my soul, now joyful be,
Trust thy Shepherd's kind direction:
His own sheep he knows by name,
And to bless them is his aim.

2. Unexampled is that love,
By which we're with him connected;
If we aught distressing prove,
Jesus is thereby affected:
We his watchful love and care
In all trials richly share.

M. Schwedler.

(639.) 540.* T. 142.

O FOUNTAIN eternal of life and of light, (seek it aright,
Where all find refreshment, who
Pure spring of salvation
And true consolation,
From God's holy temple thy living stream rolls, (thirsty souls.
Whose waters flow ample for all

2. Let him that is thirsty, encouraging call, (for all;
Now drink of the waters abounding
See where the glad river
Flows full from the Giver;
All ye who are ailing and needy draw nigh, (wants will supply.
This well-spring ne'er-failing your

3. Here come I, my Shepherd, athirst after thee, (my plea;
In mercy receive me, for mercy's
The word thou hast spoken
Can never be broken;
Thou know'st I am needy and greatly distress'd, (find rest.
Thou callest the weary to come and

4. Thou river of life dost refresh heart and mind, (good find:
Those whom thou enrichest eternal
Amidst tribulation
The cup of salvation
I take; thus with gladness inspired by thee, (must flee.
All sorrow and sadness far distant

5. I plead thy rich promise, O give me to drink: (would sink
With fervour of spirit I wholly
Into thy love's ocean;
O let true devotion
My heart be impelling still onward to move (love.
To Zion, thy dwelling, the city of

6. Should bitter be mix'd with the sweet of my cup,
O grant me with joy all self-will to give up:
The cup of dire sorrows,
Which thou hast drank for us,
To thine thou dost offer in this world of pain;
With thee they here suffer, with thee they shall reign.

7. O therefore, Lord Jesus, permit me to rest,
Where saints are no longer by suffering oppress'd;
Where joys beyond measure
And fulness of pleasure
In glory transcendent the conquerors share, (faithful shall wear.
And where crowns resplendent the

C. I. Koitsch.

(640.) 541. T. 585.

O MY soul, what means this sadness,
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears begone;
Look to Jesus :||:
And rejoice in his great name.

2. Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee
From without and from within,
Jesus saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,

But will save from hell and sin;
He is faithful :‖:
To perform his gracious word.

3. Tho' distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread the thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee,
Soon he'll bring thee home to God;
Therefore praise him, :‖:
Praise the dear Redeemer's name.

Fawcett.

(641.) 542. T. 22.

BE still, my heart, these anxious cares (snares;
To thee are burdens, thorns, and
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

2. Brought safely by his hand thus far, (care?
Why wilt thou now give place to
How canst thou want, if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3. When first before his mercy-seat
Thou didst thy all to him commit,
He gave thee warrant from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.

4. Did ever trouble thee befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise pass'd,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

5. He that hath help'd me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey thro',
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.

6. Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads me home, apace, to God;
I count my present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

J. Newton.

(642.) 543. T. 39.

BEGONE, unbelief; for my Saviour is near, (pear;
And for my relief he will surely ap-
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform; (the storm.
With Christ in the vessel I smile at

2. Tho' dark be my way, yet since he is my guide, (provide;
'Tis mine to obey, and 'tis his to
Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he hath spoken will surely prevail.

3. His love in time past me forbiddeth to think, (sink:
He'll leave me at last unrelieved to
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review, (me quite through.
Confirms his good pleasure to help

4. Why should I complain then of want or distress, (no less;
Temptation or pain? for he told me
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Thro' much tribulation must follow their Lord.

5. How bitter the cup none can ever conceive,
Which Jesus drank up that poor sinners might live:
His way was much rougher and darker than mine; (repine?
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I

6. Since all that I meet with shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet and the medicine is food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song.

J. Newton.

(643.) 544. T. 89.

YES, since God himself hath said it,
On his promise I rely;
His good word demands my credit,
What can unbelief reply?
He is strong and can fulfil,
He is truth and therefore will.

2. In my Saviour's intercession
Humbly still I will confide;
Lord, accept my free confession,
I have sinn'd but thou hast died:
This is all I have to plead,
This is all the plea I need.

J. Newton.

(646.) 545.* T. 90.

THRICE happy is the feeble soul
Whose strength is only in his God;
The fiercest powers he can control
By faith in Jesus' precious blood;
In combat can maintain the field,
Because Jehovah is his shield.

(647.) 546. T. 79.

THAT I am thine, my Lord and God,
Ransom'd and sprinkled with thy (blood,
Repeat that word once more,
With such an energy and light,
That this world's flattery nor spite
To shake me ever may have power.

2. From various cares my heart retires;
Tho' deep and boundless its desires,
I'm now to please but One,
Him, before whom the elders bow;
With him is all my business now,
And with the souls that are his own.

3. This is my joy which ne'er can fail,
To see my Saviour's arm prevail,
To mark the steps of grace;
How new-born souls, convinced of sin,
Yet by his precious blood made (clean,
Extol his name in every place.

4. With these my happy lot is cast,
Thro' the world's deserts rude and (waste,
Or thro' its garden fair:
Whether the storm of malice sweeps,
Or all in dead supineness sleeps,
Still to go on be all my care.

5. Yes, my dear Lord, in following
Not in the dark uncertainly (thee
This foot obedient moves;
'Tis with a Brother and a King,
Who many to his yoke will bring,
Who ever lives and ever loves.

6. Now then my Way, my Truth, my Life,
Drop off like autumn leaves: (strife,
Henceforth let sorrow, doubt, and
Henceforth, as privileged by thee,
Simple and undistracted be
My soul, which to thy sceptre cleaves.

7. Let me my weary mind recline
On that eternal love of thine,
And human thoughts forget: (say,
Child-like attend what thou wilt
Go forth and do it, while 'tis day,
Yet never leave my safe retreat.

8. At all times to my spirit bear
An inward witness strong and (clear,
Of thy redeeming power;
This will instruct thy child aright,
This will impart the needful light,
For exigence of every hour.

9. Now then the sequel is well weigh'd,
I cast myself upon thy aid,
A sea where none can sink:

Yea, thereon I depend, poor worm,
Believing that thou wilt perform
Beyond whate'er I ask or think.
J. Gambold.

(648.) 547. T. 22.

GOD of my life on thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall; (vail,
When the great water-floods pre-
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2. Friend of the friendless and the faint, (plaint?
Where should I lodge my deep com-
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3. Did ever mourner plead with thee, (plea?
And thou refuse that mourner's
Doth not the word still fix'd remain, (vain?
That none shall seek thy face in

4. That were a grief I could not bear, (prayer;
Didst thou not hear and answer
But a prayer-hearing, answering
Supports me under every load. (God,

5. Poor tho' I am, despis'd, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.
Cowper.

(649.) 548.* T. 79.

JESUS, our Guardian, Guide, and Friend,
Now thy protecting wings extend,
Thy children save from harm;
Would Satan seek us to devour,
Against his malice, craft, and power,
Defend us by thy outstretch'd arm.
P. Gerhard.

(650.) 549.* T. 208.

JESUS, source of gladness,
Comfort in all sadness,
Thou canst end my grief;
While for thy salvation
I with expectation
Wait, I find relief: (name
Slaughter'd Lamb,—thy saving
Yields to me far greater pleasure,
Than all worldly treasure.

2. God is my salvation,
Joy, and consolation;
With the world I've done:
To pride's vain pretension
I pay no attention,
Avarice I disown: (cross,
Perils, loss,—shame, death, and
Sufferings e'er so keen, shall never
Me from Jesus sever.

3. If the Lord protect me,
Sin cannot infect me,
Nought can do me harm;
Although Satan rageth,
Christ the storm assuageth
By his mighty arm:
Would the foe—his malice show,
Since Christ is my strength and
I dread not his power. (tower,

4. Gloomy thoughts must vanish,
Jesus doth replenish
Me with heavenly peace;
Who the Saviour loveth,
By experience proveth,
Grief is chang'd to bliss:
Tho' I here—reproach must bear,
Yet he turneth all my sadness
Into joy and gladness.
J. Frank.

(651.) 550.* T. 22.

JESUS, my All, my highest good,
Who hast redeem'd me with thy blood,

When confidence in thee I place,
My soul is fill'd with joy and peace.

2. Where should I turn, or how thee leave?
Jesus, to thee my mind doth cleave;
With thee my heart hath always found
True counsel, comfort, help abound.

3. All who abide in faith and love,
This truth in their experience prove,
That none who simply put their trust
In Jesus Christ, can e'er be lost.

4. None can be so o'erwhelm'd with grief,
But they in Christ may find relief;
All misery, howsoever great,
His comforts can alleviate.

5. Jesus, my only God and Lord,
What comfort does thy name afford;
No friend on earth can ever be
For faithfulness compar'd with thee.

6. Were health, and strength, and friends withdrawn,
Were every earthly comfort gone,
If I have thee, I have ev'n here
What me eternally can cheer.

7. O Lord, preserve me sound in faith,
Thine let me be in life and death;
May nothing pluck me from thy hand,
Lead me in safety to the end.

M. Moeller.

(655.) 551.* T. 68.

THANKS for ever be,
Jesus, unto thee,
That thy strength doth us enable
To adhere to thee, tho' feeble;
That thou hear'st our prayers,
And regard'st our tears.

J. Neander.

552. T. 205.

TO the hills I lift mine eyes,
To the everlasting hills;
Thence I draw divine supplies,
Thus my soul new vigour fills:
Faithful is his promis'd word;
Help, while yet I ask, is giv'n;
Giv'n by him, the sovereign Lord,
Who hath made both earth and heaven.

2. Not the powers of earth or hell
E'er thy Guardian can surprise:
Careless slumber cannot steal
Over his all-seeing eyes;
He is Israel's sure defence;
Israel all his care shall prove;
Kept by watchful Providence,
Borne by ever-waking love.

3. Thee, on evil's baleful day,
Scorching sun shall never smite;
Nor the moon with chilling ray
Ever blast thee through the night:
Safe from known or secret foes,
Free from sin and Satan's thrall,
When the flesh, earth, hell oppose,
God shall keep thee safe from all.

C. Wesley, (ad.)

(656.) 553. T. 205

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide:
O receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring:

Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
All in all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart.
Rise to all eternity.

C. Wesley.

XXIX. PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

(657.) 554.* T. B. p. 110.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

LORD God, thy praise we sing,
To thee our thanks we bring:
Both heaven and earth do worship
Thou Father of eternity: (thee,
To thee all angels loudly cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high:
Cherubs and seraphs thee proclaim,
And cry thrice holy to thy name:
Holy is our Lord God,
Holy is our Lord God,
Holy is our Lord God,
The Lord of Sabaoth.

With splendour of thy glory spread
Are heaven and earth replenished:
The apostles' glorious company,
The prophets' fellowship praise
The noble and victorious host (thee:
Of martyrs makes of thee their boast:
The holy church in every place
Throughout the earth, exalts thy praise.

Thee, Father, God on heaven's (throne,
Thy only and beloved Son,
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The church doth worship and revere.

O Christ, thou glorious King, we (own
Thee to be God's eternal Son:
Thou, undertaking in our room,
Didst not abhor the Virgin's womb:
The pains of death o'ercome by thee,
Made heaven to all believers free:
At God's right hand thou hast thy seat,
And in thy Father's glory great;
And we believe the day's decreed,
When thou shalt judge the quick and dead.

Promote, we pray, thy servants' good, (blood;
Redeem'd with thy most precious
Among thy saints make us ascend
To glory that shall never end:
Thy people with salvation crown,
Bless those, O Lord, that are thine own: (vance
Govern thy church, and, Lord, ad-
For ever thine inheritance.

From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honour thee;

Thy name we worship and adore
World without end for evermore:
Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
To keep us safe from sin this day:
O Lord have mercy on us all;
Have mercy on us when we call:
Thy mercy, Lord, to us dispense,
According to our confidence:
Lord, we have put our trust in thee,
Confounded let us never be: Amen.

Ambrose.

555. T. 205.

MEET and right it is to sing,
At all times, in every place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
To the God of truth and grace;
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join:
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Never-ceasing praise be thine.

2. Vying with the heavenly choir,
Who declare thy praise above,
We on eagle's wings aspire,
On the wings of faith and love:
Thee they sing, with glory crown'd;
We extol the slaughter'd Lamb:
Lower if our voices sound,
Still our subject is the same.

3. Father, God, thy love we praise,
Love, which gave thy Son to die:
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Thee alike we glorify:
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Till we in full chorus join, (heaven.
When this earth is chang'd for

C. Wesley, (ad.)

(659.) 556.* T. 132.

ALL glory to the sovereign Good,
And Father of compassion,
To God, our help and sure abode.
Whose gracious visitation
Renews his blessings every day,
And takes our griefs and fears
Give to our God the glory. (away,

2. The heavenly hosts with awe show forth
The praise of their Creator:
All creatures both in heaven and
Whate'er exists in nature, (earth,
Speak their divine Original,
Impress'd most wisely on them all:
Give to our God the glory.

3. What is created by our God
Enjoys his preservation;
And he extends o'er all abroad
His fatherly compassion: (grace
Throughout the kingdom of his
Prevail his truth and righteousness:
Give to our God the glory.

4. In my distress I rais'd with faith
To God my supplication;
My Saviour rescu'd me from death,
And gave me consolation:
This makes me with both heart and voice
Before the God of grace rejoice:
Give to our God the glory.

5. The Lord hath ever to his flock
Kept without separation;
He doth abide our shield and rock,
Our peace and our salvation;
He leads us with a mother's care,
Protects from danger, guards from
Give to our God the glory. (fear:

6. As long as I have breath in me
I will sound forth his praises:
His precious saving name shall be
Exalted in all places: (adore
My heart, with all thy strength
The God of grace, the God of power,
And give him all the glory.

7. Ye who profess his sacred name,
Give to our God the glory:
Ye who his power know and pro-
Give to our God the glory; (claim,
Rejoice from all vain idols freed,
The Lord is God, is God indeed:
Give to our God the glory.

8. Now then before his face appear,
With praises and thanksgiving;
With awe his holy name revere,
And join with all the living,
To extol the wonders he hath
wrought, (thought:
His mighty deeds, surpassing
Give to our God the glory.

J. J. Shuetz.

(660.) 557.* T. 14.

I'LL praise thee with my heart and
O Lord, my soul's delight, (tongue,
Declaring to the world in song
Thy glory, praise, and might.

2. Thou art the eternal source of
The source of lasting bliss; (grace,
From thee unto the human race
Flows all true happiness.

3. What are we? what do we pos-
While here on earth below, (sess,
Which thy great love and tender-
Do not on us bestow? (ness

4. Who spread the lofty firmament
And starry skies around? (scend
Who makes the dew and rain de-
To fructify the ground?—

5. Who doth preserve our life and
Our ease and safe abode? (health,
Who doth secure our peace and
Our ever-gracious God. (wealth?

6. On thee, almighty Lord of hosts,
Depend our life and all; (coasts,
Thou keepest watch around our
Protecting great and small.

7. Thy chastisements are nought
but love:
When we our sins confess,
We thy forgiveness richly prove;
'Tis thy delight to bless.

8. Thou count'st thy children's
sighs and tears,
When they before thee mourn;
No tear too mean to thee appears
To put into thy urn.

9. Thou, when we sink oppress'd
Dost us with pity view, (with grief,
Administering thy kind relief,
And lasting comfort too.

10. Why need we mourn, as in
despair,
And grieve both day and night?
On him we'll cast our every care,
Who gave us life and light.

11. Has he not tended us and fed,
Ev'n from our earliest days;
Our souls with loving-kindness led
Through many dangerous ways?

12. God never yet mistakes hath
In his vast government: (made
No, what he doth permit or aid
Is bless'd in the event.

13. Then murmur not, but be re-
To his most holy will; (sign'd
Peace, rest, and comfort thou wilt
My soul, in being still. (find,

P. Gerhard.

(662.) 558.* T. 195.

GOD reveals his presence;
Let us now adore him,
And with awe appear before him:
God is in his temple,
All in us keep silence,
And before him bow with reverence:
Him alone—God we own;

He's our Lord and Saviour:
Praise his name for ever.

2. God reveals his presence,
Whom the angelic legions
Serve with awe in heavenly regions:
Holy, holy, holy,
Sing the hosts of heaven;
Praise to God be ever given:
Condescend—to attend
Graciously, O Jesus,
To our songs and praises.

3. O majestic Being,
Were but soul and body
Thee to serve at all times ready:
Might we, like the angels
Who behold thy glory,
With abasement sink before thee,
And thro' grace—be always,
In our whole demeanour,
To thy praise and honour.

4. Grant us resignation,
Hearts before thee bowed,
With thy peace divine endowed:
As a tender flower
Opens and inclineth
To the cheering sun which shineth;
So may we—be from thee
Rays of grace deriving,
And thereby be thriving.

5. Lord, come dwell within us,
While on earth we tarry;
Make us thy blest sanctuary:
O vouchsafe thy presence;
Draw unto us nearer,
And reveal thyself still clearer:
Us direct—and protect;
Thus we in all places
Shall show forth thy praises.

Terstegen.

(663.) 559.* T. 341.

THOU, Jesus, art our King;
Thy ceaseless praise we sing:
Praise shall our glad tongues employ,
Praise o'erflow the grateful soul,
While we vital breath enjoy,
While eternal ages roll.

2. Thou art the eternal Light,
That shines in deepest night:
Wondering gaz'd the angelic train,
While thou bow'dst the heavens beneath,
God with God wast man with man,
Man to save from endless death.

3. Thou for our griefs didst mourn,
Thou hast our sickness borne:
All our sins on thee were laid;
Thou with unexampled grace
All the mighty debt hast paid,
Due from Adam's helpless race.

4. Thou hast o'erthrown the foe,
God's kingdom fix'd below:
Conqueror of all adverse power,
Thou heaven's gates hast open'd wide;
Thou thine own dost lead secure,
And to life eternal guide.

5. Above the starry sky
Thou reign'st, enthron'd on high;
Prostrate at thy feet we fall:
Power supreme to thee is giv'n,
As the righteous Judge of all,
Sons of earth and hosts of heaven.

6. The seraphim in light
To sound thy praise unite;
All their choirs thy glories sing:
Who shall dare with thee to vie,
Mighty Lord, eternal King,
Sovereign both of earth and sky?

7. The venerable train,
Patriarchs, first-born of men,
And the Apostles of the Lamb,
By whose strength they faithful prov'd,

Join to extol his sacred name
Whom in life and death they lov'd.

8. The church, thro' all her bounds,
With thy high praise resounds:
The confessors fearless here
Boldly praise their heavenly King:
Children's feebler voices there
To thy name hosannas sing.

9. 'Midst danger's blackest frown
Thee hosts of martyrs own:
Pain and shame alike they dare,
Firmly trusting in their God;
Glorying thy cross to bear, (blood.
Sealing thus their faith with

10. Arise, exert thy power,
Thou glorious Conqueror:
Help us to obtain the prize,
Help us well to close our race;
That with thee above the skies
Endless joys we may possess.

J. Angelus.

(664.) 560. T. 79.

JESUS, the whole creation's Head,
Lord of the living and the dead,
Endless thy glories shine:
Thy blood-bought church in mercy own; (throne,
The church assembled round thy
Or pilgrims here; we all are thine.

2. Pilgrims on earth, we here may rest, (nest,
The sparrow here hath found a
Thine altars, O Lord God:
For all thy blessings and thy care,
Our gratitude in praise and prayer
Shall still ascend to thine abode.

3. Ye spirits of the just above,
With Christ now perfected in love,
Once our companions here;
In higher strains join us to sing
Blessing and honour to our King,
Till he in glory shall appear.

4. Hail, Lamb once slain, thy precious blood (God,
Hath brought us sinners night to
Worthy art thou alone:
Accept, O Lord, Ancient of days,
Thy universal church's praise,
Here and around thy glorious throne.

(665.) 561.* T. 101.

THANKSGIVING, honor, praise, and might (der'd,
Unto the Lamb of God be ren-
Who brought us to his kingdom's light, (kindred;
From every nation, tongue, and
Before the world was form'd we were ordain'd (hath no end.
By him to happiness and life which

2. To him who ever doth abide,
Be ceaseless songs of praise repeated (bride,
By the whole Church, his chosen
Here or in heavenly mansions seated, (name,
The angelic hosts exalt his saving
And we with all created beings do the same.

3. By all the saints around his throne, (heaven,
And all the angelic choirs in
With shouts of glory, to God's Son,
Our King and Shepherd, praise be given: (rehearse;
They join with us his goodness to
His glorious name be prais'd throughout the universe.

J. Neander.

(666.) 562.* T. 146.

NOW let us praise the Lord
With body, soul, and spirit,

Who doth such wondrous things
Beyond our sense and merit;
Who, from our mother's womb
And earliest infancy,
Hath done great things for us;
Praise him eternally.

2. O gracious God, bestow
On us, while here remaining,
An ever-cheerful mind;
Thy peace be ever reigning:
Preserve us in true faith
And Christian holiness;
That when we go from hence
We may behold thy face.

M. Rinkhart.

(668.) 563.* T. 9.

TILL permitted hence to go,
To behold my Saviour,
Whom ev'n here by faith to know,
I enjoy the favour:—

2. Till to heaven I go in peace,
Where no sin assaileth,
Sorrows, sighs, and tears must cease,
Love alone prevaileth:—

3. Till the day when I shall tread
Those celestial mountains,
Where the Lamb himself will lead
Me to living fountains:—

4. Till that time mine eyes I'll raise
Unto him in spirit,
And my feeble tongue shall praise
My Redeemer's merit.

(669.) 564. T. 90.

THE Lamb was slain! let us adore,
With grateful hearts his mercy own;
May all within us evermore
In silence at his feet fall down;
Serve without dread, with reverence love
The Lord, whose boundless grace we prove.

2. The Lamb was slain! both day and night
The angelic choirs his praises sing;
To him, enthron'd above all height.
Heaven's hosts their noblest anthems bring; (song,
While here poor sinners join the
And praise him with a stammering tongue.

3. Gladly our own poor works we leave, (fame.
For him despise wealth, pleasure,
To him our souls and bodies give,
His death doth our affections claim:
Henceforth we own him as our Lord,
His name be by us all ador'd.

4. Thro' him alone we live, for he
Hath drowned our transgressions all
In love's unfathomable sea:
Fall prostrate, lost in wonder fall,
Ye sinners, for the Lamb was slain;
He died that we might life regain.

5. As ground, when parch'd with summer's heat, (er,
Gladly drinks in the welcome show-
So may we, listening at his feet,
Receive his word and feel his power:
May nothing in our hearts remain,
But this great truth, "The Lamb was slain."

J. Wesley.

(670.) 565. T. 159.

ADORED be the Lamb of God,
That he upon the cross
To God, by his most precious blood,
Hath reconciled us:
All praise be given to him, that we
Were born the day of grace to see,
When he his love to us reveal'd,
And thus our pardon seal'd.

2. To be his priests and witnesses
Is now our happy lot,

To sing in songs of endless praise
To Jesus who us bought:
We now like Mary wish to sit
In spirit listening at his feet,
Waiting with lamps prepar'd and dress'd
For the Lamb's marriage-feast.

3. Meanwhile his promises we trust,
And join our grateful lays
In concert with the ransom'd host,
To sing redeeming grace:
While they who round his throne appear,
The wonders of his love declare,
And sing, "The Lamb for us was slain;"
Our hearts reply, Amen.

J. Cennick.

(671.) 566. T. 132.

SING praises unto God on high,
To him who us created;
Sing praises to the Lord, so nigh
To sinful man related:
Rejoicing Hallelujah sing,
Jehovah Jesus is our King,
And gracious Mediator.

2. He calls us brethren, not asham'd
To bear our human nature;
Yea, heirs of life we now are nam'd,
Joint-heirs with our Creator:
He ever lives our cause to plead,
Grants help in every time of need;
Praise to his name for ever.

C. J. La Trobe.

(672.) 567. T. 39.

YE servants of God, your great Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his most excellent name:
The name all victorious of Jesus extol,
His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

2. God ruleth in heaven, almighty to save,
And yet he is with us, his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumphs shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3. Salvation be brought unto God on the throne,
Let all sing rejoicing, and honour the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4. Then let us adore him and give him his right,
All glory, and power, and wisdom, and might,
And honour, and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing for infinite love.

Countess Huntingdon's H.

(673.) 568. T. 11.

BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Jesus Christ, our joy and peace;
Let our praise to him be giv'n,
Who is Lord of earth and heaven.

2. Jesus, lo, to thee we bow,
Thou art Lord, and only Thou;
Thou, the woman's promis'd Seed,
Glory of thy church, and Head.

3. Thee the angels ceaseless sing,
Thee we praise, our Priest and King;
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

4. We thy little flock adore
Thee our Lord for evermore;
Show us evermore thy love,
Till we join the choirs above.

Countess Huntingdon's H.

(674.) 569. T. 22.

BLESS, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise:

How can the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

2. 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son (done:
To die for crimes which thou hast
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

3. Our youth decay'd his power repairs, (years:
His mercy crowns our growing
He satisfies our souls with good,
And filleth us with heavenly food.

4. Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let all mankind adore his grace;
Let us with all our powers sing
Praise to our Saviour, God, and King.

Watts.

(675.) 570. T. 14.

COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousands are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our hearts reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4. The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Watts.

(676.) 571. T. 22.

WE bless the Lord, whose tender love (above,
Caus'd him to leave his throne
To dwell with sinful worms below,
And save them from eternal woe.

2. On fallen men he cast his eye,
In depths of misery saw them lie;
Pitied their state, resolv'd to come
And suffer freely in their room.

3. A mortal body he assum'd,
Groan'd, bled, and died, and was entomb'd:
At length the work thus finished,
He rose triumphant from the dead.

4. To heaven's bright realms he took his flight,
Beyond the reach of mortal sight:
There pleads with God for ransom'd men,
Thence will in glory come again.

5. To Jesus, our exalted Head,
Immortal honours now be paid;
The glory of his saving name
Our tongues shall evermore proclaim.

(677.) 572. T. 14.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2. Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease:
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3. His grace subdues the power of sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me.

4. He speaks, and list'ning to his (voice
New life the dead receive: The humble poor believe. (joice,

5. Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

6. Look unto him, ye nations, own,
Your God, ye fallen race:
Look and be sav'd through faith (alone,
Be justified by grace.

C. Wesley.

(678.) 573. T. 14.

NOT all the angels of the sky,
Nor happy saints above,
Have greater cause to praise than I
The Saviour's dying love.

2. Had I an angel's heav'nly tongue
Or seraph's melody, (hung
My theme should be his praise, who
Upon the cross for me.

3. For thee he hangs, my soul, rejoice;
For thee, my soul, expires:
Then sing his love with thankful voice,
Sing what his love inspires.

4. Till fleeting time shall have an end,
And years shall cease to roll,
Due praise shall from his church ascend,
And spread from pole to pole.

5. How sweet the precious gospel sounds
In the believer's ear;
This balsam heals his cankering wounds,
And dries each anxious tear.

6. But tears of joy must ever flow,
For Jesus' wondrous love;
And when I leave this world below,
I'll sing his praise above.

(679.) 574. T. 595.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb:
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2. Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For us whose sins he bore.

3. Ye pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing:
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ, the eternal King.

4. Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away
To our eternal home.

5. There shall our raptur'd tongues
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

Countess Huntingdon's H.

(680.) 575. T. 595.

TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2. 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3. He will present our souls,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4. The Saviour's ransom'd race
Shall meet around the throne,
Extol him for his saving grace,
And make his wonders known.

5. To our Redeemer-God,
Wisdom and power belong;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And heaven's eternal song.

Watts.

(681.) 576. T. 96 or 90.

WITH thanks before the Lord appear,
Adore his precious, saving name;
His patience, faithfulness, and care,
Our humble, grateful praises claim;
His goodness none can comprehend,
His tender mercies know no end.

2. Worthy the Lamb, that every breath (peat:
His lauds in ceaseless strains re-
Worthy the Lamb, that for his death
Each pulse should to his honour beat;
That to his throne the sacrifice
Of prayer and praise like incense rise.

(683) 577. T. 14.

FOR mercies, countless as the (sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?

2. Alas! from such a heart as (mine,
What can I bring him forth?
My best is stain'd and dyed with (sin,
My all is nothing worth.

3. Yet this acknowledgment I'll (make,
For all he hath bestow'd,
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

4. The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.

J. Newton.

(684.) 578.* T. 166.

THANKS be to thee, O Lamb of God,
For thy unfathomable grace:
How many benefits bestow'd
Forgotten and unnotic'd pass:
When I thy love astonish'd see,
What lengths, breadths, heights, and depths appear:
Eternity, immensity,
These, these its only limits are.

(685.) 579.* T. 83.

NOW with joyful songs appear,
Hail with humble adoration
Christ the Lord, for ever near
To his ransom'd congregation:
With the poor he deigns to dwell;
God with us, Immanuel.

J. Swertner.

(686.) 580.* T. 121.

IN joyful hymns of praise,
Like one man, sweetly raise
Voices all united;
With our liturgic lays
Our Saviour is delighted:
He'll with gracious ear
Our thanksgivings hear,
And we feel him near.

Z.

(688.) 581.* T. 155.

THOU, our Light, our Leading-(star,
Who hast kindly us directed
And protected;
When thy mercies, daily new,
We review,
In the dust we fall before thee,
Lost in wonder, we adore thee;
None can give thee praises due.

Tribbechow.

(689.) 582. T. 590.

O GOD, at thy command we rise
Thy glorious name to bless;
Thee, the great Lord of earth and (skies,
We thankfully confess;
Our joy is now to sing of thee,
To triumph in thy love,
And this (transporting thought!) shall be
Our endless work above.

(690.) 583. T. 167.

WORSHIP, honour, power, and blessing,
Christ is worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright, angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

(691.) 584.* T. 114.

THE Lamb of God unspotted, pure, and holy, (God,
Who reconcil'd us by his death to
And from our sins hath wash'd us in his blood, (lowly
Is worthy, that before his footstool
All knees should bow, and every tongue confess,
Him Lord alone, to God the Father's praise. Gregor.

(693.) 585.* T. 39.

O THAT we with gladness of spirit for ever
Adored and praised our crucified Saviour;
O might each pulsation thanksgiving express,
And each breath we draw be an anthem of praise.

2. The Lamb who by blood our salvation obtained,
Took on him our curse, and death freely sustained,
Is worthy of praises, let with one accord
All people say, Amen, O praise ye the Lord. Gregor.

(694.) 586. T. 249.

IN humble, grateful lays,
The Lord :‖: of hosts we praise,
His saving name confess;
Yea, fill'd with holy awe, revere
The Father, Son, and Comforter:
Amen, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah,
Amen, Hallelujah.

2. Praise to the slaughter'd Lamb:
His love :‖: we will proclaim,
Who died us to redeem;
O might each pulse thanksgiving beat,
And every breath his praise repeat:
From angels and from men,
To the Lamb slain
All honour doth pertain.

(695.) 587. T. 230.

PRAISES, thanks, and adoration
Be given to God without cessation,
To Jesus Christ, our gracious Lord:
For his mercy, love, and favour
To us, his flock, endure for ever;
Bless, bless his name with one accord;
To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
Hallelujah:
In highest strain
Praise the Lamb slain;
Let heaven and earth reply, Amen.
J. Swertner.

XXX. PRAYER AND SUPPLICATION.

(696.) 588. T. 582.

BEHOLD the throne of grace,
The promise calls me near,
There Jesus shows his cheering face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2. That rich, atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

3. My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee was spilt,
What else can he withhold?

4. Beyond thy utmost wants
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.

5. Since 'tis the Lord's command,
My mouth I open wide:
Lord, open thou thy bounteous hand,
That I may be supplied.

6. My soul, believe and pray,
Without a doubt believe:
Whate'er we ask in God's own way,
We surely shall receive.

7. Here stands the promise fair,
For God cannot repent,
To fervent, persevering prayer,
He'll every blessing grant.

J. Newton.

(697.) 589. T. 11.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself hath bid thee pray,
And sends none unheard away.

2. Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3. Lord, I will not let thee go,
Till the blessing thou bestow:
Oh, do not my suit disdain;
None shall seek thy face in vain.

J. Newton.

590. T. 22.

AND dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
Lord, I would seize the golden hour;
I pray to be releas'd from guilt,
And freed from sin, and Satan's power.

2. More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of thine image let me bear;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3. Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
And from thy joy to draw my strength;
To have thy boundless love reveal'd,
In all its height, and breadth, and length.

4. Grant these requests, I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign,
Living or dying, rich or poor,
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

J. Newton.

591. T. 14.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne, let this
Sincere petition rise.

2. Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;

The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

3. Let the sweet hope that thou art
My life and death attend; (mine,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Mrs. Steele.

592. T. 14.

LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear:
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

2. We perish if we cease from prayer;
O grant us power to pray!
And when to meet thee we pre-
Lord, meet us by the way. (pare,

3. Burden'd with guilt, convinc'd of sin,
In weakness, want and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?

4. God of all grace, we come to thee,
With broken contrite hearts;
Give what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts:—

5. Give deep humility;—the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence,
To hear thy voice and live:—

6. Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone:—

7. Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee though thou slay:

8. Give these,—and then thy will be done;
Thus strengthen'd with all might,
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

J. Montgomery.

593. T. 595.

O THOU who hearest prayer,
The God of power and might;
To seek thy face be all our care,
And our supreme delight.

2. O God of grace and love,
Regard us from thy throne;
Send down to us the heavenly Dove,
And seal us as thine own.

3. We have no other trust,
But thy dear sacrifice;
Our hope, thou holy One and just,
Thou never wilt despise.

4. Sinful, we plead thy blood,
Weak, we implore thy power;
Saviour, remember us for good
In danger's trying hour.

5. Come with thy saving strength,
With healing virtue come;
And let thy guiding hand at length
Conduct us safely home.

6. Till, sav'd from all annoy
Of earthly fear and strife,
We enter into endless joy,
And everlasting life.

W. Edwards, (ad.)

594. T. 11.

HEAVENLY Father, to whose (eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Through the desert where I stray,
Let thy counsel guide my way.

2. Lead me not, for flesh is frail,
Where fierce trials would assail;
Leave me not, in darken'd hour,
To withstand the tempter's power.

3. Save me from his treacherous wiles,
Arm me against pleasure's smiles;
Give me, for my spirit's health,
Neither poverty nor wealth.

4. Help thy servant to maintain
A profession free from stain,
That my sole reproach may be,
Following Christ and fearing thee.

5. Lord, uphold me day by day,
Shed a light upon my way;
Guide me through perplexing snares,
Care for me in all my cares.

6. All I ask for is—enough;
Only, when the way is rough,
Let thy rod and staff impart
Strength and courage to my heart.

7. Should thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,
Father, glorify thy name!

8. Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that thou art near,
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to thee, my God.

Conder.

595. T. 22.

WHAT various hindrances we (meet
In coming to a mercy-seat;
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there.

2. Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw; (saw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3. Restraining prayer, we cease to fight; (bright;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4. While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5. Have you no words? Ah, think again; (plain,
Words flow apace when you com-
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

6. Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent.
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

Cowper.

(698.) 596.* T. 10.

THE prayers of the needy,
Thou, Lord, to hear art ready;
Thy mercy and forbearance
We every day experience.

2. When thee in faith addressing,
Thou no good gift nor blessing
Unto thy church deniest,
But all her wants suppliest.

3. In thee we trust for ever,
Since thou to each believer
Afford'st that consolation:
"I've heard thy supplication."

(701.) 597.* T. 16.

QUITE alone, and yet not lonely
I'll converse with God my Friend
Now from worldly cares receeding
I my time in prayer will spend.

2. O how blessed are the moments,
When the Lord himself draws near
When I feel his gracious presence,
And he listens to my prayer.

(704.) 598.* T. 79.

WITH ardent longing, at thy feet,
Lord Jesus Christ, I humbly wait;
O lend a gracious ear
Unto my manifold complaints:
I trust thou wilt relieve my wants,
And deign thy needy child to hear.

2. Grant me an upright, simple heart,
A cheerful mind to me impart,
Free from sin's galling load:
O may I of my sinfulness
Always retain a consciousness,
But not serve sin, forbid it, God!

3. Grant me a harmless, dove-like mind,
To true humility inclin'd;
Thy will be mine indeed:
O may I labour, constantly
Endow'd with spirit's poverty,
From every hurtful influence freed.

4. May I be serious, child-like too,
In all essentials firm and true;
Give me a trusty ear;
A sympathizing, tender heart,
In joy and sorrow to take part,
And gladly others' burdens bear.

5. In converse make me tractable
And mild; in storms invincible,
And never prone to yield.
May I maintain incessantly
A tender fellowship with thee,
From day to day by grace upheld.

6. Thy unction O may I obey,
And tread the pilgrim's rugged way;
Grant I may shun no toil;
In all my senses render me
Well exercis'd, and let me be
Anointed with thy gladdening oil.

7. Thou of all nations the desire,
With zeal thy ministers inspire;
And grant tht every field,
With gospel-seed already sown,
In Gentile lands or in our own,
May an abundant harvest yield.

8. O Father, us with pleasure own,
The dear-bought purchase of thy Son;
O Spirit, be our guide,
To us thy saving light afford;
O Christ, the church's Head & Lord,
May we for ever thine abide. Z.

(705.) 599.* T. 36.

LORD Jesus Christ, thy body's Head and Saviour,
On us, thy children, deign to look in favour;
Our grateful hearts with thanks are overflowing,
Before thee bowing.

2. What peace do we derive, what consolation,
What strength from thy atoning death and passion:
Impress'd with holy reverence we adore thee,
And fall before thee.

3. Thy goodness, as thy power, is past expression;
We trust that thou, whene'er with supplication
We seek thy face, in mercy wilt accept us,
And not reject us.

4. O Lord, thou great High-priest of our profession,
Who at God's right hand makest intercession,
And by thy powerful prayers to help the needy
Art ever ready:—

5. The many drops of blood which from thee flowed,
The streams of tears which oft thy cheeks bedewed,
Are all in our behalf for mercy pleading
And interceding.

6. O may thy church thro' thy atonement's powers,
Unto thy praise before thee bloom like flowers; (Saviour,
Yea, glorify thy name in us, dear Both now and ever.
Z.

(706.) 600.* T. 83.

FLOCK of Christ, in fellowship
Offer fervent supplication;
Whether to rejoice or weep
We may now have most occasion:
When the lips no more can pray,
Sighs will find to him their way.

2. O may he so sensibly
Bless us with his grace and favour,
That we in humility
May rejoice in him, our Saviour;
May he in his mercy grant
All we weep for, all we want.

3. May his presence constantly
Yield us joy and consolation,
In the certain hope that he
Will regard our supplication,
Grant our prayers, and much more
Than we're able to conceive. (give

4. This be our supreme delight,
To remain in closest union
With our Lord both day and night,
And enjoy his sweet communion;
This our heaven while here we stay,
Him to love, serve, and obey.

(708.) 601.* T. 79.

LORD, our High-priest and Sa-
Pour fire and spirit's fervour (viour,
On all our priestly bands;
When we are interceding,
And for thy people pleading, (hands.
Give incense, and hold up our

2. By thine illumination,
Thy church's situation
In the true light we trace;
We rise from prayer with blessing,
O'ercome what is distressing (race.
Thro' thee, and run with joy our
Z. & Neisser.

(709.) 602.* T. 114.

WHENEVER we in holy contemplation (O Lord,
Survey the kingdom of thy cross,
And call to mind the promis'd, full reward (expectation
For thy soul's travail; with glad
The hope we cherish, that thy reign of peace
Shall soon o'erspread the earth with rich increase.

2. O Father of thy people, we implore thee, (ferings, bless;
The church, the fruit of Jesus' suf-
Refresh thine heritage with showers of grace, (the glory:
The cause is thine, and thine alone
May Jesus thousands as a spoil obtain, (gain.
And his disciples constant victory

3. O Holy Spirit, Christ's blood-bought salvation
Set forth, and glorify his sacrifice;
May hosts of sinners, listening to thy voice, (tation,
Receive with joy the gospel-invi-
And, by thee gather'd, see their names enroll'd (som'd fold.
Among the sheep of Jesus' ran-

(712.) 603. T. 185.

GRACIOUS Saviour, bless thy congregation,
Richly all her wants supply;
Be our only joy and consolation,
Till we quit mortality:
Of each weight may we be more divested, (lested,
Live beneath thy sceptre unmo-

In thy matchless radiance shine,
Filled with thy love divine.

2. Cheer thy chosen witnesses, O Jesus,
Who thy dying love proclaim;
That with joy they may to distant places
Bear thy great and glorious name:
By thy arm O may they be defended, (ended,
Till their pilgrimage on earth is
And they are with thee at rest:
Lord, we pray, hear our request.

Swertner.

(713.) 604.* T. 22.

LORD Jesus, with thy presence bless,
By land and sea, thy witnesses:
In every danger them defend,
In every trial prove their friend.

2. O may thy word in Christendom
Be bless'd, and may thy kingdom come;
And may thy servants joyful bring
New spoils, each day, to thee, their King.

3. Preserve in constant love and peace, (crease
And thro' thy blessing still in-
Thy little flocks, which far and
In towns and villages appear. (near

4. Thy thoughts of peace o'er us fulfil,
Incline our hearts to do thy will;
Thy gospel make more fully known;
May all the world thy goodness own.

John de Watteville.

(715.) 605. T. 22.

ATTEND, O Saviour, to our prayer;
All things by thy appointment are;
We thee confess the sovereign Lord,
Thy name be everywhere ador'd.

2. Thou who on earth the sick didst heal,
And to the poor thy love reveal,
O comfort, by a look from thee,
All who are now in misery.

3. Nearer and nearer draw us still;
Might all but know thy holy will;
Subdue all pride and stubbornness,
O Lord, by thy prevailing grace.

4. Preserve by thy almighty aid
Those who have thee their refuge made; (blame,
Grant that, in all things free from
In meekness they may praise thy name.

J. Gambold.

(716.) 606. T. 205.

JESUS, hear our fervent prayer.
Own thy people, seal us thine;
Thee to obey from day to day
By thy Spirit us incline:
Us for ever bless and keep,
Mark us as thy chosen sheep;
From thy fulness to us grant
Every grace and gift we want.

(718. 607.* T. 166.

LORD Jesus, bless thy witnesses,
Spread over them thy arms of love;
Behold them in their destin'd race,
Where bold in faith's bright path they move:
Support them under every load,
Console them when they weep 'fore thee, (stow'd,
And help them, for the aid be-
To praise thy name continually.

(719.) 608.* T. 159.

ABUNDANTLY our Saviour's
Bestoweth gifts and grace; (hand

This we in many a distant land
With inward joy can trace:
When for his work engag'd in prayer,
We know he our requests will hear,
And confidently can believe,
A rich increase he'll give.

(720.) 609. T. 185.

BLESS, O Lord, we pray, thy congregation,
Bless each choir and family; (tion,
Bless the youth, the rising genera-
Bless the children dear to thee;
Bless thy servants, grant them grace and unction; (their function;
That they may with care discharge
Lord on thee we humbly call,
Let thy blessings rest on all.

(722.) 610.* T. 97.

OFT as the church the goodness weighs,
Which Jesus unto her displays,
And ponders on his faithful care,
Which she each day doth richly share, (inclin'd
By love constrain'd, to pray she is
For the prosperity of all mankind.

2. For all put in authority
We supplicate most fervently;
The magistrates who are ordain'd,
Support by thy almighty hand;
And, under their protection, grant that we
May live in godliness and honesty.

Gregor.

611. T. 22.

O GOD of heaven and earth, arise,
And hear our loud united cries;
Behold us bow before thy face,
Throughout our land, and seek thy grace.

2. Our trust is not in mortal hosts,
Nor in the arms that guard our coasts;
Thine is the land, and thine the main,
And human force and skill are vain.

3. Our guilt might draw thy vengeance down
On every shore, on every town;
But view us, Lord, with pitying eye,
And lay thy lifted thunder by.

4. Forgive the follies of our times,
And cleanse our land from all its crimes;
Reform'd and deck'd with grace divine,
Let our united people shine.

Doddridge, (ad.)

XXXI. PUBLIC WORSHIP AND THE LORD'S DAY.

(781.) 612.* T. 22.

LORD Christ, reveal thy holy face,
And send the Spirit of thy grace,
To fill our hearts with fervent zeal,
To learn thy truth, and do thy will.

2. Lord, lead us in thy holy ways,
And teach our lips to tell thy praise:
Revive our hope, our faith increase,
To taste the sweetness of thy grace:

3. Till we with angels join to sing
Eternal praise to thee, our King;
Till we behold thy face most bright,
In joy and everlasting light.

4. To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n
By all on earth and all in heaven.
William, Duke of Welmar.

(895.) 613. T. 22.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.

2. For thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3. Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4. Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring thy cross before our eyes.

5. Behold, at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord:
O rend the heavens and come down,
And make each rebel heart thine own.
Cowper.

614. T. 14.

ETERNAL Sun of righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glory of thy face
Upon our hearts to shine.

2. Light in thy light O may we see,
Thy grace and mercy prove,
Reviv'd, and cheer'd, and blest by thee,
The God of pardoning love.
C. Wesley.

(896.) 615. T. 22.

WITH joy we hasten to the place,
Where we our Saviour oft have met;
And while we feast upon his grace,
Our burdens and our griefs forget.

2. Tho' pinch'd with poverty at home,
Or with affliction daily fed,
It makes amends, if we can come
To God's own house for heavenly seek;
bread.

3. We thank thee for thy day, O Lord:
Here we thy promis'd presence seek;
Open thine hand, with blessings stor'd
And grant us manna for the week.
J. Newton.

(897.) 616. T. 11.

JESUS is become at length
My salvation and my strength;
And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.

2. Praise ye then his glorious name,
Publish his exalted fame;
Still his worth your praise exceeds,
Excellent are all his deeds.

3. Raise again the joyful sound:
Let the nations spread it round:
Zion, sing, thy Monarch see:
God the Saviour dwells in thee.
J. Newton.

(898.) 617. T. 14.

ZION, where God records his name,
In our esteem is dear;
Tasting his goodness, we exclaim,
"'Tis good to sojourn here."

2. We see his beauty, and admire
The glories of his house;
Into his will we here inquire,
And here we pay our vows.

3. Dear Saviour, bless us from on high,
Infuse thy love and fear;
And let our lives exemplify
The precious truths we hear.

4. And as successively we quit
This mortal, dying frame,
May others here before thee meet
To bless thy holy name.

(899.) 618. T. 11.

SHEPHERD of thy blood-bought sheep,
Teach the stony heart to weep;
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See themselves and look on thee.

2. Let the minds of all our youth
Feel the force of sacred truth;
While the gospel-call they hear,
May they learn to love and fear.

3. Shows them what their ways have been,
Show them the desert of sin;
Then thy dying love reveal:
This shall melt a heart of steel.

4. Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

5. Bless us all, both old and young;
Call forth praise from every tongue:
Let the whole assembly prove
Thy rich grace and dying love.

J. Newton.

619. T. 22.

HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord:
Blest Saviour, on thy people smile,
And come according to thy word.

2. From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
Ah, Lord, behold us at thy feet;
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3. Chief of ten thousand, now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face;
O speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

Kelly.

620. T. 582.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2. The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3. One day amidst the place,
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4. My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Watts.

621. T. 14.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
Let young and old rejoice;
To him be vows and homage paid,
Whose service is our choice.

2. This is the temple of the Lord:
How sacred is this place!
With meekness let us hear his word,
With reverence seek his face.

3. This is the homage he requires,
The voice of praise and prayer,

The soul's affections, hopes, desires,
Ourselves and all we are.

4. While rich and poor for mercy (call,
Propitious from the skies,
The Lord, the Maker of them all,
Accepts the sacrifice.

5. Well pleas'd, through Jesus Christ the Son,
From sin he grants release;
According to their faith 'tis done,
He bids them go in peace.

J. Montgomery.

622. T. 14.

BLEST is the work, O God and King,
To praise thy glorious name:
By day thy wondrous grace we sing,
By night thy truth proclaim.

2. We hail thy day of rest, O Lord,
And seek thy house of prayer,
To meet thy saints, to hear thy (word,
And all thy works declare.

3. Though sensual hearts, unchang'd by grace,
Such heavenly joys despise,
Teach us to love thy dwelling-(place,
Thy day of rest to prize:

4. Till, fix'd within thy courts above,
Far nobler songs we raise,
Where every heart is fill'd with love,
And every mouth with praise.

Watts.

623. T. 22.

O LORD, this sacred day of thine
Demands the soul's collected pow-(ers;
Gladly may we to thee resign
These solemn, consecrated hours.

2. Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
And bid thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be thine.

Mrs. Steele.

624. T. 22.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King, (and sing,
To praise thy name, give thanks,
To show thy love by morning-light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord, (word:
And bless his works and bless his
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine;
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

4. Fools never raise their thoughts so high; (they die;
Like brutes they live, like brutes
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.

5. But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6. Sin, (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7. Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Watts.

625. T. 90.

NOT to the mount that burn'd with fire,
To darkness, tempest, and the sound
Of trumpet, waxing higher and higher, (ground,
Nor voice of words that rent the
While Israel heard, with trembling awe,
Jehovah thunder forth his law:—

2. But to Mount Zion we are come,
The city of the living God,
Jerusalem, our heavenly home,
The courts by angel-legions trod,
Where meet in everlasting love,
The Church of the first-born above:

3. To God, the judge of quick and dead,
The perfect spirits of the just,
Jesus, our great new-covenant Head,
The blood of sprinkling,—from the dust,
That better things than Abel's cries,
And pleads a Saviour's sacrifice.

4. O hearken to the healing voice,
That speaks from heaven in tones so mild!
To-day are life and death our choice;
To-day, through mercy reconcil'd,
Our all to God we yet may give:
Now let us hear his voice and live.

J. Montgomery.

626. T. 22.

COMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here:
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2. Command thy blessing, Jesus, (Lord,
May we thy true disciples be,
Speak to each heart thy mighty word:
Say to the weakest, "Follow me."

3. Command thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill the place
With wounding and with healing grace.
With quickening and confirming power,

4. O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true eternal God confess'd!
Whom thou hast join'd, may none divide,
None dare to curse whom thou hast bless'd.

5. With thee and these forever found,
May all the souls who here unite,
With harps and songs thy throne surround,
Rest in thy love, and reign in light.

J. Montgomery.

627. T. 22.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear us pray,
In this thy house, on this thy day;
Accept as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy temple rise.

2. Now met to pray, and bless thy name,
Whose mercies flow each day the same,
Whose kind compassions never cease,
We seek instruction, pardon, peace.

3. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
O that we might that rest attain,
From sin, from sorrow, & from pain!

4. In thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.

5. O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on this world of woe and sin:

Fain would we leave this weary road
To sleep in death, and rest in God.
Doddridge.

628. T. 22.

THY presence, gracious God, afford
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear.

2. Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above:
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3. To each thy sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4. Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know, and do thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.
Fawcett.

629. T. 14.

ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2. Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3. Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield, a hundred-fold.
The fruits of peace and joy.

4. Nor let thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to thy throne,
Return to thee, and sadly tell,
That we reject thy Son.

5. Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow;
That all, whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.
Congregational H. B.

630. T. 90.

ON what, in weakness, has been sown,
Thy blessing, gracious Lord, bestow;
The power is thine, yea thine alone,
To make it spring and fruitful grow:
Do thou the plenteous harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.
J. Newton, (ad.)

631. T. 595.

ONCE more, before we part,
Bless the Redeemer's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Praise and adore the same.

2. Let us upon his word
Still live, and feed, and grow;
Let us go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.
Hart.

632. T. 22.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord!
Help us to feed upon thy word:
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2. Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Sprinkle our works with Jesus' blood:
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.
Hart.

633. T. 90.

TO thee, O Lord, our wants are known,
From thee deriv'd are all our powers;

Accept, we pray, what is thine own,
In mercy pardon, what is ours:
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
And to thy word a blessing give.

2. Our Saviour grant, that each of us
Now met in thy bless'd presence here,
Again may meet together thus,
When thou & all thy saints appear,
And follow thee to heaven, our home:
Ev'n so, Amen, Lord Jesus, come.

J. Newton, (ad.)

(902.) 634. T. 585.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us, :‖:
Travelling through this wilderness.

2. Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
King of glory, :‖:
Sway thy sceptre all around.

Rippon, or Burder's Coll.

635. T. 14.

THOUSANDS, O Lord of hosts,
Within thy temple meet; (to-day
And tens of thousands throng to
Their homage at thy feet. (pay

2. The dew lies thick on all the ground,
Shall my poor fleece be dry?
The manna rains from heaven
Shall I of hunger die? (around,

3. Behold thy prisoner, loose my
If 'tis thy gracious will; (bands,
If not, contented in thy hands,
Behold thy prisoner still.

4. I may not to thy courts repair,
Yet here thou surely art;
O give me here a house of prayer,
Here sabbath-joys impart.

5. To faith reveal the things unseen,
To hope, the joys untold;
Let love, without a vail between,
Thy glory now behold.

J. Montgomery.

636. T. 581 or 83.

SAFELY through another week
God hath brought us on our way:
Let us now a blessing seek
On the approaching Sabbath day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2. Mercies, multiplied each hour,
Gracious Lord, our praise demand,
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Nourish'd by thy bounteous hand:
Now from worldly cares set free,
May we rest this night with thee.

3. When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in thy house appear;
And may all our Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of the joys above.

J. Newton.

637. T. 22.

THIS stone to thee in faith we lay,
We build the temple, Lord, to thee;
Thine eye be open night and day
To guard this house and sanctuary.

2. Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear, thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, O forgive.

3. Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4. Hosanna! to their heavenly King; (song,
When children's voices raise that
Hosanna! let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

5. But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6. That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

J. Montgomery.

638. T. 14.

DEAR Shepherd of thy people, hear!
Thy presence now display:
As thou hast giv'n a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2. Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell:
Here give the troubled conscience (ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3. Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

4. And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

J. Newton.

639. T. 22.

O THOU, who didst the temple fill
With thy resplendent, awful train,
The glory of thine Israel still,
Appear in those bright robes again.

2. In us, and round about us shine,
Here cause us to behold thy race;
O make this tabernacle thine!
O sanctify this holy place!

3. Now send the promis'd unction down,
And all our waiting hearts inspire;
Lord Jesus, make thy goings known,
Thy ministers a flame of fire.

4. Work with them, and confirm thy word
To all who worship in this place;
O pour upon us, holy Lord,
Unceasing showers of saving grace.

5. So shall thy servants' hopes be crown'd,
And glory to thy name be giv'n;
While this Bethesda shall be found
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

Congregational H. B.

XXXII. THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

(726.) 640. T. 167.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2. See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver
Never fails from age to age.

3. Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which he gives them when they pray.

4. Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'Tis his love his people raises
In his courts to reign as kings,
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

5. Saviour, if of Zion's city
I thro' grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joy and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

J. Newton.

(727.) 641.* T. 69.

HOW amiable
Thy habitations are,
Wherein assemble
Thy Christian people dear,
O Lord,—thy praises to record.

2. My heart with fervour
And inward longing pants,
Thy grace and favour
To tell there with thy saints,
Boldly—the truth to testify.

3. For there thou choosest
To dwell, my living Tower;
Sweet rest diffusest
From that place evermore,
Which thou—ordained hast thereto.

4. There is asserted
The new birth spiritual;
Souls are converted
By thy pure gospel's call,
And there—in Christ's church grafted are.

5. For this I'm longing,
To be throughout my days
Thereto belonging,
Thy holy name to praise,
And thee—to serve incessantly.

6. All those are blessed
That come into thine house,
With awe expressed,
Which deep conviction shows,
And pray—and to thee homage pay.

7. Thou dost deliver
Thy church in all distress:
Thou art our Saviour;
Whate'er may us oppress,
Thro' thee—we gain the victory.

8. One day is better
Spent in the Christian church,
Thy praise to utter,
Than thousands spent in search
Of joy—in the broad worldly way.

9. This territory
The Lord as sun doth light,
Gives grace and glory,
And sanctified delight
To all—who on his mercy call.

10. Yea, his condition
How splendid 'tis, O Lord,
Whom thou admission
Dost to thy church afford,
And so—to heaven's kingdom too.

11. Thro' grace afford us,
Dear Lord, church-liberty,
To each good purpose;
That we our days employ
With care—thy holy word to hear.

Bohemian Brethren.

642. T. 595.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy grace and love,
Thy earthly temples are!

2. To thy divine abode
My longing heart aspires,
And pants to see the living God,
With ever warm desires.

3. The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And, wandering far, the swallows
To find their wonted rest. (long

4. O Lord, my spirit faints
With equal love and zeal,
Among thy ever blessed saints
Ev'n now to rise and dwell.

5. To spend one sacred day,
Where God and saints abide,
Affords the soul diviner joy
Than thousand days beside.

6. Humbly to keep the door
Where God, the Lord, resorts,—
A thousand times I love it more
Than shine in splendid courts.

7. Thrice bless'd and happy he,
Whose spirit humbly trusts
For each good gift alone in thee,
Jehovah, Lord of hosts.

Watts, (ad.)

(729.) 643.* T. 22.

AS long as Jesus Lord remains,
Each day new rising glory gains;
It was, it is, and will be so
With his church militant below.

2. Our only stay is Jesus' grace,
In every time and every place:
And Jesus' blood-bought righteousness
Remains his church's glorious dress.

3. All self-dependence is but vain.
Christ doth our corner-stone remain, (stay,
Our rock which will unshaken
When heaven and earth are fled away.

4. The Spirit which anointed Christ,
By which the apostles were baptiz'd,
Proceeding from the church's Head,
Is given to us and makes us glad.

5. That cause shall never suffer harm
Which rests on Jesus' mighty arm;
What man can do we need not care,
No foe shall even touch a hair;—

6. For these our God hath number'd all,
Without his leave not one can fall;
If in the least he be so true,
What will he not in greater do?

7. He is and shall remain our Lord,
Our confidence is in his word;
And, while our Jesus reigns above,
His church will more than conqueror prove. Z.

(730.) 644. T. 22.

AS birds their infant brood protect,
And spread their wings to shelter them;
Thus saith the Lord to his elect,
So will I guard Jerusalem.

2. And what, then, is Jerusalem,
The darling object of his care?
What is its worth in God's esteem?
Who built it? who inhabits there?

3. Jehovah founded it in blood,
The blood of his incarnate Son:
There dwell the saints, once foes to God,
The sinners whom he calls his own.

4. Tho' foes on every side assail,
This city hath a sure defence;
Against her they shall ne'er prevail,
While guarded by Omnipotence.
Cowper.

(732.) 645. T. 97.

HOW sweet thy dwellings, Lord, how fair; (there;
What peace, what bliss inhabit
With ardent hope, with strong desire,
My heart, my flesh, to thee aspire;
How oft I long thy heavenly courts and thee,
My Lord and God, the living God, to see.

2. One wish, with holy transport warm, (form:
My heart hath form'd and still doth
One gift I ask, that to my end
Thine hallow'd house I may attend:
There may I joyful find a safe abode, (my God.
There may I view the beauty of

(733.) 646. T. 96 or 90.

THE consecrated house we love,
Where God vouchsafes to place his name; (remove,
Nor will we, Lord, from thence
But jointly there thy praise proclaim,
And daily to thy courts repair,
To seek thee in the house of prayer.

2. But oh, the house of living stones
We never can neglect nor leave;
That temple which the world disowns,
To that in life and death we cleave,
Thro' faith to every member join'd,
The church diffus'd thro' all mankind.

(736.) 647.* T. 221.

THOU Monarch of all, thou Lord God of creation, (bless'd,
How wonderful, and yet how
Appears in the church thy wise administration, (fess'd:
Of which thou art the Head con-
'Tis here for the needy all help abounds; (thy wounds,
To keep the eye steady, fix'd on
The sum is and substance, with poor contrite sinners,
Of all the wise maxims whereby they are winners.

2. What is it that makes us stand fast in one spirit,
Lord Jesus, author of our faith?

What is it cements us?—'Tis only thy merit,
Thy wounds and all-atoning death:
Ye heralds of mercy, with courage good (blood:
Redemption proclaim now in Jesus'
No heart e'er was broken by Sinai's thunder,
But rocks at the message of peace cleave asunder.

3. Art thou not refresh'd with divine consolation, (flock,
Thou ransom'd, highly favour'd
When drinking with joy of the wells of salvation, (rock?
Which freely flow from Christ the
Who now would be fearful? for us he bled; (finished!"
Who would not be cheerful? "'tis
This doctrine we'll hold and declare without ceasing;
His cross brings us peace, 'tis the source of all blessing.

(738.) 648.* T. 14.

THE great salvation of the Lord
Abides his church's joy,
To honour him with sweet accord,
Our chief, our blest employ.

2. Into the bosom of our Friend
Both joy and grief we pour,
Until our griefs shall have an end,
And sorrows be no more.

3. What comfort, what supreme delight
Do we enjoy, what bliss,
When the Lamb slain appears in sight; (this.
Might the whole world know

(740.) 649. T. 168.

O HOW blessed is the station
Of all those who love the Lord,
Who partake of his salvation,
Trusting in his sacred word:
Bless'd who, in love's bond united,
To his altars are invited;
In his courts on earth they dwell,
There his matchless praise to tell.

650. T. 14.

OH! happy they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell:
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm supports them well.

2. To them, in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near;
And when they plead his love and power,
He stands engag'd to hear.

3. He help'd his saints in ancient days,
Who trusted in his name;
And we can witness, to his praise,
His love is still the same.

4. Wandering in sin, our souls he found,
And bade us seek his face;
Gave us to hear the gospel-sound,
And taste the gospel-grace.

5. Oft in his house his glory shines
Before our wondering eyes:
We wish not then for golden mines,
Or aught beneath the skies.

6. His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

7. Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine;
But give us still to find thee near,
And own us still for thine.

J. Newton.

(741.) 651. T. 14.

HAIL, church of Christ, bought with his blood!
The world I freely leave;
Ye children of the living God,
Me in your tents receive.

2. Bride of the Lamb, I'm one in heart
With thee, thro' boundless grace,
And I will never from thee part;
This bond shall never cease.

3. Closely I'll follow Christ with (thee,
I'll go thy safest road;
Thy people shall my people be,
And thine shall be my God.

4. And am I, Jesus, one of those
Who in thy fold have place?
Who, gather'd round the erected (cross,
Enjoy redeeming grace?

5. O yes, nor would I change my (lot
For an archangel's throne;
By grace I'll keep the place I've (got,
To thee I'll live alone.

Cennick.

(742.) 652.* T. 205.

RISE, exalt our Head and King;
Praise the Lord who ever lives;
Glad we are his praise to sing,
He his people's praise receives:
On his powerful day they rise,
Offering free-will sacrifice;
His victorious triumph this,
Since hell's host defeated is.

2. Ye who Jesus' death proclaim,
Service yield to him with joy;
Praise with every breath his name,
Grace to extol be your employ:
Grace supports us every day,
Leads us in the narrow way;
'Tis thro' grace alone that we
Can obtain the victory.

3. Gracious Lord, may we believe,
Venture all on thy free grace;
Boldly things not seen achieve,
Trusting in thy promises:
Faith thy people's strong-hold is:
Their employment daily this,
To proceed on paths unknown,
Leaning on thy arm alone.

4. Christ, thy all-atoning death
Is our life while here below:
Strengthen thou our feeble faith,
Constantly thy aid bestow:
In thy mercy we confide,
Safely to the end us guide:
Zion, if thy Head depart,
Void of life and strength thou art.

5. Lord, thy body ne'er forsake,
Ne'er thy congregation leave:
We to thee our refuge take,
Of thy fulness we receive:
Every other help be gone,
Thou art our support alone;
For on thy supreme commands
All the universe depends.

M. Hehl.

(746.) 653. T. 164.

O THOU, who out of sin's dark (night
Hast us, thy children, called,
And hast thy glorious gospel-light
Unto our hearts revealed;
Abas'd with shame we all
Before thee humbly fall,
And render for electing grace
To thee, Lord Jesus, thanks and praise.

2. The patience, love, unwearied care,
Abundant grace and blessing,
Thou dost bestow from year to (year.
Are truly past expressing;
Great mercy thou hast shown
To us, we freely own,

Yet hath thy aim, most faithful Friend,
With us not fully been obtain'd.

3. What rich returns of thankful-
From us might be expected, (ness
Who, that we might show forth thy praise,
Have been through grace elected:
But here we blush for shame,
Unworthy of the name (call
We bear, while of our heavenly
As yet so very short we fall.

4. May we show forth continually,
In our whole conversation,
What we to others testify
Of thee and thy salvation:
May all men in us see,
Our words and works agree;
Then shall we of redeeming love
To others a sweet savour prove.

5. But are there such among us still, (warmed,
Whose hearts thy love ne'er
Who, tho' their wretched state they
Are not thereby alarmed? (feel,
O rouse them from death's sleep,
That they may pray and weep,
And flee as sinners to thy wounds,
Where for the vilest grace abounds.

(748.) 654.* T. 155.

CHURCH of Christ, sing and rejoice,
Bring the Lord thro' all thy classes,
Thanks and praises,
Glory, honour, might, and power,
Evermore;
Since he is our Head and Saviour,
And his mercy, grace, and favour
Richly doth on us bestow.

2. When we on his faithfulness,
Love and mercy duly ponder,
Lost in wonder,
We desire his name to praise;
For his grace,
Love, and goodness never ceaseth;
He the number still increaseth
Of the church in which he rules.

3. Highly favour'd church thou art
Still beyond all contradiction,
'Midst affliction,
By the Lord who thee redeem'd,
Much esteem'd;
Therefore may thy whole behaviour
Be an honour to thy Saviour,
Whose great mercy never ends.

4. Tho' thou hast but little strength,
Let thy faith be manifested
And attested
By unfeigned love to him;
Serve his name
With true zeal in every station,
As his feeble congregation,
Which relies on his support.

Gregor & Z.

(749.) 655. T. 161.

HIGHLY favour'd congregation,
Founded firm on Christ the rock,
Own with thanks and adoration,
He's the Shepherd, we his flock;
He's our Saviour—whose great favour
We've 'midst many trials proved;
We're unworthy, yet beloved.

2. Think, my soul, how great the favour
In Jehovah's courts to dwell;
Here poor sinners meet their Saviour,
Here the sin-sick souls grow well:
Was not Jesus—always gracious,
When we, conscious how we failed,
To his loving heart appealed?

3. In thy family, O Jesus,
Love should more and more abound;

This thy word and Spirit teach us,
As its mark to all around:
May we learning—and discerning
Both thy doctrine and example,
Be in truth thy holy temple.

4. Grant that with thy chosen people
Each may serve thee evermore,
Following thee as thy disciple,
And in spirit thee adore: (vour,
Gracious Saviour, with heart's fer-
May we walk as thine anointed,
In the path thou hast appointed.

Swertner.

(751.) 656.* T. 16.

CHURCH of Christ, thy desti-
Is to joy in him by faith; (nation
He hath purchas'd thy salvation,
He hath ransom'd thee from death.

2. Sin-sick souls, repair for healing
To his stripes and bleeding wounds;
Then retain a grateful feeling
Of the grace which there abounds.

3. In all wants, in all distresses,
Thence deriving sure relief;
Looking daily unto Jesus,
Who to gladness turns your grief;

4. Join his church in this confession:
"I am sinful, weak, and poor,
But my Saviour's birth and passion
Prove to me the richest store:—

5. "Nought but Jesus' grace, his merit, (ness,
And his blood-bought righteous-
Is the cause why I inherit
Life, and peace, and holiness."

6. Jesus' death thy strength abideth,
Church of Philadelphia;
He who in aught else confideth
Goes Laodicea's way.

M. Hehl & Z.

(753.) 657.* T. 68.

CHURCH of Christ, be glad,
Praise thy Lord and Head;
Grounded on thy Saviour's merit,
That thou'rt filled with his Spirit
Is perceiv'd, and this
Proves that thou art his:—

2. For the Lamb of God
Fixeth his abode
In his ransom'd congregation;
And true joy and consolation,
Grace and truth abound
Where the Lord is found.

3. Strength to grow and thrive
From Christ's death derive,
And proclaim his bitter passion
As the cause of man's salvation;
Showing forth his praise
Till the end of days.

Balth. v. Promnitz.

(754.) 658.* T. 114.

BRIDE of the Lamb, thou favour'd congregation, (nant-flock,
Thou fruit of Jesus' cross, dear cove-
Securely built on him, the eternal rock, (vation,
Rejoice in him, the God of thy sal-
Reap all the blessings he design'd for thee,
Grow in his grace and knowledge constantly.

2. Thy glory be to all the world displayed, (claim;
To all mankind his dying love pro-
Awake, put on thy strength, Jerusalem,
And in thy beauteous garments be arrayed;
Break forth, extend thy borders everywhere, (may share.
That thousands still thy happiness

Gregor.

(755.) 659. T. 16.

HIGHLY favour'd congregation,
Lov'd by Jesus and esteem'd,
Ne'er forget thy destination,
Why from this vain world redeem'd.

2. Grounded on thy Saviour's merit,
Bless'd in his communion sweet,
Destin'd heaven to inherit,
And the church above to meet:

3. Witness here to all around thee
Of thy Saviour's dying love;
Testify, "He sought and found me,
Else I still should restless rove."

4. Evidence by word and action,
That thy faith is not in vain,
That thy highest satisfaction
Centres in the Lamb once slain.

5. By love's closest bonds united,
As the Lord's own family,
Be to serve his name excited,
Be to him a fruitful tree.

6. Grant, Lord, to thy congregation,
What adorns her in thy sight;
Let her walls be call'd Salvation,
Be her glory, shield, and light.

(756.) 660. T. 119.

PRAISE the Lord :‖:
Bounteously he deals with thee,
Highly favour'd church of Jesus:
Thee he chose thro' mercy free,
To show forth his matchless praises,
And rich fruit, meet for the Master's use, To produce. :‖:

2. Gracious Lord, :‖:
Blessed is our lot indeed,
In thy ransom'd congregation:
Here we on thy merits feed,
And the well-springs of salvation,
All the needy to revive and cheer,
Stream forth here. :‖:

3. As thy sheep :‖:
May we all thy voice obey,
And not listen to a stranger;
Keep us, lest we go astray,
Shelter us from every danger:
No where else can we secured be,
But in thee. :‖:

4. Might we all, :‖:
Young and old, be witnesses
Of the power of thy salvation,
And extol redeeming grace
'Midst a crooked generation;
Thus will many souls around us be
Gain'd for thee. :‖:

5. We entreat, :‖:
Lord, lift up thy countenance
On thy ransom'd congregation;
Grace to every choir dispense:
May we all, each in his station,
Daily in thy great salvation share:
Hear our prayer. :‖:

(758.) 661. T. 16.

YE, who freely offer praises,
Glorify your Saviour's name:
Do not his unbounded mercies
Justly your thanksgivings claim?

2. Yes, with grateful hearts' sensation
We his love and goodness trace,
That on earth a congregation
He has form'd to show his praise.

3. O how kindly has he led us,
O'er us watch'd with faithful care,
On the richest pastures fed us,
Sav'd from danger, freed from fear.

4. Yet while we with joy adore him,
We indeed have cause to mourn,
To confess our faults before him,
And to him as sinners turn,

5. O forgive each deviation ;
Lord, while we for mercy sue,
Let us joy in thy salvation ;
As of old our days renew.

(760.) 662. T. 16.

ON thy ransom'd congregation,
Lord, lift up thy countenance ;
Be our help, joy, and salvation ;
Life and health to us dispense.

2. In each heart O fix thy dwelling,
There erect a monument
Of thy love, all love excelling,
There fulfil thy bless'd intent.

3. Take us under thy protection,
Grant us to obey thy voice,
Simply follow thy direction,
To thy will resign our choice.

4. Of each weight still more divested,
Freed from every earthly view,
Be our purpose, unmolested
Our high calling to pursue.

5. Thus may we, as thine anointed,
Walk'fore thee in truth and grace;
In the path thou hast appointed,
Till we reach thy dwelling-place.

(763.) 663.* T. 26.

O LORD, lift up thy countenance
Upon thy church, and own us thine;
Impart to each thy peace divine,
And blessings unto all dispense.

2. 'Tis our desire to follow thee,
And from experience to proclaim
Salvation in thy blessed name :
O bless thy servants' ministry.

3. Thy mercy is our only stay,
Direct us by thy holy Word,
Thy Spirit's light to us afford,
Preserve us, lest we go astray.

4. O well of life, we pant for thee ;
In copious streams thy thirsting flock
Desires to drink of thee, the Rock,
And thirst no more eternally.

5. Thy grace thou freely dost bestow,
This is our only plea and claim :
We blush 'fore thee with conscious shame,
Our many faults and wants we know.

6. To thee, O Lord our righteousness,
Who by thy blood hast wash'd us clean
From every spot and stain of sin,
We give unfeigned thanks & praise.

S. Linthrup.

(765.) 664.* T. 30.

LIFT up thy pierced hands, most gracious Saviour,
O'er thy church, and pour out all that favour,
Which in thy loving
And kind heart for us is ever moving.

2. To thy care ourselves we now surrender,
Of our lives to thee we make a tender,
Protect and lead us,
As our faithful Shepherd daily feed us.

J. Nitschmann.

(767.) 665.* T. 582.

THE happy church of Christ
Stands to this very day ;
Those who are chosen daily find
To her an open way.

2. Lord Jesus, when we trace
Thy gracious call and aim
With us thy flock, we render praise
Unto thy holy name.

3. Thou open'st us a door
Our little strength thou know'st ;
Assist us, Lord, we thee implore,
To call to thee the lost.

(770.) 666.* T. 56.

THOU, whose name is :‖: inexpressible,
And whose counsels:‖: are unsearchable,
Thou, who from eternity
Didst the time and place decree,
Where securely :‖: thy dear flock should dwell ;—

2. Spread thy blessing :‖: here and everywhere,
Far surpassing :‖: all our thought and prayer :
When we have performed all,
And fulfill'd thy gracious call,
After labour :‖: we sweet rest shall share. Z.

(771.) 667.* T. 590.

O THOU, whose mercies far exceed
All we can think or say,
As in thy people thou indeed
Dost daily more display ;
Let for our happiness, O God,
On us while here below,
By virtue of thy death and blood,
Still thousand blessings flow.

2. Lord Jesus, let us be thine own,
And ever thine remain,
We now ourselves to thee commend
With thy whole chosen train ;
Till thou shalt fully have obtain'd
With us thy thoughts of peace,
When we, in joys which never end,
Shall see thee face to face.

3. Shelter our souls most graciously
Within thy open'd side,
Move them from every harm away,
And in thy safeguard hide :
O let our names in life's blest rolls
Inscrib'd be ever found,
And in life's bundle may our souls
Be fast and firmly bound.

4. Now may the very God of peace
Us wholly sanctify,
And grant us such a rich increase
Of unction from on high,
That spirit, soul, and body may
Preserved free from stain,
Be blameless until thy great day,
Lord Jesus Christ : Amen.

Z. Herberger and others.

(773.) 668.* T. 106 or 96.

LORD, may not one among us be
Who trifles with his call of grace,
None who believes not heartily
In thee, the Lord our righteousness;
But grant that, prompted by thy love,
We all to thee may faithful prove.

(774.) 669. T. 151.

O JESUS Christ, most holy,
Head of the church, thy bride,
Each day in us more fully
Thy name be magnified :
O may in each believer
Thy love its power display,
And none among us ever
From thee, our Shepherd, stray.

Z.

(776.) 670. T. 586.

HIGH-PRIEST of thy church-dispensation,
Lift up, we pray, thy pierced hand,
And bless thy ransom'd congregation,
In every place by sea or land ;
Before thy Father's throne remember
By name each individual member;
Thy face upon us shine,
Grant us thy peace divine,
For we are thine.

(777.) 671.* T. 121.

IN Jesus' love and peace,
On earth's extended face,
Dwell our congregations;
Both here, and o'er the seas,
We raise our supplications,
That the God of grace
All of us may bless
Till the end of days. Z.

(778.) 672.* T. 161.

JESUS, hear our supplication,
'Tis thy pleasure
Those to bless who to thee cleave;
Grant us stronger demonstration
Of thy favour,
Than our weak minds can conceive;
Help the feeble,—us enable,
In thy bless'd path of salvation,
Bold and joyful
To go thro' faith's each gradation. Z.

(779.) 673.* T. 221.

O LORD, let thy countenance friendly and gracious
Shine clearly on thy chosen race;
To thee we commend ourselves jointly, to bless us;
Let every member feel thy peace:
Thy servants protect, O most gracious Lord, (Word;
And always direct by thy holy
Yea, grant them with boldness thy death to proclaim, (thy name.
And life and remission of sins thro'
Oldendorp.

(780.) 674.* T. 121.

LORD Jesus, by thy death,
Whereon we trust by faith,
Thy wounds, thy pierced side,
Thy agonizing pain,
Preserve the church, thy bride,
Till thou com'st again,
Prince of life once slain. :‖: Z.

XXXIII. FOR FESTAL OCCASIONS.

(782.) 675.* T. 141.

OWN thy congregation,
O thou slaughter'd Lamb;
We are here assembled
In thy holy name;
Look upon thy people,
Whom thou by thy blood
Hast in love redeemed
And brought nigh to God.

2. Thou hast kindly led us
For these many years;
Ah, accept our praises
And our grateful tears:
Grant us all the favour
To obey thy voice;
Yea, what thou directest,
Be our only choice.

3. Church, who art arrayed
In the glorious dress
Of thy Lord and Saviour's
Spotless righteousness,
Be both now and ever
By his blood kept clean,
And in all thy members
Be his likeness seen. Z.

(784.) 676.* T. 341.

LORD, in thy name we meet
Before thy mercy-seat;

Sacred may each moment be,
Spent in solemn worship here:
May our incense rise to thee,
Songs of praise, the voice of prayer.

2. Here are we richly fed,
Refresh'd and comforted;
Nourish'd with celestial food,
Bless'd with streams from thee, the Rock;
We with humble gratitude
Praise thee, Shepherd of thy flock.

3. O grant us new displays
Of glory and of grace;
Touch our lips with hallow'd flame,
While, to sinners far and near,
Of salvation in thy name
Joyfully we witness bear.

4. O give us that good part,
A pure and holy heart;
Every needful gift bestow,
Faith, and hope, and charity;
That while dwelling here below,
We may pleasure yield to thee.

5. Thou Lamb of God once slain,
Thy people's strength remain;
O preserve us in thy love,
Us in thy pavilion hide;
Ne'er thy hand from us remove,
Be in life and death our Guide.

(787.) 677.* T. 114.

THOU Source of love, we pray, impart thy favour
Each day unto thy house and family,
Who as one man united are in thee,
O grant that every one thy grace may savour,
And that thy church for ever may rejoice
In thee, and praise thy name with heart and voice.

2. O thou whose love extends beyond all measure,
Thou hearest us already, ere we cry;
No soul that calls on thee thou passest by,
But to relieve thy children is thy pleasure:
Thou art our light, our strength, our shield and rock,
Our faithful Shepherd, and we are thy flock.

Z.

(788.) 678. T. 341.

OUR souls with inmost shame
Address thy holy name:
Jesus, in our 'midst appear
Present to each waiting soul,
Every contrite sinner cheer,
Breathe thy Spirit through the whole.

2. We sinners humbly crave
Thy presence here to have,
In this place to find thee true
To thy promises of grace,
Still to own the gather'd few,
Giving them thy life and peace.

3. From thy majestic throne
In mercy, Lord, look down;
View the souls athirst for thee,
Turn to them thy cheering face;
Each adores with bended knee
Thee, O Jesus, for thy grace.

Kendall H. B.

(791.) 679. T. 185.

GRACIOUS Lord, our Shepherd and salvation,
In thy presence we appear;
Own us as thy flock and congregation,
Let us feel that thou art near:
May we all enjoy thy love and favour,
And obey thee as our Head and Saviour,
Who, by thy most precious blood,
Mad'st us, sinners, heirs of God.

2. Lord, receive the thanks and adoration,
Which to thee we humbly pay,

For our calling and predestination,
Blessed Saviour, on this day;
Give us grace to walk as thine anointed, (pointed;
In the path thou hast for us ap-
We devote most heartily
Soul and body unto thee.

3. Chosen flock, thy faithful Shepherd follow,
Who laid down his life for thee;
All thy days unto his service hallow,
Each his true disciple be:
Evermore rejoice to do his pleasure,
Be the fulness of his grace thy treasure;
Should success thy labour crown,
Give the praise to him alone.

J. Swertner.

(793.) 680. T. 151.

HEAD of thy congregation,
Kind Shepherd, gracious Lord,
Look on us with compassion,
Met here with one accord;
Accept our thanks and praises
For all thy love and care,
Which we in various cases
Repeatedly did share.

2. Our lips would gladly mention
Thy patience, love, and grace,
Our hearts with due attention
The loving-kindness trace,
Which under thy protection
'Midst trials we have prov'd;
Thy fatherly correction
Shows us that we're belov'd.

Swertner.

(794.) 681.* T. 101.

BOW down, ye followers of the Lamb,
These are your hours of consolation;
With awe adore his saving name:
His cross and wounds are of salvation (believe;
The lasting source for sinners who
Come then, and grace for grace freely from him receive.

2. His mercy claims our highest praise,
'Tis by his grace we were elected;
Freed from the world's deceitful ways,
And to his flock on earth collected;
His faithful heart we know, and search it still;
May thousands more believe, and do his holy will.

3. Ourselves, dear Lord, we now to thee
Resign anew with soul and body;
As thy redeemed property
Accept of us, tho' poor and needy;
Out of the mouths of sucklings perfect praise,
And magnify in us thy name and saving grace.

4. O let thy love our hearts constrain,
That, in one covenant united,
The bond of peace we may maintain,
And be to mutual love incited;
To God and to the Lamb be glory giv'n (saints in heaven.
By sinners here below, and by the

G. Arnold.

(797.) 682.* T. 166.

HEAD of thy church, behold us here,
Direct and rule us by thy grace;
Hear thou each humble sinner's prayer,
Confirming thus thy promises:

O help us, that we may fulfil
What in thy name we take in hand,
Concordant with thy holy will,
And may it to thy glory tend. Z.

(799.) 683.* T. 97.

JESUS, O may we thee obey,
Who art the life, the truth, the way;
Since for our sin thou didst atone,
With right thou claim'st us as (that we
thine own:
Thou wast obedient unto death,
Might not be lost, but live eternally.

2. O let each member of thy fold
Be in the book of life enroll'd;
The Holy Ghost to us impart
To bear the sway in every heart;
Us with thy gracious presence daily bless,
And evermore vouchsafe to us thy (grace.

A. Nitschman & W. Foster.

(800.) 684. T. 167.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:
Keep no longer at a distance,
Smile upon us from on high;
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

2. Surely once thy garden flourish'd,
Every plant look'd fresh and green,
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd;
Happy seasons we have seen:
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

3. Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayer;
Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snare;
Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

J. Newton.

(801.) 685. T. 22.

WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise:

2. "There," saith the Saviour, "I will be,
Amidst this little company:
To them I will unveil my face
And shed my glories round the place."

3. We meet at thy command, O Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

(802.) 686.* T. 185.

GRACE and peace from God our blessed Saviour
Be with all who love his name:
Church of Christ, his service deem a favour,
Joyfully his death proclaim:
Be prepar'd for rest or for employment,
From activity derive enjoyment;
Serve with zeal and faithfulness,
Fill'd with love his name confess.

2. Gracious Father, bless this congregation
As the purchase of thy Son;
For his sake behold us with compassion,
And us all thy children own;

Jesus, grant to us thy peace and favour;
Holy Ghost, abide with us for ever,
And to us Christ's love explain:
Hear us, Lord our God: Amen.

J. Swertner.

(803.) 687. T. 26.

OUR lot of grace how truly blest,
Since we are called to assemble,
And daily worship in thy temple,
Where thou dost cause thy Name to rest.

2. To thee, our Shepherd ever kind,
We now ourselves anew surrender;
O plead our cause, in love remember
Thy people, closely to thee join'd.

(805.) 688.* T. 22.

LORD, with thy glorious presence bless,
Fill, and adorn this hallow'd place,
Wherein is preach'd thy holy Word,
And sacramental grace conferr'd.

2. That this redeemed, happy flock
Be firmly built on thee, the Rock,
And of those blessings be possess'd,
Which on the spirit's union rest.

3. With power from on high endue
Thy flock, O Lord, this day anew,
That many souls with us may feel
Thy pardoning grace, the Spirit's seal:—

4. That thousands by our ministry
May to the truth converted be,
And we may see them flock with us
Unto the standard of thy cross.

5. As long as we on earth remain,
We will confess the Lamb once slain,
Until we for his victory
Adore him in eternity.

(806.) 689. T. 101.

BEFORE thy throne we now appear,
Head of thy ransom'd congregation;
Unto our songs of praise give ear,
And listen to our supplication:
Hear from the heavens, thy lofty dwelling-place,
And when thou hear'st, forgive thy people's trespasses.

2. In heaven and earth who is like thee?
Thou keepest covenant for ever,
Maintain'st thy cause most gloriously,
And to thy servants showest favour:
In us, O Lord, thy word be verified,
That thou the church's Head and Shepherd wilt abide.

3. Thine eyes be open on this house,
This temple unto thee devoted;
O consecrate it for thy use,
Thy glory be by us promoted:
And since thou chosest us, and didst ordain
That we should fruit produce, O may our fruit remain.

4. Now to the Lamb upon the throne,
Who by his precious blood hath bought us,
That he might claim us as his own,
And to his fold in mercy brought us,
All praise and honour evermore pertain:
Let all who love his name, reply thereto, Amen.

(808.) 690. T. 167.

PEACE be to this congregation,
Peace to every soul therein;
Peace which flows from Christ's salvation,
Peace, the seal of cancell'd sin;

Peace that speaks its heavenly Giver,
Peace, to earthly minds unknown;
Peace divine that lasts for ever,
Here erect its glorious throne.
Countess Huntingdon's H.

691. T. 582.

LET not your heart be faint,
My Peace I give to you:
Such peace, as reason never plann'd,
As worldlings never knew.

2. 'Tis not the stilly calm,
That bodes a tempest nigh,
Or lures the heedless mariner,
Where rocks and quicksands lie.

3. It is not nature's sleep,
The stupor of the soul, (hand,
That knows not God, nor owns his
Tho' wide his thunders roll.

4. 'Tis not the sleep of death,
Low in the darksome grave,
Where the worm spreads its couch and feeds,
No hand put forth to save.

5. It speaks a ransom'd world,
A Father reconcil'd,
A sinner to a saint transform'd,
A rebel to a child.

6. It tells of joys to come,
It soothes the troubled breast,
It shines, a star amid the storm,
The harbinger of rest.

7. Then murmur not, nor mourn,
My people faint and few, (shake,
Though earth to its foundation
My Peace I leave with you.
J. A. La Trobe.

(809.) 692. T. 230.

FROM thy holy habitation,
O God of grace and consolation,
Behold us, met before thy throne;
Saviour, to believers precious,
With sanctified delights refresh us,
And us, as thine, in mercy own:
We humbly cry to thee,
Send now prosperity;
Let thy beauty
On us appear,—establish here
Our work, the work of praise and prayer.

(812.) 693.* T. 37.

O CHURCH, thy strength abide
Joy in thy Saviour;
Thy Friend himself draws near,
Come taste his favour:
Await, devout and still,
The grace he giveth;
With all who seek his face,
His peace he leaveth.

(813.) 694.* T. 185.

JOY divine and heavenly peace with unction,
Church of Christ, thy portion be:
Holy Ghost, preserve the deep compunction
Flowing from Christ's agony:
Father, bless and keep without cessation (gation;
Thy Son's dearly purchas'd congre-
Lamb of God, thy peace divine
Seal our covenant, we are thine.

(814.) 695. T. 159.

THIS day is holy to the Lord,
This day the Lord hath made;
We will rejoice with one accord,
And in his name be glad:
Come, let us worship and bow down,
With thanks appear before his throne; (prayer
He to our songs of praise and
Will lend a gracious ear.

2. We now return each to his tent,
Joyful and glad of heart,
And from our solemn covenant
Thro' grace will ne'er depart:
Once more we pledge both heart and hand,
As in God's presence here we stand,
To live to him, and him alone,
Till we surround his throne.

(815.) 696.* T. 166.

LORD Jesus, for our call of grace,
To praise thy name in fellowship
We humbly meet before thy face,
And in thy presence love-feast keep:
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad,
Thy Spirit's unction now impart;
Grant we may all, O Lamb of God,
In thee be truly one in heart. Z.

(816.) 697. T. 14.

SHEPHERD of souls, refresh and bless
Thy chosen pilgrim-flock,
With manna in the wilderness,
With water from the rock.

2. Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek,
That from thy sorrows flow.

3. We would not live by bread alone,
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding-place.

4. Be known to us in breaking bread
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

5. Then sup with us in love divine:
Thy body and thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.

(817.) 698.* T. 159.

THE Sabbath is for man, that he
Therein may find repose,
And that the soul refresh'd may be
By Christ, the church's spouse:
Now doth his ransom'd, happy bride,
Fruit of his anguish when he died,
Enjoy a true sabbatic rest,
In his communion blest. Z.

(818.) 699. T. 205.

GRACIOUS Lord,—with one accord,
We're assembled in thy name;
Deign to hear—our fervent prayer,
Mercy is our only claim,
While with tears and blushing face
We our sins to thee confess,
And our hearts with thanks o'erflow
For the grace thou dost bestow.
J. Swertner.

(819.) 700. T. 590.

JESUS, knit all our souls to thee,
Unite us all in one,
And in our meetings every where
Be thou our aim alone:
Reign thou sole monarch of our hearts,
Without a rival reign;
Till we with angels join above
To praise the Lamb once slain.
Stonehouse.

(821.) 701.* T. 185.

WE who here together are assembled,
Joining hearts and hands in one,
Bind ourselves with love that's undissembled,
Christ to love and serve alone:
O may our imperfect songs and praises
Be well-pleasing unto thee, Lord Jesus:
Say, "My peace I leave with you:"
Amen, Amen, be it so. C. R. v. Z.

(822.) 702.* T. 166.

WELCOME among thy flock of grace
With joyful acclamation,
Thou, whom our Shepherd we confess:
Come, feed thy congregation:
We own the doctrine of thy cross
To be our sole foundation;
Accept from every one of us
The deepest adoration.

2. Lord Jesus, to our hearts reveal
Thy grace and love unceasing;
Thy hand, once pierced with the (nail,
Bestow on us a blessing,
That hand which to thy family,
With tender love's affection,
Ere thou ascendest up on high,
Imparted benediction.

3. O thou, the church's Head and Lord,
Who as a shepherd leadest
Thy flock, and richly with thy word
And sacrament us feedest:
What shall we say? lost in amaze,
Our hearts bow down before thee;
For none sufficiently can praise,
Love, honour, or adore thee.

4. Our heavenly Father, hear our prayer:
By virtue of Christ's suffering,
In whom we all accepted are,
Receive us as thine offering:
To us the counsels of thy love,
Its depths, its heights unravel:
And may we all through mercy prove
The fruit of thy Son's travail.

5. O Spirit in the Godhead's throne,
Accept our adoration;
Thou ever didst attend the Son,
And aid his ministration;
Thou teachest us the way to bliss:
Keep under thy protection
That church of which He ruler is;
We'll follow thy direction. Z.

703. T. 159.

ALL hail! our churches Elder dear!
Jesus, her glorious Head,
To thy disciples now appear,
As risen from the dead:
Let our rejoicing souls, in thee
The tokens of thy passion see,
And hear thy gentle voice anew
Say, "Peace be unto you!"

2. Rememb'ring what our fathers told
Thou didst in their young day,
This solemn jubilee we hold,
That we, as then did they,
Ourselves in covenant may bind,
With soul and strength, with heart and mind, (sea,
Through life, in death, on land, o'er
Meekly to follow thee.

3. Revive thy work amidst the years;
Our brethren still employ,
On heathen soils to sow in tears,
With hope to reap in joy; (few,
Though wide the fields, the laborers
If thou our failing faith renew,
The weakest of thy servants, we
Can do all things, through thee.
J. Montgomery.

(823.) 704.* T. 230.

JESUS, God of our salvation,
Behold thy church with supplication
Humbly appears before thy face;
By thy powerful love constrained,
Since from thy death we life obtained, (praise:
We give thee glory, thanks, and

O listen to our prayer,
To meet thee us prepare
With due reverence; (feel,
No tongue can tell—what joy we
When thou, Lord, dost thyself reveal.

2. Thee to approach with awe we venture,
Entreating thee our gates to enter;
Our souls and bodies are thine own:
Speak to every church division,
We'll hear thy voice with deep impression,
For we are bound to thee alone:
To thee in each concern
We'll always humbly turn;
Want we insight
Let us by thee—instructed be,
Then in thy light the light we see.

3. Thus our bliss will last for ever;
While we enjoy thy love and favour,
And safe beneath thy shadow rest,
We with joyful acclamation
Adore thee as thy congregation,
Thou art our Head and Lord confess'd:
To thee, Ancient of Days,
Be honour, power, and praise
Now and ever:
Lord, grant that we—eternally
May put our trust alone in thee.

Countess Zinzendorf.

(824.) 705. T. 341.

TO Christ we homage pay,
We covenant this day
Him to serve with all our strength,
Him to love with all our heart,
Him to follow, till at length
We obtain in heaven our part.

(825.) 706.* T. 79.

INCLINE thine ear in favour
To us, most gracious Saviour.
Accept our promises: (sion
Thy death, thy wounds, and pas-
Abide our hearts' confession,
Till we shall see thee face to face.

C. R. v. Z.

(826.) 707.* T. 185.

HEAD and Ruler of thy congregation,
Which thou lov'st unspeakably,
And to whom thou oft a deep sen-
Giv'st of thy complacency; (sation
O regard our hearts within us glowing, (o'erflowing.
And the contrite tears our eyes
While we blush with humble shame,
And adore thy holy name.

2. Jesus, great High-priest of our profession,
We in confidence draw near; (sion
Condescend in mercy the confes-
Of our grateful hearts to hear:
Thee we gladly own in every nation
Head and Master of thy congregation,
Conscious that in every place
Thou dispensest life and grace.

3. Thy blest people, trusting in thy merit,
On the earth's extended face,
From each other far, but one in spirit,
Sound with one accord thy praise:
May we never cease to make confession, (salvation;
That thy death's the cause of our
We to thee, our Head and King,
Joyful Hallelujahs sing. Z.

(827.) 708. T. 97.

THOU, who so graciously didst lead
Israel of old, from bondage freed.

And by thine own almighty hand
Didst guide them to the promis'd land,
A cloud thy brightness veiling in (the day,
By night thy pillar'd fire did mark their way ;—

2. That mighty power thou then didst show,
Attends us still, where'er we go,
And we, tho' undeserving, share
Thy tender love, thy watchful care,
While we thy leadings faithfully pursue,
And keep the cloud and pillar still (in view.

3. May we to thee, our Shepherd, cleave,
Thy Holy Spirit never grieve,
And love each other heartily ;
Thereby the scorning world will see,
That we are children of the living (God,
A chosen people, bought with Jesus' blood.

W. Horne.

(829.) 709. T. 230.

O THOU God of our salvation,
Behold thy blood-bought congregation,
Assembled here before thy face ;
Pondering on thy gracious dealing,
We would express our grateful feeling,
And joyful Hallelujahs raise :
But when we in thy light
Discern, how we requite
Thee, O Jesus,
We blush for shame,
Ours is the blame,
But praise is due unto thy name.

2. Deeply conscious of transgression,
To thee we turn, hear our confession,
Assure us of thy pardoning love :
O root out whate'er impedeth
Thy Spirit's work or discord breedeth,
Each stumbling-block from us remove :
Those who have gone astray
Cause to return, we pray,
Faithful Shepherd :
With thee our Guide,
May we abide :
Preserve us lest we turn aside.

(830.) 710. T. 68.

LORD, thy church's Rock,
Who dost rule thy flock,
Elder of this congregation,
We with humble adoration
Thee, and thee alone,
Our chief Shepherd own.

J. Swertner.

(832.) 711.* T. 22.

(RECEPTION LITURGY. A.)

IN the name of Jesus Christ our Lord,
The church's Head by us ador'd,
The Brethren's congregation now
Into her fold receiveth you ;—

2. With us in Jesus to be one,
To follow him, and him alone,
To enjoy his faithful shepherd-care
And his reproach and joy to share.

3. O may our Lord, the God of grace,
Who gives you in his fold a place,
Own you his blood-bought property,
And lead and bless you constantly.

4. With heart and hand you now we own ;
The Lord, to whom your heart is known,
Cause your whole walk 'mongst us to be
His joy and your felicity.

5. The God of peace you sanctify,
With us to yield him praise and joy;
That spirit, soul, and body may
Be blameless till his perfect day.
Gregor.

(833.) 712.* T. 22.

(RECEPTION LITURGY. B.)

THIS flock of Christ receiveth thee;
While, conscious of her poverty,
Before her Saviour she appears
With fervent sighs and contrite tears.

2. Yet doth her inmost soul rejoice,
Because she hears the Shepherd's voice,
And by her gracious Lord and Head
Is gently govern'd, train'd, and led.

3. Enjoy, then, with the church, Christ's spouse,
The privileges of his house;
And in our joy, and grief, and care,
With us take thy allotted share.

4. As his redeem'd from this world's thrall,
Let us make sure our blessed call;
That, when the Bridegroom comes, we may
Be found wise virgins in that day.
v. Bruiningk.

XXIV. THE SERVANTS OF CHRIST.

(834.) 713.* T. 166.

HIGH on his everlasting throne,
The King of saints his work surveys,
Marks the dear souls he calls his own,
And smiles on his peculiar race:
He rests well pleased their toil to see;
Beneath his easy yoke they move,
With all their heart and strength agree
In the sweet labour of his love.

2. His eye the world at once looks (thro',
A vast uncultivated field;
Mountains & vales in ghastly show
A barren, uncouth prospect yield:
Clear'd of the thorns by civil care,
A few less hideous wastes are seen;
Yet still they all continue bare,
And not one spot of earth is green,

3. See, where the servants of their (God,
A busy multitude, appear;
For Jesus day and night employ'd,
His husbandry they toil to clear:
The love of Christ their hearts constrains, (hands;
And strengthens their unwearied
They spend their blood, and sweat, and pains,
To cultivate Immanuel's lands.

4. Alarm'd at their successful toil,
Satan and his wild spirits rage:
They labour to tear up, and spoil,
And blast the rising heritage:
In every wilderness they sow
The seed of death, the carnal mind;
They would not let one virtue grow,
Nor leave one seed of good behind.

5. Yet still the servants of their Lord
Look up and calmly persevere;
Supported by the Master's word,
The adverse powers they scorn to fear;

Gladly their happy work pursue;
The labour of their hands is seen,
Their hands the face of earth renew,
Some spots at least are lively green.

6. To dig the ground they thus bestow (clod
Their lives; from every soften'd
They gather out the stones, and sow
The immortal seed—the Word of God: (prayers,
They water it with tears and
They long for the returning word:
Happy, if all their pains and cares
Can bring forth fruit to please their Lord.

7. Jesus their work delighted sees,
Their industry vouchsafes to crown;
He kindly gives the wish'd increase, (down:
And sends the promis'd blessing
The sap of life, the Spirit's powers,
He rains incessant from above;
He all his gracious fulness showers,
To perfect their great work of love.

8. He prospers all his servants' toils;
But of peculiar grace he chose
A flock, on whom his kindest smiles
And choicest blessings he bestows,
Devoted to their common Lord—
True followers of the bleeding Lamb;
By God belov'd, by men abhorr'd,
Distinguish'd by the hidden name.

9. Here many faithful souls are found (dow'd,
With power of heavenly love en-
Full of the light of life, and crown'd
As kings and priests, to serve their God:
With burning zeal for Christ they shine,
Their body, soul, and spirit give,
Their wealth and life for Christ resign,
For Christ they gladly die or live.

10. What can we offer thee, O Lord,
For all the wonders of thy grace!
Fain would we thy great name record,
And worthily set forth thy praise:
Dear object of our faith and love,
To whom our more than all we owe,
Open the fountain from above,
And let it on our spirits flow!

11. So shall our lives thy power proclaim,
Thy grace for every sinner free,
Till all mankind shall know thy name,
Shall all stretch out their hands to thee:
Open a door, which earth and hell
May strive to shut, but strive in vain; (dwell
Grant that thy word may richly
Among us, and our fruit remain!

12. O multiply thy sowers' seed
And fruit we every hour shall bear,
Throughout the world thy Gospel spread,
Thy everlasting grace declare:
We all, in perfect love renew'd,
Shall know the greatness of thy power,
Stand in the temple of our God
As pillars, and go out no more.

Spangenberg

(837.) 714. T. 90.

THE doctrine of our dying Lord,
The faith he on Mount Calvary seal'd,
We sign, asserting every word
Which in his gospel is reveal'd;

As truth divine; and curs'd are they
Who add thereto or take away.

2. We steadfastly this truth maintain,
That none is righteous, no not one,
That in the Lamb, for sinners slain,
We're justified by faith alone;
And all who in his name believe,
Christ and his righteousness receive.

3. Our works and merits we disclaim,
Opposing all self-righteousness,
Ev'n our best actions we condemn
As ineffectual, and confess (trust,
Whoe'er thereon doth place his
And not on Jesus, will be lost.

4. Christ is our Master, Lord, and God,
The fulness of the Three in One;
His life, death, righteousness, and blood,
Our faith's foundation are alone,
His Godhead and his death shall
Our theme to all eternity. (be

5. On him we'll venture all we have,
Our lives, our all to him we owe;
None else is able us to save,
Nought but the Saviour will we know; (hand,
This we subscribe with heart and
Resolv'd thro' grace thereby to stand.

6. This now with heaven's resplendent host
We echo thro' the church of God;
Among the heathen make our boast
Of Jesus' saving death and blood:
We would like many waters join,
In showing forth his love divine.

J. Cennick.

715. T. 22.

POUR out thy Spirit from on high; (bless;
Lord, thine assembled servants
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe us with thy righteousness.

2. Within thy temple where we stand, (thee,
To teach the truth, as taught by
Saviour! like stars in thy right hand,
The angels of the churches be.

3. Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart, (above,
Firmness, with meekness from
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love:—

4. To watch and pray, and never faint; (keep;
By day and night strict guard to
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.

5. Then, when our work is finish'd here,
In humble hope our charge resign:
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God! may they and we be thine.

J. Montgomery.

716. T. 595.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2. Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame:
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3. Watch: 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4. O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

5. Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own royal hand, (head
And raise that favourite servant's
Amidst the angelic band.

Doddridge.

717. T. 14.

O, HOW should those be clean,
The vessels of the Lord! (who bear
How should those give themselves to
Who minister his Word! (prayer,

2. Cleanse me, O Lord,—my head,
And a pure heart induce, (my feet,
That I may be a vessel meet
For thy most holy use.

3. O may the beamings of thy grace,
Reflected on my mien,
When call'd a sinful world to face,
Show where my soul has been.

4. Then shall I not be greatly mov'd
By envy or applause,
Content to be by thee approv'd,
And glorying in thy cause.

Conder.

(839.) 718.* T. 22.

SHALL I, thro' fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's fire in me restrain?
Aw'd by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most High?

2. Shall I, to soothe the unholy
throng, (tongue;
Soften thy truth, and smooth my
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endur'd, my God, by thee!

3. No, fearless I'll in deed and word
Witness of thee, my gracious Lord:
My life and blood I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent.

4. For this let men revile my name,
No cross I shun, I fear no shame;
I no reproach nor sufferings dread;
Is Christ with me, I'm not afraid.

5. Give me thy strength, O God of
power; (roar,
Then, let winds blow, or thunders
I need not fear by sea or land,
For thou, my God, wilt by me stand.

J. Winkler.

(841.) 719. T. 56.

YE who called :‖: to Christ's service
are, (prayer;
Join together :‖: both in work and
Venture all on him, our Lord,
Who assures us in his word,
We are always :‖: objects of his care.

2. Showers of blessing :‖: from the
Lord proceed,
Strength supplying :‖: in the time
of need;
For no servant of our King
Ever lacked any thing: (reed.
He will never :‖: break the bruised

3. Lord have mercy :‖: on each land
and place,
Where thy servants :‖: preach the
word of grace;
Life and power on them bestow,
Them with needful strength endow,
That with boldness :‖: they may
thee confess.

4. May we faithful :‖: in our service
be,
Truly careful :‖: in our ministry;

Keep us to thy church fast bound,
In the faith preserve us sound,
Often weeping :‖: grateful tears 'fore thee. Schlicht.

(842.) 720.* T. 14.

LORD Jesus, who hast called us
To magnify thy name,
And preach the doctrine of thy cross
Amidst reproach and shame;—

2. We thee entreat with one accord,
Thy ministers prepare (word,
To lead thy flock, and preach thy
With meekness, zeal, and care.

3. Nought can we do without thy (aid,
But by thy power we know,
Strong out of weakness we are made,
And conquer where we go. Z.

(844.) 721. T. 166.

O GLORIOUS Master of thy house,
Thou know'st the thoughts of every breast;
To thee each servant gladly goes,
Like Noah's dove for peace and rest:
Indeed the waters overflow
The guilty world, and us withstand;
Few will our mind and purpose know,
Few comprehend thy bless'd com- (mand.

2. But we can hope thy word and grace
Will soften many a heart of stone:
What means can win the human race?
The same which our poor hearts have won?
Tho' carnal reason stand to faith
Oppos'd, the wounded conscience flies
To the bless'd doctrine of thy death
And all-atoning sacrifice.

3. Thy powerful presence, Lord, display,
Or else in vain the sun we see;
Thou art our life, our truth, our way,
We have no comfort but in thee:
Vouchsafe to us thy unction, Lord;
Where'er obedient to thy call
We go, thy help to us afford,
And ever be our All in all.
J. Gambold.

(846.) 722. T. 22.

BE present with thy servants, Lord,
We look to thee with one accord;
Refresh and strengthen us anew,
And bless what in thy name we do.

2. O teach us all thy perfect will
To understand and to fulfil: (light;
When human insight fails, give
This will direct our steps aright.

3. The Lord's joy be our strength and stay,
In our employ from day to day;
Our thoughts and our activity
Thro' Jesus' merits hallow'd be.

(847.) 723.* T. 146.

LORD, grant thy servants grace,
The needful gifts and unction,
That with due faithfulness (tion;
They may discharge their func-
That all things as they ought
May punctually be done;
And with success, when wrought,
Their work vouchsafe to crown.

2. We pray thee, bless them all,
And prosper their endeavour,
In their important call
To serve thee, gracious Saviour:
Thou listen'st to our prayers,
And surely wilt uphold
The faithful ministers
Of thy redeemed fold.

(849.) 724.* T. 185.

SINCE our Saviour call'd us to in-
Everlasting happiness, (herit
And without the unction of his Spirit
Toward the mark we cannot press;
Grant us therefore, Holy Ghost, the favour, (haviour,
Both in doctrine and in our be-
By thee to be taught and led,
Till in Christ we're perfected.

2. Faithful Lord, my only joy and pleasure
Shall remain, while here I stay,
Thee, my matchless Friend and highest Treasure,
To adore, serve, and obey: (feeble,
Tho' I in myself am weak and
Yet I trust thy grace will me enable,
By obedience to thy will
All thy purpose to fulfil. Z.

(850.) 725.* T. 228.

BODY and soul's at thy command,
And we with gladness ready stand
To serve thy name, Lord Jesus;
Since thy bless'd Spirit did explain
Unto our hearts, why thou wast slain, (us:
Nought else on earth can please
O no,—although
We are feeble—and unstable,
Thou'rt our treasure,
And to serve thee is our pleasure.

2. Unto ourselves no praise is due;
And should we even something do,
That in thy sight were pleasing,
To thee we render all the praise,
Thou giv'st thereto enabling grace,
And grantest us thy blessing:
Unless—thy grace
Sway our nature,—every creature
Is unwilling
Aught that's good to be fulfilling.
Louisa v. Hayn.

(852.) 726. T. 39.

LORD, grant us, tho' deeply abused with shame, (in thy name;
With true Christian courage to act
In thy blessed work may we always abound, (be crown'd.
And let with success all our labour

2. Give grace, that as brethren we join hands in love, (prove,
Engaging to thee ever faithful to
Where'er to thy service appointed we stand, (command.
To sow or to reap, at thy call and

(855.) 727.* T. 14.

O GRANT thy servant, thro' thy
An understanding heart, (grace,
Thy dealings with thy church to
And counsel to impart. (trace,

2. With heavenly wisdom me
Thy peace O may I feel; (endow,
Presence of mind on me bestow,
To execute thy will.

3. Thus, strengthen'd in the inner
Supported by thy aid, (man,
I shall thy gracious aim obtain,
And in thy path proceed.

(857.) 728.* T. 22

IN mercy, Lord, this grace bestow,
That in thy service we may do,
With gladness and a willing mind,
Whatever is for us assign'd.

2. Grant we, impelled by thy love,
In smallest things may faithful prove;
Till we depart, we wish to be
Devoted wholly unto thee. Z.

(859.) 729.* T. 166.

O MAY the witness-spirit rest,
Lord, on thy congregation,
May godly zeal inspire each breast
To publish thy salvation:
We gladly promise faithfulness
To do what we are able;
Sufficient is for us thy grace,
Which doth support the feeble.

Z.

(860.) 730.* T. 79.

WITH gladness we will follow thee;
We vow allegiance, bend the knee
To thee, our Lord and Head:
We'll venture freely every thing,
At thy command, O Christ our King;
By thee alone we will be led.

(863.) 731.* T. 97.

THOU Master of thy family,
In humble faith we look to thee;
Dispose our hearts, thy blessed (will
With resignation to fulfil:
Call forth thy servants, grant them needful grace,
And say to each, "I leave with thee (my peace."

(865.) 732.* T. 205.

LET thy presence go with me,
Saviour, else I dare not move;
With thy aid and led by thee
I will go, constrain'd by love;
Serve thy cause with all my might,
Deeming every burden light;
And, if favour'd with success,
To thee render all the praise.

XXXV. THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

(868.) 733.* T. 590.

THY mercy, Lord, to us dispense,
Thy blessing on us pour;
Lift up thy gracious countenance
Upon us evermore:
O may we fully know thy mind,
Thy saving word proclaim,
That many heathen-tribes may find
Salvation in thy name.

2. In these our days exalt thy grace,
Thy precious gospel spread;
That for the travail of thy soul
Thou mayst behold thy seed:
O may thy knowledge fill the earth;
Increase the number still
Of those who in thy word believe,
And do thy holy will.

3. Lord, by thy Spirit us prepare
To follow thy command,
To execute thy utmost aim,
And in thy presence stand,
As servants willing to be us'd,
Who in thy work delight,
And offer freely praise and prayer
As incense day and night.

4. Hereto we cheerful say, Amen;
We have this truth avow'd,
That we in spirit, body, soul,
Are bound to serve our God,
Who touch'd, and drew, and woo'd our hearts,
And conquer'd us by love;
To him we have engag'd ourselves:
O may we faithful prove.

Countess Zinzendorf.

(870.) 734.* T. 22.

IN our short warfare here below
May our experience daily show,
That in our weakness, thro' thy aid,
Thy strength divine is perfected.

2. Without thy blessing how could
Be servants pleasing unto thee? (we
But we can by experience sing,
Thy word hath power, and fruit doth bring.

3. Ah, could we preach in every place, (grace,
Our Saviour's boundless love and
That thousands who are yet enslav'd
Might in these gospel-times be sav'd.

4. There's but a small beginning made,
The earth is still o'ercast with shade:
Break forth, thou Sun of righteousness, (bless.
With healing beams the nations

5. Whene'er we to mankind proclaim
Thy dying love and precious name,
Support thy servants' weakness, Lord,
By thy blest Spirit, grace, and word.

6. Lord of the harvest, laborers send
Who willing are their lives to spend
In scorching heat and chilling cold,
To bring the heathen to thy fold.

7. When all our labour here is o'er,
And when our light shall burn no more,
When our endeavours have an end,
Then let our souls to thee ascend.

M. Stach.

(871.) 735.* T. 114.

THOU Saviour of the world, great Mediator, (soul
O mayst thou for the travail of thy
Behold thy seed extend from pole to pole: (creature;
Thy boundless mercy show to every
With old and young thy gracious aim obtain; (plead in vain.
Thy prayers and tears can never

2. Thy glorious gospel spread thro' every nation; (name
Give us an open door, thy saving
In the most distant regions to proclaim,
With power, and with the Spirit's demonstration;
And grant us joyfully in every land
To see thy pleasure prosper in our hand.

(873.) 736.* T. 97.

THE Lord himself gave forth the word: (Lord:
We preach most gladly Christ the
May thousands, Lord, thy voice obey,
And turn to thee without delay;
To those who hear us grant an open ear, (thou appear.
And when we point thee out, do

2. 'Tis the desire of all our hearts,
That in the earth's remotest parts
The love of God to all mankind
Be preach'd to heathen base and blind; (believe,
For Jesus saves from sin all who
And pardon offer'd thro' his blood receive.

3. Thanks, adoration, glory, praise,
To Christ we render for his grace;
With every breath may we proclaim
His goodness and extol his name:
O Lord thy knowledge spread both far and near, (share.
May all in thy redemption have a

Z.

(874.) 737. T. 97.

AS 'twas of old, we now may trace,
In these most blessed times of grace,
How the reviving gospel-sound
Of blood-bought grace is spreading round: (increase,
We see with joy the work of God
And thousands who thro' Jesus find release.

2. We see in hearts as cold as ice
The Sun of righteousness arise,
And that his all-enlivening rays
Of Satan's slaves make sons of grace,
Who are increasing daily more and more, (us adore.
And who the slaughter'd Lamb with

3. Great is the harvest, truly great;
The Gentiles for thy advent wait;
Saviour, thy word of promise keep,
And send thy servants forth to reap;
Yea, hosts of faithful witnesses prepare, (declare.
Who from experience may thy truth

J. Swertner.

(875.) 738.* T. 22.

LORD, at thy feet amaz'd we sink,
When on thy wondrous grace we think,
Which now so strikingly appears,
The glory of this vale of tears.

2. The gospel in these blessed days,
Throughout the earth its beams displays;
Nations that never heard of thee,
Thy great salvation shout to see.

3. That mystery, from ages seal'd,
God by his Spirit hath reveal'd,
That heavenly thrones and powers might know
God's wisdom by the church below.

Molther.

(878.) 739. T. 221.

THE springs of salvation from Christ the rock bursting,
And flowing through the wilderness,
Refresh and enliven his heritage thirsting;
Abundant are the showers of grace:
As rain overstreaming the parched ground,
With plenty now teeming, spreads verdure round,
The promised blessing its influence diffuses,
And fruit, to the husbandman grateful, produces.

2. 'I'll bless thee and thou shalt be set for a blessing,'
Thus saith the Lord, 'to all around:'
O may we in grace and in number increasing, (abound:
In faith, which works by love,
Upon thy grace founded immoveably, (thee;
And rooted and grounded in love to
Thus shall we in doctrine, in word and behaviour, (savour.
To others of life unto life prove a

(880.) 740.* T. 205.

WOULD the world our passport see,
By which we free entrance gain,
Or ask our authority,
We reply, "The Lamb was slain:"
This is every where our boast;
He that higher soars is lost:
For that powerful word we raise,
Christ, to thee eternal praise.

2. Every where with shoutings loud,
Shouts that shake the gates of hell,
Thy anointed witness-cloud
Of thy great redemption tell:

Are our door-posts, Lamb of God,
Sprinkled with atoning blood,
By its virtue we shall be
From the dread destroyer free.
Z.

(882.) 741.* T. 221.

WITH fire and with spirit endow'd every moment,
Ye ministers of Christ confess'd,
Go forth and proclaim ye the word of atonement, (press'd
Both far and near; and when op-
By hardships and trials, be bold in God, (and blood:
And gladly for him spend your life
'Midst tempests and billows, and thro' deserts go, (then to sow.
The seed of the gospel 'mongst hea-
I. Arbo.

(884.) 742.* T. 582.

AMBASSADORS of Christ,
Know ye the way you go?
It is a path not strew'd with flowers,
But yielding thorns and woe:
All who Christ crucified
Their only Saviour own, (base,
Meet often with such treatment
As to their Lord was shown.

2. But see, the fields are white;
Go therefore, labourers, go,
The Lord leads on to victory,
His power and grace you know:
Christ, who was crucified,
Of all is sovereign Lord,
He is the captain of the host,
We conquer through his word.

(886.) 743.* T. 79.

GO, witness of the suffering
Of Christ, who as our offering
Our guilt and curse did bear;
Proclaim his great salvation
To many a heathen nation,
And spread his gospel every where.
Z.

(887.) 744.* T. 205.

WARRIOR, on thy station stand,
Faithful to thy Saviour's call,
With the shield of faith in hand,
Fearless, let what may befall:
Nothing fill thee with dismay,
Hunger, toil, or length of way:
In the strength of Jesus boast;
Never, never quit thy post.

(888.) 745.* T. 185.

WHAT affords the Christian warrior vigour,
Who climbs rocks, or sinks in sands,
Braving now of northern storms the rigour,
Fainting then in southern lands?
Here no care avails, no circumspection,
But depending on his Lord's protection,
In his heavenly armour clad,
He moves on serene and glad.

(889.) 746. T. 14.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their shield Omnipotence.

2. In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3. Thy mercy sweetens every soil,
Makes every region please.
Where on the mountains they proclaim
Thy reign, O Prince of peace.

4. The love of Christ constraining them,
They plant sweet Sharon's rose
Successfully on icy plains
And in eternal snows.

5. In midst of dangers, fears, and (deaths
Thy goodness they adore; (deaths
And praise thee for thy mercies (past,
And humbly hope for more. (past,

747. T. 582.

FATHER of boundless grace!
Thou hast in part fulfill'd
Thy promise made to Adam's race,
In God incarnate seal'd:
A few from every land
At first to Salem came,
And saw the wonders of thy hand,
And saw the tongues of flame.

2. Yet still we wait the end,
The coming of our Lord;
The full accomplishment attend
Of thy prophetic word:
Thy promise deeper lies,
In unexhausted grace;
And new discover'd worlds arise
To sing their Saviour's praise.

3. Belov'd for Jesus' sake,
By him redeem'd of old,
All nations must come in, and make
One undivided fold:
While gather'd in by thee,
And perfected in one,
They all at once thy glory see,
In thine eternal Son. C. Wesley.

(891.) 748.* T. 155.

O WHAT praise in highest strain,
By the ransom'd host in heaven
Will be given
To him who brought us to God
By his blood,
When of every tongue and nation
There will be with exultation
But one flock and Shepherd known.

2. Amen, Jesus' words are true.
Surely he his gracious promise
Will accomplish;
Ye his servants, ready stand
In each land,
Yea, in the most distant places,
Till he comes, to sound his praises.
And make known his saving name.

749. T. 22.

OH, why should Israel's sons, once blest,
Still roam the scorning world around,
Disown'd of heaven, by man oppress'd,
Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground?

2. O God of Israel, view their race!
Back to thy fold the wanderers (grace;
bring:
Teach them to seek thy slighted
To hail in Christ their promis'd King.

3. The vail of darkness rend in twain
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light:
The sever'd olive-branch again
Back to its parent stock unite.

4. While Judah views his birthright (move,
gone,
With contrite shame his bosom
The Saviour he denied—to own,
The Lord he crucified—to love.

5. Haste, glorious day, expected (shall raise,
long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer
With eager feet one temple throng.
One God with grateful rapture
praise. Bickersteth's Collection.

750. T. 151.

OH that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come;
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home!
How long, the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

2. Let fall thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart:
Roll back the vail of error,
Release the fetter'd heart:
Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy church to thee.

Lyte.

751. T. 22.

WHEN shall thine hour, dear Jesus come,
That Israel's sons shall be brought home;
When shall they in thy name confide,
Whom once their fathers crucified?

2. When shall that hour of grace appear,
That rends their vail as Christ draws near;
When shall they feel what Thomas felt,
When 'fore his wounded side he knelt?

3. Then, Father, all thy family
Shall in thy house assembled be,
And bless the Lamb who once was slain;
Come soon, Lord Jesus, come: Amen.

Z.

(892.) 752. T. 590.

LORD, to thy people aid dispense,
Their shield and portion be,
And let their lives the world convince
That they belong to thee:
To bear thy truth to distant parts,
Thy chosen servants call;
Reveal thy grace to heathen hearts,
Thy grace extend to all.

M. Taylor.

753. T. 22.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2. For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3. People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4. Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5. Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Watts.

754. T. 151.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed!
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2. He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth:
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:

Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go:
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3. Arabia's desert-ranger
To him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

4. Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing:
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.

5. For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end:
The mountain-dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown, (ish,
Whose fruit shall spread and flour-
And shake like Lebanon.

6. O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove:
His name shall stand for ever,
His great, best name of love.

J. Montgomery.

755. T. 151.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted,
The lamp of light deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

3. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Bishop Heber.

(893.) 756. T. 22.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone:
He can create and he destroy.

2. His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us (men;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3. Enter his gates with thankful songs,
And in his courts your voices raise:
Let earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Sound forth, almighty Lord, thy (praise.

4. Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love,

Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand, (move.
When rolling years shall cease to
Watts.

(900.) 757.* T. 90.

CHRIST JESUS is that precious grain, (died;
Which fell into the ground and
Now since he for our sins was slain,
He doth no more alone abide,
But for the travail of his soul
His seed appears from pole to pole.

(901.) 758. T. 22.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

XXXVI. HOLY BAPTISM.

(904.) 759. T. 590.

HEAVEN'S kingdom none shall (enter in
But as a little child;
Therefore the children are by Christ
Heirs of his kingdom styl'd:
Is heaven theirs, none shall forbid
A child to come to him:
Who shall forbid the water-flood
A babe to overstream?

2. O Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Be present with us here;
We trust in Jesus' saving name,
To us his words are dear;
We now baptize a little child
Into the Saviour's death;
'Tis his command, and we perform
This solemn act in faith.
Schlicht.

(905.) 760. T. 590.

LORD Jesus, from thy pierced side
Both blood and water stream'd,
A cleansing laver to provide
For man, from sin redeem'd:
Thou saidst, "Preach pardon to the (lost.
Baptize them in the name
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;"
We now will do the same.

2. Be present with us, Lord our (God;
Tho' water fails from sin
To cleanse, yet thy atoning blood
Can wash this infant clean:
Accept this child we now baptize
And here present to thee;
His soul be precious in thine eyes.
Now and eternally.

(906.) 761. T. 22.

BURIED in baptism with our Lord,
We rise with him, to life restor'd;
Not the bare life in Adam lost,
But richer far, for more it cost.

2. Christ by his blood aton'd for sin;
This precious blood can wash us clean,
And he arrays us in the dress
Of his unspotted righteousness.
J. Hart.

(907.) 762. T. 582.

OUR baptism first declares
That we must cleansed be,
Then shows that Christ to all God's
Dispenses purity. (heirs

2. Water the body laves;
And, if 'tis done by faith,
The blood of Jesus surely saves
The sinful soul from death.

3. Baptiz'd into his death,
We rise to life divine;
The Holy Spirit works the faith,
And water is the sign.

(908.) 763. T. 14.

FATHER of Jesus Christ our Lord,
(In him our Father too,)
O bless, we pray with one accord,
The work we have to do.

2. Jesus, as water well applied
Will make the body clean;
So in the fountain of thy side
Wash thou this soul from sin.

3. O Holy Ghost, with power apply
The Saviour's cleansing blood;
Own thou this babe, and testify,
This is a child of God. J. Hart.

764. T. 14.

JESUS, we lift our souls to thee,
Thy powerful Spirit breathe;
And let this little infant be
Baptiz'd into thy death.

2. O let thine unction on *him* rest;
Thy grace *his* soul renew;
And write within *his* tender breast,
Thy name and nature too.

3. If thou shouldst quickly end *his* days,
His place with thee prepare;
Or, if thou lengthen out *his* race,
Continue still thy care.

4. Thy faithful servant may *he*
Girded with truth divine; (prove,
A sharer in thy dying love,
A follower of thine.

5. Lord, plant us all into thy death;
That we thy life may prove;
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above. Beck.

(909.) 765. T. 39.

THOU who in the days of thy flesh
didst receive (ing didst give.
The children, and to them thy bless-
Most gracious Redeemer, thy favour
bestow (bless *him* now.
On *him* we present thee; we pray,

2. Receive *him* O Christ, as a lamb
thou hadst lost,
And think what a price *his* redemption hath cost;
Thy name on *his* forehead, thy seal
on *his* breast, (impress'd.
Be by thee, our Shepherd & Bishop

3. Vouchsafe to be present, thou
Father ador'd; (ciful Lord;
And thou our Redeemer and mer-
O Holy Ghost, come with thy unction and fire, (inspire.
And all with thy love and salvation
J. Cennick.

(911.) 766. T. 22.

O BLEST Redeemer, in thy side
Upon the cross was made a wound,
The fount, in which we're purified,
Wherein our sin and guilt are drown'd.

2. Water and blood in streams ran
thence,
And on the earth were freely spilt;
Water, to sanctify and cleanse;
Blood, to atone for heinous guilt.

3. This wondrous grace to place in view,
Baptismal waters were design'd,
In which thou, Lord, wast buried too,
To thy great Father's will resign'd.

4. Thus penitents who die to sin,
With thee are buried in thy grave;
Thus quicken'd to a life divine,
Their souls a resurrection have.

5. And tho' their bodies turn to dust,
This holy symbol doth assure,
The resurrection of the just
Shall render them all bright and pure.

Stennet.

(912.) 767. T. 582.

COME, lowly souls, that mourn,
Depress'd with grief and shame,
Wash in your Saviour's cleansing blood,
And call upon his name.

2. Rejoice, ye contrite hearts;
The blood which Jesus spilt,
While we with water you baptize,
Will wash away your guilt.

3. While with repenting tears
Your sins you now deplore,
Christ with his blood will blot them out,
Remember them no more.

4. Ye who in Christ believe,
And to his sceptre bow,
Sing your Redeemer's love, and tell
What he hath done for you.

5. Unspotted robes you wear,
Your sighs to songs are turn'd;
Garments of praise adorn you now,
Who late in ashes mourn'd.

6. Ye with your Lord are ris'n,
Aspire to things above:
Mansions for you he now prepares,
In realms of light and love.

Stennet.

XXXVII. THE HOLY COMMUNION.

(913.) 768.* T. 107.

LORD Jesus, who before thy passion,
Distress'd and sorrowful to death,
To us the fruits of thy oblation
In thy last supper didst bequeath;
Accept our praise, thou bounteous Giver
Of life to every true believer.

2. As oft as we enjoy this blessing,
Each sacred token doth declare
Thy dying love, all thoughts surpassing;
And while we thee in memory bear
At each returning celebration,
We shew thy death for our salvation.

3. Assurance of our pardon sealed
Is in this sacrament renew'd;
The soul with peace and joy is filled,
With thy atoning blood bedew'd;
That stream from all defilement cleanses,
And life abundantly dispenses.

4. That bond of love, that mystic union,
By which to thee, our Head, we're join'd,

Is closer drawn at each communion;
By love inspir'd, we know thy (merit,
mind,
And, feeding on thy death and
Are rènder'd one with thee in
spirit.

5. Lord, by thy flesh the soul is
nourish'd, (vive;
When faint, thy blood doth us re-
And while our faith thereby is
cherish'd, (strive:
To serve thee and thy house we
We, by this food invigorated,
Are to good works anew created.

6. Whiie thus thou feed'st the poor
and needy, (whole;
Life from thy death pervades the
And the true members of thy body,
In thee, their Head, one heart and
soul, (ficed,
For whom one bread and cup suf-
Into one spirit are baptized.

7. Thy flesh to us a pledge is given,
That ev'n our flesh, corrupt and
vile, (heaven,
Shall from the dust be rais'd to
And with unfading glories smile,
And soul and body be for ever
At home with thee, our Lord and
Saviour.

8. O what a striking exhibition
Of love divine; what heavenly food!
Our hungry souls in this fruition
Find here on earth their highest
good:
It proves, amidst all tribulation,
Of heavenly bliss the anticipation.

(916.) 769. T. 166.

IN that most dark and doleful night,
In which our Saviour was betray'd,
Before his sufferings he took bread,
Blessed, and brake it, and then said,
"Take, eat; this is my body giv'n
For you and offer'd on the tree;
Perform this ordinance as I do,
And doing it, remember ME."

2. Then after supper took the cup,
And having given thanks, he said,
"'Tis the New Testament in my
blood,
The blood for you and many shed;
Take this, and drink ye all of it,
Your sins' remission here you see:
Oft as this ordinance ye perform,
It in remembrance do of ME."

3. Yes, Lord, we will remember
thee,
We'll ne'er forget thy love divine;
Thy cross we'll ever bear in mind,
Which made thee ours, and made
us thine:
We thus commemorate thy death,
Till thou shalt once again appear;
Meanwhile remember, gracious
Lord,
Us thy unworthy followers here.

(917.) 770.* T. 205.

HAPPY race—of witnesses,
Whom God's Spirit doth ordain
To make known—what God hath
done;
Ye can only victory gain
By that sacred covenant-blood,
Which the fathers, bold in God,
Wrote in faith on every door,
That the slayer might pass o'er.

2. Israel's seed,—from slavery freed,
Eat with joy their Paschal lamb;
But the bride—of Christ who died
Her from bondage to redeem,
Hath another passover;
There the shadow, substance here;
She enjoys the flesh and blood
Of the slaughter'd Lamb of God.

3. Here we now, most humbly bow,
Met in our Redeemer's name,
Who for us—died on the cross,
Bearing our reproach and shame:
'Fore the Father, 'fore the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
With the countless heavenly host,
And the assembly of the just.

4. Ere we taste—the rich repast,
Which he offers graciously,
On our food,—his flesh and blood,
Feasting in the sanctuary;
Ere the sacrament to enjoy,
We with awe to him draw nigh:
We in love and fellowship
This communion love-feast keep.

5. Eat and rest—at this great feast,
Then to serve him freely go,
As it is—for pilgrims fit,
As disciples ought to do:
We, when Jesus we shall see
Coming in his majesty,
Shall the marriage-supper share,
If we his true followers are.

6. Then will be—of ransom'd souls
An innumerable throng;
Lamb once slain—to thee pertain
Thanks and praise, will be their (song:
Hallelujah will they cry,
Singing in sweet harmony,
'Midst all trials we o'ercame
Only by thy blood, O Lamb. Z.

(918.) 771.* T. 594 or 184.

JESUS, how great was thy desire
Once more to eat the Paschal lamb
With thy dear flock! O what love's fire
Did here thy sorrowing soul inflame!
Each precious word thy kindness showeth,
Thereby we are divinely blest;
The love that in thy bosom gloweth
Is herein render'd manifest.

2. Thy love is great, beyond all measure,
Thence we derive eternal good;
Thou grantest us, O what a trea-
Thy holy body and thy blood; (sure,
Lord Jesus, was it not sufficient
That thou shouldst die for our offence,
But out of love, thou every patient
Wouldst heal, and make thy residence.

3. O love divine, how strong, how ardent,
More strong than death; our life to gain,
The incarnate God, thro' love most fervent,
Was as a lamb for sinners slain:
Love urg'd the sovereign great Creator,
'Fore whom the universe doth shake,
By whom all things subsist in nature, (make.
Once in the earth his grave to

(919.) 772. T. 590.

THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Did almost with his latest breath
This solemn feast ordain: (met,
To keep thy feast, Lord, are we
And to remember thee;
Help each poor sinner to repeat,
For me he died, for me.

2. Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings;
We feed upon thy love divine,
Forget all earthly things

O tune our voices, and inflame
Our hearts with love to thee;
That each may gratefully pro-
The Saviour died for me. (claim,
J. Hart.

(920.) 773. T. 166.

JESUS, thy feast we celebrate,
Show forth thy death and praise thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb:
In memory of our dying Lord
The church on earth, till time shall
Meets at his table to record (end,
The love of her departed Friend.

(921.) 774. T. 9.

SUFFERING Saviour, Lamb of
How hast thou been used! (God,
With God's sin-avenging rod
Soul and body bruised!

2. We, for whom thou once wast slain,
We, whose sins did pierce thee,
Now commemorate thy pain,
And implore thy mercy.

3. What can we poor sinners do,
When temptations seize us?
Nought have we to look unto,
But the blood of Jesus.

4. Pardon all our sins, O Lord;
All our weakness pity:
Guide us safely by thy word
To the heavenly city.

5. O sustain us on the road
Thro' this desert dreary;
Feed us with thy flesh and blood,
When we're faint and weary.

6. Bid us call to mind thy cross,
Our hard hearts to soften;
Often, Saviour, feast us thus,
For we need it often. J. Hart.

(922.) 775.* T. 581 or 83.

TO avert from men God's wrath
Jesus suffer'd in our stead;
By an ignominious death
He a full atonement made;
And by his most precious blood
Brought us sinners nigh to God.

2. That we never should forget
This great love on us bestow'd.
He gave us his flesh to eat,
And to drink his precious blood:
All who sick and needy are
May receive in him a share.

3. Hither each afflicted soul
May repair, tho' fill'd with grief;
To the sick, not to the whole,
The physician brings relief:
Fear not therefore, but draw nigh,
Christ will all your wants supply.

4. He who in self-righteousness
Fixes any hope or stay,
Has not on a wedding-dress,
And with shame is sent away;
To the hungry, weary heart,
He will food and rest impart.

5. But examine first your case,
Whether you be in the faith;
Do you mourn for pardoning grace?
Is your only hope his death?
Then, howe'er your soul's opprest,
Come, you are a worthy guest.

6. He who Jesus' mercy knows,
Is from wrath and envy freed;
Love unto our neighbour shows
That we are his flock indeed:
Thus we may in all our ways
Show forth our Redeemer's praise.
John Huss.

(926.) 776.* T. 9.

TILL the hour shall come, with
By the church desired, (tears

When our Lord again appears,
Now from sight retired:

2. He hath with a pledge of grace
His dear flock supplied,
Whereby we, his witness-race,
Show forth that he died.

3. 'Tis his body and his blood
Which the soul refreshes;
Church of Christ, this highest good
Claims thy thanks and praises.

4. By this sacrament we are
To our Lord united;
To due watchfulness and prayer,
And good works excited.

5. With deep reverence we draw
Falling down before thee; (nigh,
While we this repast enjoy,
We with awe adore thee.

6. Us thy congregation own,
Let us taste thy favour,
And by faith recline like John
On thy breast, dear Saviour.

Layritz.

(927.) 777.* T. 23.

SOUL, at this most awful season,
Soar above thy scanty reason; (est;
To the light approach, where clear-
Duly mind what dress thou wearest.

2. Jesus, Lord of the creation,
Gives thee now an invitation;
His unbounded love revealing,
He'll take up in thee his dwelling.

3. Heavenly joy and holy trembling
I feel in me, past dissembling;
Since, by sharing this communion,
I'm with God in closest union.

4. Human reason is too shallow
In this mystery thee to follow,
How thou hast unto us given
Thy own flesh, the bread of heaven:

5. How the blood which from thee
Is in wine on us bestowed: (flowed;
O the mystery, deep and blessed,
By God's Spirit here expressed!

6. Thy communion's celebration
Bows me down to deep prostration;
May I never, unprepared,
To my condemnation share it.

J. Frank.

(928.) 778.* T. 23.

COME, approach to Jesus' table,
Taste that food incomparable,
Which to us is freely given
As an antepast of heaven.

2. Jesus' bride, his congregation,
Calls to mind her Saviour's passion;
With his body she is nourish'd,
With his blood refresh'd and cherish'd.

3. This mysterious, heavenly blessing
Is all thought by far surpassing;
Deeply bow'd we now adore thee,
Soul and body sink before thee.

4. Now is come our time sabbatic;
Lord, we feel thy power emphatic:
Ah, draw near to us, dear Saviour,
Let us taste thy grace and favour.

Z.

(929.) 779.* T. 71.

MY soul, prepare to meet
Thy Saviour; at his feet
Fall down adoring:
The Lord of earth and skies
A feast for thee supplies,
Past thy exploring.

2. How vast is here display'd,
In brightest form array'd,
His love's dimension!
O grace, beyond the ken
Of angels or of men,
Past comprehension!

3. Ah, why am I so blest,
That such a heavenly guest
My house will enter?
Dare I, thou highest good,
To taste thy flesh and blood,
A sinner, venture?

4. Upon thy call I'm here;
I venture to draw near,
For thou art gracious:
I on thy word rely,
Thou wilt my soul supply
With food delicious.

5. Grant me but this firm faith,
That with thee by thy death
I am united:
To cheer and make me whole,
Thou hast my sin-sick soul
Freely invited.

6. Thy body slain for me,
My food, my foretaste be
Of heaven's fruition;
And by its power may I,
While I the world deny,
Gain there admission.

7. Pervade, thou precious flood
Of Christ's all-healing blood,
My soul and senses;
And to my needy heart
Life, peace, and health impart;
Thus heaven commences.

8. Lord, of thy wondrous love
That brought thee from above
Thou gav'st this token:
O may it constantly
Unite my heart to thee
In bonds unbroken.

9. May every drop of blood
In me, O Lord my God,
Be sanctified:
Oft as my heart doth beat,
May I his praise repeat,
Who for me died. J. J. Rambach.

(932.) 780.* T. 211.

JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
Hear thy people's fervent prayer,
Us to meet thee now prepare:
We with awe appear before thee,
Longing to enjoy thy favour;
In this consecrated place
We approach the throne of grace:
Lord, Lord God,
Thee we own our only Saviour:
Blessed, truly blessed they,
Who to thee have found the way,
Who of thy body and thy blood
ev'n here partakers are,
And in the supper of the Lamb in
heavenly realms above shall
(share.

(934.) 781.* T. 15.

AH, come, thou most beloved
guest,
My joy and delectation,
With whose indwelling I am blest,
Source of all consolation.

2. O keep thy banquet, Lord, with
A sinner poor and needy, (me,
Since thou invit'st me graciously,
"Come, all things now are ready."

3. I open heart and soul to thee,
Lord Jesus, to receive thee;
For thee I long most ardently,
O may I never leave thee.

(935.) 782.* T. 146.

WHERE my Redeemer's blood
And sweat the earth did cover,
May every sinful thought
Be now interr'd for ever;
Lord Jesus grant my prayer,
That I may thine abide,
And by thy holy flesh
And blood be sanctified. Z.

(936.) 783.* T. 4.

O GLORIFIED Head,
Since mortals may tread
The holiest of all, (seat fall;
And deeply abas'd 'fore the mercy-

2. Admit us, we pray,
On this solemn day,
To thee to draw nigh, (enjoy.
And thy holy body and blood to

(937.) 784. T. 14.

WHEN we before our Saviour's face
Appear with contrite hearts,
He soothes our griefs, and pardoning
To every one imparts. (grace

2. When we commemorate his love,
He saith, "For you I died:
Behold my hands, behold my feet,
And view my wounded side:—

3. "These are the wounds I bore for you,
The tokens of my pain;
By which I for your guilty soul
Eternal life did gain.

4. We on his sacred body feast,
As given a sacrifice;
Thirsting we drink his sacred blood,
That precious ransom-price.

5. Ah, then we feel, that life divine
From Jesus' death redounds,
Eternal blessings from his cross,
And healing from his wounds.
Watts.

(938.) 785. T. 14.

LORD, how divine thy comforts are;
How heavenly is the place,
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace.

2. There the rich bounties of our God,
And heavenly glories shine:
There Jesus saith, that I am his,
And my Beloved's mine.

3. "Here," (saith our kind redeeming Lord,
And shows his wounded side,)
"Behold the spring of all your joys,
That open'd when I died."

4. What shall we pay our heavenly
For grace so vast as this? (King
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss. Watts.

(939.) 786. T. 14.

TOGETHER with these symbols,
Thy blessed self impart; (Lord,
And let thy holy flesh and blood
Feed the believing heart.

2. Let us from all our sins be wash'd
In thy atoning blood;
And let thy Spirit be the seal
That we are born of God.

3. Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus'
Prepare us for this feast; (love
O let us banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon his breast.

(940.) 787.* T. 141.

CHRIST, thy flock doth hunger
For thy flesh, our food,
Thirsts with ardent longing
For thy precious blood,
Which thou hast bequeathed,
As thy testament,
To thy congregation
In the sacrament.

2. Like the king of Salem,
Thou with wine and bread
Com'st to meet thy people,
Them to cheer and feed:
O preserve the enjoyment
Of thy blood and death
To thy congregation,
While we live by faith. Zander.

(941.) 788. T. 56.

THEY who hunger :‖: after Christ, are fed,
All the thirsty :‖: to life's fountain (led;
He the needy doth supply
With good things abundantly;
From his fulness :‖: they are nourished.

2. Since he welcomes :‖: every soul distress'd,
And hath promis'd :‖: to the weary rest,
At his call we now draw nigh;
He invites each graciously,
Come, poor sinner, :‖: come and share my feast.

(942.) 789.* T. 151.

THOSE souls are truly blessed
Who to our Saviour cleave,
Of living faith possessed,
And in his name believe;
For what is still denied
To sight, while here below,
Is by our faith enjoyed,
And makes our hearts to glow.

2. Faith on Christ's declaration
With confidence relies;
He now his congregation
With heavenly food supplies;
Would we as branches flourish
In Jesus, the true vine,
His blood our souls must nourish,
Else they would droop and pine.

3. Draw near to Jesus' table,
Ye contrite souls, draw near;
The hungry, sick, and feeble
Are made most welcome here:
Let Jesus' death engraven
Upon your hearts remain;
Thus here, and there in heaven,
Eternal life you gain. Z.

(943.) 790.* T. 22.

O CHURCH of Jesus, now draw near
With humble joy and filial fear;
According to his testament
Enjoy the holy sacrament.

2. Here all our wants are well supplied,
And we show forth that Jesus died:
May we abide in him by faith,
And cleave to him in life and death.

3. The enjoyment of the flesh and blood
Of Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God,
Endows our souls with strength and grace,
To love and serve him all our days. Z.

(944.) 791.* T. 99.

ACT full of godlike majesty!
O Love's abyss, I'm lost in thee!
O mystery, all our thoughts surpassing!
Now all our wants are well supplied,
And we show forth that Jesus died,
As oft as we enjoy this blessing. Gregor.

(945.) 792. T. 185.

GREAT the feast, to which thou, Lord, hast bidden
Such a worthless guest as me;
'Tis an awful mystery, deep and (hidden,
'Tis a heavenly legacy:
Contrite souls, howe'er by sin infected,
Are made welcome, not one is rejected;
Else this grace to sinful me
Never could extended be.

2. Thou thy table spreadest for the needy,
Who may feast and take their fill;

Thou to grant thy heavenly gifts art ready,
And thy goodness to reveal:
Soul and body in this rich fruition
Gain from thee, the Bread of life, nutrition;
And we as thy flesh and bone,
Lord, with thee are render'd one.

(946.) 793.* T. 119.

BREAD of life, :||:
Christ by whom alone we live;
Bread that came to us from heaven,
My poor soul can never thrive,
Unless thou appease its craving:
Lord, I hunger only after thee,
Feed thou me. :||: Z.

794. T. 14.

ACCORDING to thy gracious (word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2. Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3. Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4. When to the cross I turn mine (eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember thee:—

5. Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6. And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

J. Montgomery.

(947.) 795.* T. 22.

O THAT in Jesus' church, his bride,
Sin might henceforth be mortified,
Since she with him is render'd one,
Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone.

2. O may our souls and bodies be
Henceforth from sin's dominion free;
May we, long as on earth we live,
To him, the Vine, as branches cleave.

2. O were we freed from strange desire,
And from depraved nature's fire;
As dead to all corruption base,
As formerly to righteousness.

4. Lord, by the power of thy death
Renew in us a living faith;
Whate'er is carnal, quite erase,
And sanctify us by thy grace.

5. O church, rejoice, though tremblingly, (thee;
The Lord's death now pervadeth
O may his sacred body cure,
And make our souls and bodies pure.

Z.

(943.) 796. T. 26.

AH, who are we, thou God of love,
That we should hear, thro' grace abounding,
The solemn invitation sounding,
"Prepare for the Lamb's feast above."

2. Prostrate before the mercy-seat,
We sinners lie with holy trembling,
The Elders' blissful choir resembling
Who cast their crowns before thy feet.

3. Here more than Tabor's glories shine;
Heart-captivating meditation!
Ev'n here thou feed'st thy congregation
With heavenly manna, food divine.

4. Here it is good for us to be;
Our souls imbibe, while here we tarry,
The breezes of the sanctuary,
The atmosphere of Calvary.

5. Rise, and your pilgrim-path pursue,
Revived by this rich fruition;
Soon shall the beatific vision,
The Lamb in glory, meet your view.

(949.) 797.* T. 97.

THE breath which can the dead bones raise,
And to Christ's members life conveys,
Pervadeth thee, thou church of God;
And Jesus' sanctifying blood
Is now imparted to each thirsty soul:
It cheers the mourners, makes the wounded whole.

2. O church of God, lift up thy heart,
The Vine its power doth impart:
Take, drink the blood so freely spilt
For thine and every sinner's guilt;
Take, drink the blood, the blood so freely spilt
For mine, for thine, and every sinner's guilt.

Z.

(951.) 798. T. 582.

MY Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd forth a double flood;
By water we are purified,
And pardon'd by his blood:
Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his wounded heart.

Watts.

(952.) 799. T. 166.

YE followers of the slaughter'd Lamb,
Draw near, and take the cup of God;
Approach unto the healing stream,
And drink of the atoning blood;
That blood for our redemption spilt,
Assuring us of purchas'd grace;
That blood which takes away all guilt,
And speaketh to the conscience peace.

(953.) 800.* T. 146.

LORD Jesus, may the blood
Thou shed'st for our salvation,
Which is our highest good,
Refresh this congregation,
When in the sacrament
We drink of it in faith,
And by this testament
Show forth thy bitter death. Z.

(954.) 801.* T. 149.

O WHAT happiness divine,
What a lot most precious,
Confidently to recline
On the breast of Jesus,
Where who will—takes his fill,
And yet longs for ever
For more grace and favour.

2. Jesus cometh to fulfil
All thy heart desireth,
Doth himself to thee reveal,
Thee with love inspireth:
His blood spilt—all thy guilt
Will erase for ever,
And thy sins will cover.

Louisa V. Hayn.

(955.) 802. T. 184.

SEE from the rock the waters bursting (mand,
In copious streams at God's com-
His people to refresh, when thirsting, (land:
With drought parch'd in a barren
Thus plenteous flow'd on Calvary's mountain (wounds:
The blood from Jesus' healing
Here is for sin an open fountain.
Here everlasting life abounds.

(956.) 803. T. 97.

JESUS, thou source of life, impart
Thy blood unto my thirsting heart;
Panting I seek that fountain-head,
Whence waters so divine proceed;
Still near this living stream may I abide, (fied.
By which my needy soul is satis-

Doddridg

(957.) 804. T. 124.

MAY the stream from thee, the Gracious Jesus, (Rock,
Richly bless thy thirsting flock
And refresh us;
'Tis the source of power, of life, And salvation,
To thy congregation.

(958.) 805.* T. 79.

THE precious, all-atoning blood
Is to this hour, O Lamb of God,
An ocean of free grace:
All those who venture to draw nigh
To thee, can witness bear with joy,
They ne'er go empty from thy face.

Anna Dober.

(959.) 806.* T. 23.

FLOCK of Christ, with exultation
View the well-spring of salvation:
Drink and live—with an emotion
Of unfeigned heart's devotion.

2. May to Jesus, while we're living,
From our works redound thanksgiving,
And our lowly, meek behaviour
Clearly show we love our Saviour.

Louisa v. Hayn.

(960.) 807. T. 581 or 83.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2. Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3. Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling,
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace.
Vile, I to the fountain fly,—
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

(961.) 808.* T. 82.

JESUS makes my heart rejoice,
I'm his sheep, and know his voice;
He's a Shepherd kind and gracious.
And his pastures are delicious;
Constant love to me he shows.
Yea, my worthless name he knows.

2. Trusting his mild staff always,
I go in and out in peace;
He will feed me with the treasure
Of his grace in richest measure;
When athirst to him I cry,
Living water he'll supply.

3. Should not I for gladness leap,
Led by Jesus as his sheep;
For when these blest days are over
To the arms of my dear Saviour
I shall be convey'd to rest:
Amen, yea, my lot is blest.

Louisa v. Hayn.

(962.) 809.* T. 83.

MORE than shepherd's faithfulness
To his flock our Saviour showeth;
From the treasures of his grace
He the choicest gifts bestoweth:
As his sheep by him we're own'd,
Since his blood for us aton'd.

2. They who feel their want and need,
Thirsting for his great salvation,
On the richest pastures feed,
With true joy and delectation;
Till they shall, when perfected,
With celestial joys be fed.

Gregor.

(963.) 810. T. 582 or 595.

MY Shepherd is the Lamb,
The living Lord, who died;
With all that's truly good I am
Most plenteously supplied:
He richly feeds my soul
With manna from above,
And leads me where the rivers roll
Of everlasting love.

2. My table he doth spread
With choicest fare, and I
Behold the Lamb, the living bread,
And eat most joyfully:
He makes my cup run o'er,
Anointeth me with oil;
I shall enjoy for evermore
The merits of his toil.

3. When faith and hope shall cease,
And love prevail alone,
I then shall see him face to face,
And know as I am known:
Then I my Shepherd's care
Shall praise, and him adore,
And in his Father's house shall share
True bliss for evermore.

Beaumont.

(965.) 811.* T. 11.

COULD we sinners fully tell,
How our hearts with rapture swell,
Gladly then we would declare
Ev'n to angels what we share.

2. But since words the happiness
Which we feel can ne'er express,
We adoring 'fore him lie,
And what he bestows enjoy.

3. Angels sing before his throne,
While we at his feet sink down:
Gracious Jesus, Man and God,
What hast thou on us bestow'd.

S. Meyer.

(967.) 812.* T. 11.

JESUS, who to save hast power,
And who livest evermore
For thy flock to intercede,
Helping us in time of need;—

2. Thou, who a divine repast
For the poor prepared hast,
Giving thy own flesh and blood
As the needy sinner's food;—

3. Let thy power divine, we pray,
Be our strength and only stay,
Till we drop this mortal vest,
And the spirit goes to rest. Z.

(968.) 813.* T. 22.

LORD! what amazing love and grace,
How doth it our poor souls abase,
To eat thy flesh and drink thy blood,
To feed on more than angels' food.

2. Thy sacred body thou didst give
For us, that we thereby might live;
No pledge of love could be so great:
Never may we thy love forget.

3. Thy precious blood, for sinners spilt,
Cleanses our hearts, removes our (guilt;
The debt is paid which we incurr'd,
And we're to happiness restor'd.

4. Thy Holy Spirit with us leave,
So that we rightly may conceive,
What thou for all believers hast
Prepared in this bless'd repast.

M. Luther.

(970.) 814.* T. 185.

PRAISE be given to Christ, our soul's beloved,
By us sinners; what are we?
Feeble human creatures, far removed
From angelic purity: (bids us,
Yet when he to his rich banquet
Where he with his sacred body feeds us,
And we drink his blood once shed,
We are richly comforted.

Louisa v. Hayn.

(971.) 815.* T. 590.

THOU, who art present with thy
According to thy word, (church,
When to enjoy thy flesh and blood
We meet with one accord;
O grant us to show forth thy death
Until thou shalt appear;
And may it in our walk be seen,
That we thy followers are.

2. May we so captivated be,
By thy redeeming love,
As to be wean'd from earthly things,
And fix our thoughts above;
May all that's carnal be subdu'd,
And mortified in us,
That we may glory in thy name,
And count all else but loss.

A. Schindler.

(972.) 816.* T. 96 or 90.

SINCE Jesus' body I have ate,
And drank the blood he shed for me,
O may I never him forget:
I know he will remember me;
And I shall, when this life is o'er,
Live in his presence evermore.

Pfefferkorn.

(973.) 817.* T. 83.

CHRIST, how are thy people bless'd
With thee as their Head united:
Tho' of thee by faith possess'd,
Still we, by thy love excited,
Tears of ardent longing shed,
Till our bliss is perfected.

(974.) 818. T. 595.

COME, O my soul, and sing
How Jesus thee hath fed;
How Jesus gave himself to thee,
The true and living Bread.

2. For food he gives his flesh:
He bids us drink his blood:
Amazing favour, matchless grace
Of our incarnate God!

3. This holy bread and wine
Confirms us in the faith,
In love and union with our Lord,
And we show forth his death.

Watts.

(975.) 819.* T. 14.

NO words can ever fully tell
What blessings Christ bestows
On us, when we on Calvary dwell,
And weep beneath his cross.

2. He who unto his flesh and blood
Can ne'er himself deny,
Saith unto us, "Take courage good,
Your brother, lo, am I."

3. His loving heart we open see,
Replete with tenderness;
He as his blood-bought property
Doth even us confess.

4. We are forgiv'n and reconcil'd,
Our happiness renew'd, (fill'd
Our hearts with deep abasement
And with his blood bedew'd.

5. From all anxiety and dread,
Which else our souls oppress'd,
Thanks be to him, we now are freed,
For he hath given us rest.

(487.) 820.* T. 22.

THE enjoyment of Christ's flesh
and blood, (good,
Which is on earth our highest
His members closely should unite,
And them to mutual love excite.

2. Love he most strongly did enforce,
Just ere he finished his course;
For love most fervently he pray'd,
The night in which he was betray'd.

3. O that we all could quite fulfil
Our Saviour's testament and will;
To love each other we desire;
Come, sacred Love, our hearts inspire.

4. We join together heart and hand,
To walk towards the promised land;
For his appearance may with care
Each member day and night prepare.

5. Till we the Lord our righteousness
Shall see in glory face to face,
The bond of peace may we maintain, (main.
And one with him, our Lord, re-

L. v. Hayn.

(076.) 821.* T. 26.

THOU Lamb once slain, thy flesh
and blood,
Which thou didst sacrifice for us
Upon the altar of the cross,
Are to our souls celestial food.

This makes us all with one accord
To love each other fervently;
Yea, to be wholly one with thee,
And all that love thee, gracious
Lord.

Gregor.

(077.) 822.* T. 22.

HAPPY, thrice happy hour of
grace!
I've seen by faith my Saviour's
face;
He did himself to me impart,
And made a covenant with my
heart.

2. Ah, might in my behaviour shine
The power of Jesus' love divine,
His conflict and his victory,
His seeking and his finding me.

Z.

XXXVIII. HYMNS FOR DIFFERENT AGES AND STATIONS IN LIFE.

A.

(979.) 823. T. 22.

THOUGH but a little child I am,
Yet I may praise the slaughter'd Lamb:
He loveth children tenderly,
He also loveth sinful me.

2. Yes, gracious Saviour, I believe
Thou wilt a little child receive;
For thou didst bless them formerly,
And say, "Let children come to me."

3. Lord Jesus, unto me impart
An humble, meek, and docile heart;
O cleanse me in thy precious blood,
Shed in my heart thy love abroad.

4. Save me from liking what is ill,
Teach me to do thy holy will;
Each day prepare me thro' thy grace,
To meet thee, and behold thy face.

J. Cennick

(980.) 824. T. 14.

THOUGH Christ was God and all things made,
Himself he humbled thus;
That he, a servant in our stead,
Might minister to us.

2. Our Saviour was a lovely child,
His parents' chief delight,
In his behaviour meek and mild,
And always acted right.

3. A blessed pattern Christ our Lord
Himself to children gave,
That they to him might joy afford,
And never misbehave.

4. A child true happiness may find,
And humbly ought to pray:
"Lord Jesus, make my heart in-
To love and to obey. (clin'd

5. "I'm often stubborn, vain, and wild,
Self-will'd and hard in heart:
O Lord, to me thy chaste, thy mild.
Thy holy mind impart."

J. Swertner.

(981.) 825. T. 14.

O WHAT a wretched heart have I,
How full of sin and shame,
How obstinate continually,
How day by day to blame!

2. Lord, look on me 'midst all my faults;
And when thou seest my guilt,
My wicked words and foolish thoughts,
Think why thy blood was spilt.

3. In that most precious river cleanse
And wash my sins away,
My selfishness, and each offence
Which I have done to-day.

4. When thou, dear Jesus, wast a child,
Thou hadst no sin like me;
No wicked words thy lips defil'd,
No faults appear'd in thee.

5. Thou wast more spotless than a dove,
More harmless than a lamb,
Obedient, humble, full of love,
And never once to blame.

6. But I am proud, and headstrong (too,
Oft sadly misbehave;
I am not meek like thee, and low;
Me, Lord, in mercy save.

7. O might I but resemble thee,
That every one might know
I love the Saviour, and will be
His follower here below.

8. Imprint thine image on my heart,
Bestow thy Holy Ghost,
And an obedient mind impart;
Then I shall not be lost.

J. Cennick.

(982.) 826. T. 14.

O LORD, forgive a sinful child,
Whose heart is all unclean;
How bad am I, and how defil'd,
How prone to every sin,

2. O change my vile and stubborn heart,
Like thee O make me pure;
To me thy love divine impart,
Keep me from sin secure.

3. Self-will, that cruel enemy,
No more I would obey;
Thy Spirit shall my teacher be,
And guide me in thy way.

4. O may I never speak a word
But what I truly mean,
Nor lie to thee, most gracious Lord,
By whom each thought is seen.

5. I'll make thy wondrous, dying
Dear Lord, my daily song; (love,
And joys, like theirs who sing above,
Shall tune my infant tongue.

827. T. 14.

NOW that my journey's just
My course so little trod, (begun,
I'll stay, before I further run,
And give myself to God.

2. And, lest I should be ever led
Through sinful paths astray,
I would begin at once to tread
In wisdom's pleasant way.

3. What sorrows may my steps
I cannot now foretell; (attend,
But if the Lord will be my friend,
I know that all is well.

4. And, Lord, whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store,
Make me submissive to thy will,
And I would ask no more.

5. Attend me through my youthful way,
Whatever be my lot;
And when I'm feeble, old, and grey,
O Lord, forsake me not.

Jane Taylor.

828. T. 14.

YOUNG children once to Jesus came,
His blessing to entreat:
And I may humbly do the same
Before his mercy-seat.

2. For when their feeble hands were spread,
And bent each infant knee,
"Forbid them not," the Saviour said,
And so he says to me.

3. Though now he is not here below
But on his heavenly hill,
To him may little children go,
And seek a blessing still.

4. Well-pleas'd those little ones to see,
The dear Redeemer smil'd;
Oh, then, he will not frown on me,
A poor unworthy child.

5. If babes so many years ago
His tender pity drew,
He will not surely let me go
Without a blessing too.

6. Then, while his favour to implore,
My little hands are spread,
Do thou thy sacred blessing pour,
Dear Jesus, on my head.

Jane Taylor.

829. T. 14.

THERE is a path that leads to (God—
All others go astray ;
Narrow, but pleasant, is the road,
And Christians love the way.

2. It leads straight thro' this world of sin,
And dangers must be pass'd ;
But those who boldly walk therein,
Will get to heaven at last.

3. How shall an infant-pilgrim dare
This dangerous path to tread ?
For on the way is many a snare
For youthful travellers spread :—

4. While the broad road, where thousands go,
Lies near, and opens fair ;
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

5. But lest my feeble steps should (slide,
Or wander from the way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

6. Then, I may go without alarm,
And trust his word of old ;—
"The lambs he'll gather with his (arm,
And lead them to the fold."

7. Thus I may safely venture through
Beneath my Shepherd's care ;
And keep the gate of heaven in view,
Till I shall enter there.

Jane Taylor.

830. T. 22.

LORD, I have passed another day,
And come to thank thee for thy care:
Forgive my faults in work and play,
And listen to my evening prayer.

2. Thy favour gives me daily bread,
And friends who all my wants supply ;
And safely now I rest my head,
Preserv'd and guarded by thine eye.

3. Look down in pity, and forgive
Whate'er I've said or done amiss ;
And help me every day I live,
To serve thee better than on this.

4. Now while I speak, be pleased to take
A helpless child beneath thy care ;
And condescend, for Jesus' sake,
To listen to my evening prayer.

Mrs. Gilbert.

831. T. 22.

JESUS, that condescending King,
Is pleas'd to hear when children sing ;
And while our feeble voices rise,
Will not the humble prayer despise.

2. Then keep us, Lord, from every sin
Which we can see and feel within ;
And what we neither feel nor see
Forgive, for all is known to thee.

3. We own there's nothing good in us,
To tempt thee to befriend us thus :
We cannot think a single thought,
Nor even thank thee, as we ought.

4. Yet, Lord, we humbly venture nigh.
Because thou camest down to die :
And this is all the plea we make,
"O save us for thy mercy's sake."

Jane Taylor.

(983.) 832. T. 11.

LAMB of God, I look to thee,
Thou shalt my example be ;
When thou wast a little child,
Thou wast gentle, meek, and mild.

2. Due obedience thou didst show ;
O make me obedient too :

Thou wast merciful and kind;
Grant me, Lord, thy loving mind.

3. Let me above all fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never his good Spirit grieve,
Only to his glory live.

4. Loving Jesus, holy Lamb,
In thy hands secure I am;
Fix thy temple in my heart,
Never from thy child depart.

5. Teach me to show forth thy praise
Love and serve thee all my days;
O might all around me see
Christ, the holy child, in me.

984.) 833.* T. 14.

I AM a little child, you see,
My strength is little too,
But yet I fain would saved be;
Lord, teach me what to do.

2. Thou, gracious Saviour, for my (good
Wast pleas'd a child to be,
And thou didst shed thy precious (blood
Upon the cross for me.

3. Come then, and take this heart
Come take me as I am, (of mine,
I know that I by right am thine,
Thou loving, gracious Lamb.

4. Low at thy feet O may I bow,
Be thine, my Saviour, still;
In nothing bad myself allow,
Nor ever show self-will.

5. Preserve my little heart secure
From every hurt and stain;
First make it, and then keep it pure,
And shut to all that's vain.

6. If early thou wilt take me hence,
O that no harm will be;
Since endless bliss will then commence,
When I shall live with thee.

7. If thou wilt have me longer stay,
In years and stature grow;
Help me to serve thee night and day,
While I am here below.

8. Then, after walking in thy ways,
And serving thee in love,
Receive me to thyself in peace,
To sing thy praise above. Z.

(985.) 834. T. 11.

OUT of love and boundless grace,
Thou hast brought us to a place,
Jesus, where we oft may hear
Of the sufferings thou didst bear.

2. Be our Shepherd every day,
That we little lambs ne'er stray;
Whensoe'er we hear thy voice,
To obey may we rejoice.

3. Thanks to thee for all the care
That's bestow'd upon us here;
May we evermore to thee
For thy goodness grateful be.

Schlicht.

(986.) 835. T. 22.

THOU Guardian of thy lambs, be-
Us little ones of thy dear fold; (hold
Take us into thy special care,
Secure our souls from every snare.

2. Let nothing in our minds have place,
But what is sanctified by grace;
Thy love sink deep into each heart,
And may nought else have any part.

3. Set on our breasts thy Spirits seal,
Within our hearts thyself reveal,
And our poor souls securely keep
Among thy flock, thy chosen sheep.

J. West.

(987.) 836. T. 14.

LOVER of little children, thee,
O Jesus, we adore;

Our kind and loving Saviour be,
Both now and evermore.

2. O take us up into thy arms,
Then we are truly blest;
Thy new-born babes are safe from harms,
While leaning on thy breast.

3. Still as we grow in years, in grace
And wisdom let us grow;
That daily more we thee may praise,
More of thy mercy know.

4. Strong let us in thy grace abide,
But ignorant of ill;
In malice, subtlety, and pride,
We would be children still.

(988.) 837. T. 14.

JESUS the Lord our Shepherd is,
And did our souls redeem;
Our present and eternal bliss
Are both secured in him.

2. His mercy every sinner claims;
For all his flock he cares;
The sheep he gently leads, the lambs
He in his bosom bears.

3. If unto us our friends are good,
'Twas he their hearts inclin'd;
He bids our fathers give us food,
And makes our mothers kind.

4. Then let us thank him for his (grace;
He will not disapprove
Our meanest sacrifice of praise
For his unbounded love.

5. When children honour Jesus thus,
And their thanksgiving raise,
Out of the mouths of babes like us,
His wisdom perfects praise.

6. To thee, almighty God, to thee
Ourselves we now resign;
'Twill please us to look back and (see
We were in childhood thine.

7. Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our infant-breath;
Thus we're prepar'd for length of (days.
Or fit for early death.

(989.) 838.* T. 22.

JESUS, the children's dearest friend,
Who dost to all our wants attend,
Thou wast a child, and knowest well
How we, thy helpless children, feel

2. Grant unto us continually
The blessings of thy infancy;
Let us, thro' each succeeding year,
The merits of thy childhood share.

3. Thee, gracious Lord, we now implore
To manifest thyself still more,
And thus to teach us by degrees
To live a life of happiness.

4. May we thy mind still better know,
Daily in grace and knowledge grow,
And learn all that whereby we may
Adorn thy doctrine every way.

5. O may we ever feel thee near,
And be employ'd in praise & prayer,
May we in thy bless'd fellowship
Wake, do our daily work, and sleep.

6. Thus will our infant tongues record
Thy birth & passion, gracious Lord,
That thou, who diedst in our stead,
Art God, by whom all things were made. Z.

(990.) 839.* T. 22.

EMBRACE us in thy tender way,
Dear Lord, and bless us all, we pray,
As thou on earth didst formerly,
When children once were brought to thee,

2. We are baptiz'd into thy death,
And call'd to praise thee with each breath;
Thou bought'st us with thy blood divine:
O take and keep us ever thine.

3. Thy youth unspotted, full of grace,
Teach us all virtue and all praise;
Thou art our pattern, grant that we
In all things may resemble thee.

4. From year to year, while we increase
In stature, may we grow in grace;
In learning and obedience too
May we thy blessed path pursue.

5. By day and night our steps direct,
And soul and body, Lord, protect
From every thing that grieveth thee,
Or unto us might hurtful be.

6. Impart to us that needful good,
A heart besprinkled with thy blood,
Wholly devoted unto thee,
For thy soul's bitter agony.

7. That grace upon us all bestow,
Thee more & more by faith to know;
We then the glories of thy name
In grateful accents shall proclaim.

(992.) 840. T. 22.

I LOVE the Lord who died for me,
I love his grace divine and free;
I love the scriptures, there I read,
Christ loved me, and for me bled.

2. I love his tears & sufferings great,
I love his precious bloody sweat,
I love his blood; were that not spilt,
I could not have been freed from guilt.

3. I love to hear that he was slain,
I love his every grief and pain,
I love to meditate by faith
Upon his meritorious death.

4. I love Mount Calvary, where his love
Stronger than death itself did prove;
I love to walk his dolorous way,
I love the grave where Jesus lay.

5. I love his people and their ways,
I love with them to pray and praise;
I love the Father and the Son,
I love the Spirit he sent down.

6. I love to think the time will come,
When I shall be with him at home.
And praise him in eternity:
Then shall my love completed be.

J. Cennick.

(993.) 841. T. 22.

I WILL a little pilgrim be,
Resolv'd alone to follow thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who now art gone
Up to thy everlasting throne.

2. I will my heart to thee resign,
Thine only be, O be thou mine:
The world I leave and foolish play
To happiness to find the way.

3. My lips shall be employ'd to bless
The Lord who is my righteousness;
My pleasure, only to pursue
His steps, and his blest will to do.

4. So long I'll pray below to live,
Till I my pardon seal'd receive;
I then, when Jesus calls, shall die,
Or rather live eternally.

J. Cennick.

(994.) 842. T. 14.

JESUS, to thee our souls we raise,
And for a blessing look;
May we, assisted by thy grace,
With pleasure learn our book.

2. Give us an humble, active mind,
From sloth and folly free;

Give us a cheerful heart, inclin'd
To useful industry.

3. A faithful memory bestow,
With solid learning's store;
And still, O Lord, as more we know,
Let us obey thee more.

4. Let us things excellent discern,
Hold fast what we approve;
But more than all delight to learn
The lessons of thy love.

(995.) 843. T. 14.

STILL may we keep the aim in mind,
For which we hither came,
In search of useful learning join'd,
As followers of the Lamb.

2. Daily to Jesus we'll look up,
As soon as we awake,
And for his constant blessing hope
In all we undertake.

3. His meritorious industry,
His toil, and labour great,
Shall our support and pattern be;
Him we will imitate.

4. If he his grace on us confer,
We then shall learn apace,
Live to his glory, and declare
Our heavenly Father's praise.

(996.) 844. T. 14.

O JESUS, Lord of heaven and earth,
How sweet thy mercies are;
How rich to those of lowly birth,
The children of thy care.

2. Thou art our Shepherd, glorious God;
Thy little flock behold,
And guide us by the staff and rod,
The children of thy fold.

3. We praise thy name, that we were brought
To this delightful place,
Where we are wisdom's lessons taught,
The children of thy grace.

4. O may our friends, thy servants here,
Meet all our souls above;
And they and we in heaven appear,
The children of thy love.

(998,) 845. T. 159.

HOW heart-affecting Christ to see,
Some days before he bled,
Go to Jerusalem willingly
To suffer in our stead:
When he approach'd, the multitude strew'd,
Their garments spread and branches
Crying Hosanna to his praise,
With joy and thankfulness.

2. 'Twas then the children join'd the rest,
And hail'd him with a song;
With one accord his name confess'd
Amidst the joyful throng:
With them may we unite our lays,
And, tho' in feeble accents, raise
Our Hallelujahs to the Lamb,
Who died us to redeem.

J. Cennick.

846. T. 14.

WHEN Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy they pluck'd the palms, and strew'd
Their garments on the ground.

2. Hosanna, our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King:
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves woul sing.

3. For we have learn'd to love his name;
That name divinely sweet,
May every pulse through life proclaim,
And our last breath repeat.

J. Montgomery.

847. T. 11.

GLORY to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.

2. Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3. Glory to the Holy Ghost;
Be this day a Pentecost:
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4. Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word, that "God is love."

J. Montgomery.

(1000.) 848. T. 39.

LORD Jesus, we bless thee that thou wast a child, (reconcil'd:
And hast us thereby unto God
We thank thee for suffering and dying in pain, (again.
For thy being buried and rising

2. We thank thee, that thou wilt the children permit
To offer their praises and songs at thy feet; (petitions to hear,
That thou, Lord, dost deign their
And always to help them and save them art near.

3. Thou wilt be our Saviour, Redeemer, and Friend,
Grant we may abide in thy love to the end:
O render us truly obedient to thee,
That we thy dear children for ever may be.

J. Cennick.

(1001.) 849. T. 39.

WHEREIN is for children true bliss to be found?—
When by Jesus Christ as his sheep they are own'd;
In him they find pasture while here they remain, (obtain.
And joys everlasting in heaven

2. We sing and we hear, how our Maker came down
To earth, and for us left his heavenly throne, (poor child,
Assuming our nature, became a
And us by his sufferings to God reconcil'd.

3. O mystery of godliness, wonder of grace! (and praise:
May we without ceasing adore him
May all of us know what a Saviour we have, (him believe.
Yea, love him sincerely, and in

4. We now with the angels unite to declare (did bear;
The praises of him who our sorrows
With hearts and with voices exalting the Lamb, (to redeem.
Who died on the cross our poor souls

J. Cennick.

(997.) 850. T. 590.

O THOU, before whose Father's face
The children's angels stand,
Grant me, a helpless child, the
That thy angelic band (grace,

May watch my ways, and guard my bed.
And minister to me,
Till I in death shall bow my head,
And go to live with thee.

J. Cennick.

(1003.) 851. T. 14.

HAPPY the children who betimes
Have learn'd to know the Lord,
Who thro' his grace escape the (crimes
Forbidden in his word.

2. Who early, by a living faith,
Have deep foundation laid
In Jesus' meritorious death;
Such need not be afraid.

3. Should they be early hence remov'd,
He will their souls receive;
For they who Jesus here have lov'd
With him shall ever live.

J. Cennick.

(1004.) 852. T. 14.

HAPPY the children who are gone
To Jesus Christ in peace,
Who stand around his glorious throne,
Clad in his righteousness.

2. The Saviour, whom they lov'd when here,
Hath wip'd their tears away;
They never more can grieve, or (fear,
Or sin, or go astray.

3. In ceaseless happiness they view
Our Saviour's smiling face;
That face once marr'd, in which be- (low
Men saw no comeliness.

4. Methinks I hear them joyful sing,
(Ten thousands do the same,)
"Salvation to the immortal King,
To God and to the Lamb."

5. O that I may so favour'd be,
With them above to join:
O that, like them, I Christ may see,
And he be ever mine.

6. Grant me but this, thou great High-priest;
And when I'm here no more,
Convey me home to endless rest,
Where thou art gone before.

J. Cennick.

(1005.) 853. T. 587.

THE child sweetly rests,
Whom nothing molests,
Received in mercy among the Lamb's guests.

2. *He* ne'er shall weep more,
His sighing is o'er,
His travels and dangers; *he's* now safe on shore.

3. *His* body is dead,
The grave is *his* bed,
But soon *he* shall wake, and with joy lift *his* head.

4. The spirit is flown
In peace to God's throne,
To praise God our Saviour, and know as *he's* known.

5. *He* sings now above,
Made perfect in love,
And never, O never, *he* thence shall remove.

6. *He* rests now in peace,
Beholds the Lord's face,
Thrice happy, so early to finish *his* race.

7. For that blessed day
We earnestly pray;
Lord Jesus, come quickly, and make no delay.

J. Cennick.

(1006.) 854. T. 586.

MOST holy Lord, mankind's Creator,
Who, to redeem us by thy death,
Assumedst feeble human nature,
We call on thee in humble faith:
O hear our fervent supplication,
Let all our children thy salvation,
Thy tender love and care,
In largest measure share;
For thine they are. J. Swertner.

B.

(1007.) 855.* T. 164.

BELOVED youths, if 'tis your aim
To be like Christ your Saviour,
And to extol his saving name
In word and in behaviour;
With an obedient mind
Be to his will resign'd,
He by his blood will wash you clean,
And free you from the power of sin.

2. O may it be our heart's delight,
Amidst his flock with pleasure
To obey him, walk as in his sight,
And serve him in our measure:
For every thing that's good
And just, flows from his blood;
An humble, chaste, and holy heart,
He, and he only can impart.

3. The meek, obedient, simple mind,
Faithful in every station,
To wisdom's peaceful path inclin'd,
And cheerful resignation,
The blessed fruit will prove
Of that unfeigned love
To Christ, which is produc'd by faith
In him and his atoning death.
Gregor.

(1013.) 856. T. 590.

HOW shall a young man cleanse his way?
By following close his word
Who once on earth a young man (was.
Jesus, our God and Lord:
His word is spirit and is power;
True life doth flow from him;
Our food his sacred flesh, our drink
His blood, that healing stream.

2. We now no longer need remain
Fast bound in chains of sin:
Whoe'er believes, is free indeed,
And by his word made clean:
Since Jesus on the accursed cross
The power of sin did quell,
When sin assails, to him we look,
And thus the foe repel.

3. Ye chosen people of the Lord,
In whom his power we trace,
If in obedience to his word (grace;
You're render'd clean through
His dying love be yet impress'd
More clearly on each heart,
And whether you're at work or rest.
To love him be your part.

4. Ye purchas'd souls, Christ's happy (flock,
Be to his will resign'd,
And gladly offer up to him
Your body, soul, and mind:
Oh, if the bleeding Lamb of God,
Who died us to redeem, (stand?
But call, who can his call with-
Who would not follow him?
Wm. Horne.

(1021.) 857. T. 14.

OUR Lord and Saviour doth attend
In mercy to our prayer,
And will us graciously defend
From sin and every snare.

2. For, all who wait upon the Lord,
And seek for peace and rest
In him, according to his word,
Shall be consol'd and blest.

3. The mighty from their seats the Lord
Puts down, the hungry fills,
And to the weak doth strength afford;
He quickens and he kills.

4. Thus Mary could with cheerful voice
To all around declare,
"In God my Saviour I rejoice;
For he hath heard my prayer."

5. We're poor and needy; ne'er-theless
His Spirit teacheth us
To look with all our sinfulness
In faith to Jesus' cross.

6. When simply we obey his voice,
And to our Lord appeal,
In God our Saviour we rejoice,
Since pardoning grace we feel.

7. Jesus, in thee may we abide,
Grant us thy heavenly peace;
Preserve us from self-will and pride,
The bane of happiness.

8. Meekness and true humility
Unto us all impart;
Yea, by thy merits sanctify
And render pure each heart.

J. Swertner.

(1031.) 858. T. 79.

THE Bridegroom of our souls we praise,
To him our grateful songs we raise,
That, freed from this world's thrall,
His purpose is, that sanctified
Throughout, we may in him abide,
And yield with joy to him our all.

2. Would we for those things only care,
Which are the Lord's, O let us bear
In mind the promise giv'n: (they
"Blest are the pure in heart, for
Shall live with me in endless day,
And shall behold my face in heav'n."

3. The purity our God requires,
Prompts us to shun all vain desires,
And every subtle wile,
By which the world the soul ensnares,
Or which the tempter's art prepares,
The weak and careless to beguile.

4. May happy Mary's better part
Be the fix'd choice of every heart,
At Jesus' feet to dwell;
To ponder there upon his love,
And in that meditation prove
Joy, heavenly, great, unspeakable.

5. Let us stand ready, let each light,
Trimm'd carefully, burn clear and bright,
Each lamp be well supplied:
May we by faith so walk below,
That all the friends of Christ may know
We live to Him who for us died.

859. T. 159.

LIKE Mary at her Saviour's feet,
We hear his word with joy,
Nor would we change our humble seat
For Martha's hard employ;
Now too, like Mary, when she shed
The precious ointment on his head,
Sweet fall our tears from grateful eyes,
While prayers like incense rise.

2. Still may we hear that healing voice
Speak to our inmost heart;

The one thing needful be our choice
Be ours that better part;
Then of our works of faith and love,
Be this memorial writ above,
While others boast their fancied good,
"She hath done what she could."

J. Montgomery.

(1032.) 860. T. 56.

WE, O Jesus, :‖: claim thy special care,
Lord, preserve us :‖: from each hurtful snare;
May our hearts and senses be
Fix'd, in true simplicity. (bear.
On the sufferings :‖: thou for us dids$_t$

2. Us deliver :‖: from the world and sin,
Let thy Spirit :‖: rule alone within;
Every vain desire control,
And in spirit, body, soul,
Sanctify us :‖: by thy grace divine.

3. In temptation :‖: may we firmly stand, (mand:
Ever watchful, :‖: as thou dost com-
Without thee we nought can do;
Strengthen and support us too
In all trials :‖: by thy mighty hand.

4. Fix thy temple, :‖: Saviour, in each breast;
Undisturbed :‖: be our peace & rest;
Let us on thy merits feed,
In the path of grace proceed,
Be, in union :‖: with thee, ever blest.

(1033.) 861.* T. 585.

JOIN to render thanks and praises
To your faithful covenant-God,
For the undeserved mercies
Freely upon you bestow'd:
Salem's daughters, :‖:
In your happy lot rejoice.

2. He the Mighty, he the Holy,
From their seats puts down the proud,
While he lifts on high the lowly,
Fills the hungry soul with good;
He regardeth :‖:
His handmaiden's low estate.

3. He his mercy doth remember,
This all they who fear him prove:
Are we not of that bless'd number
Who are objects of his love?
Hallelujah, :‖:
He for us great things hath done.

C.

862. T. 14.

SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage-feast,
O Lord! we ask thy presence here:
Be thou our glorious guest.

2. Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.

3. In purest love their souls unite,
That they with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

4. On every soul assembled here,
O make thy face to shine:
Thy goodness most our hearts can cheer,
If thou but own us thine.

Berridge.

(1037.) 863. T. 159.

TO thee our vows with sweet accord,
Head of thy church, we pay:
We and our house will serve thee,
Thy word we will obey: (Lord,

Grant us and all our children grace,
In word and deed thy name to (praise,
Yea, in each family, thy will
And purpose to fulfil.

(1043.) 864. T. 22.

O LORD, who number'st all our days,
Who guardest us in all our ways,
In whom we live, and move, and are,
Who know'st our wants, and hear- (est prayer;—

2. Endow all parents with thy love,
And give them wisdom from above
To educate each child for thee,
As thy redeemed property.

3. Grant us and all our children grace,
So here on earth to run our race,
That we in heaven may meet, and sing
Eternal praise to thee, our King.

J. Swertner.

(1044.) 865. T. 581 or 83.

PARENTS, weigh before the Lord
The importance of your state;
Learn from his most holy Word
Your whole walk to regulate,
That each to his family
May a blessed pattern be.

2. All our children are his own,
He hath bought them with his blood,
Unto him their souls are known,
Full of sin and void of good:
Yet he saith most graciously,
"Suffer them to come to me."

3. 'Tis by you they should be led
In the narrow way to bliss;
Grace is not inherited
As a worldly fortune is;
'Tis free mercy, we must own,
And the gift of God alone.

4. In this vain and wretched world
Children are expos'd and tried;
Many are to ruin hurl'd,
Few in Jesus Christ abide;
And no human prudence can
Save the soul of fallen man.

5. Here's a task, may parents think,
Far beyond the reach of art;
But let not your courage sink,
Grace and wisdom he'll impart,
Your sincere endeavours bless,
Hear your prayers, and grant success.

6. Hear, O Lord, a parent's prayer,
Let my tears prevail 'fore thee:
How should I in heaven appear,
If my child were not with me?
Therefore thou my steps direct,
Lest my duty I neglect.

7. In thy grace my children keep,
That when once, on that great day,
Thou shalt come to seek thy sheep,
I may gladly to thee say,
"Here am I, thro' mercy free,
And each child thou gavest me."

C. J. La Trobe.

866. T. 79.

I AND my house will serve the Lord:
But first obedient to his word
I must myself appear: (show,
By actions, words, and temper
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve him with a heart sincere.

2. I must the fair example set:
From those that on my pleasure wait
The stumbling-block remove:
Their duty by my life explain,

And still in all my words maintain
The gentle dignity of love.

3. Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeas'd and reconcil'd,
A follower of my God;
A saint indeed I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
Onward in the celestial road.

4. Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use
Into thy hands receive:
Work in me both to will and do,
And show them, how believers true,
How humbly real Christians live.

C. Wesley, (ad.)

(1045.) 867. T. 166.

OUR children, gracious Lord and God,
With fervour we to thee com- (mend;
Thou hast redeem'd them by thy blood;
Thy blessing on them all descend:
Kind Shepherd, take each little lamb
Into thy faithful arms of love;
Cause them to know thy saving name,
And thy redeeming grace to prove.

2. On us, their parents, grace bestow,
That we, with care and faithful- (ness,
May lead them thee, our Lord, to know,
To obey thy word, and seek thy face:
Teach us the duties of our state,
To love each other heartily,
Our children so to educate (thee.
That they may love and follow

J. Swertner.

(1046.) 868. T. 83.

IN this world, so full of snares,
Take our children in thy keeping;
Hear the parents' sighs and prayers,
When for them before thee weep- (ing;
Mercy for our children we,
Gracious Lord, implore of thee.

B. La Trobe.

(1047.) 869. T. 586.

O MAKE each family a temple,
A consecrated house to thee;
May we by word and by example
To all around us patterns be: (ing
To every husband grant that bless-
To lift up holy hands unceasing;
And to the wives give grace.
Array'd in lowliness,
Thy name to praise.

D.

(1051.) 870. T. 167.

WHO for Israel's consolation
Here like Simeon humbly wait,
Shall behold the Lord's salvation;
Then their joy will be complete:
May we follow his example,
Trusting in God's promises,
Wait for Jesus, in his temple,
Daily offer prayer and praise.

B. La Trobe.

(1055.) 871. T. 185.

WE with joy confess, beloved Saviour,
Thee, the widow's special Friend;
We are objects of thy love and favour,
Thou on us thy life didst spend:
Thou with more than husband's love dost lead us,
Thy all-bounteous hand doth daily feed us,
All our wants thou dost supply;
Thus our cruse is never dry.

2. Thou hast promis'd for our consolation,
That we shall not come behind
In the gifts, which to thy congregation
Thou dispensest, of each kind:
May we, to thy service dedicated,
And to thee, like Anna, consecrated,
For thy blest appearing wait;
Then to heaven our souls translate.

Charlesworth.

(1060.) 872. T. 168.

'MIDST the trials we experience,
May we not give way to fears.
But possess our souls in patience,
Passing thro' this vale of tears:
Wean'd thereby from things terrestrial,
Let us look for joys celestial,
Waiting for that time, when we
From all sorrow shall be free.

2. Meanwhile God the Holy Spirit
Is our pledge of joys to come,
Of the bliss we shall inherit
When above with Christ at home:
Oh, this blessed meditation
Yields us solid consolation,
That we shall, when time is o'er,
With the Lord be evermore.

XXXIX. HYMNS FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

A. The New Year.

(1061.) 873.* T. 10.

YEAR after year commences,
And, as our life advances,
We, strength from Christ deriving,
Each year by faith are thriving.

2. As in tempestuous weather
A kind and tender mother
Her babe from harm protecteth,
And safely home conducteth:—

3. So shelters Christ our Saviour
His children by his favour,
And proves in each temptation
Their refuge and salvation.

4. Lord, grant thy benediction
To every thought and action;
On youth and age declining,
Thou Sun of grace, be shining.

5. O keep our souls and senses
Under the influences
Of thy most Holy Spirit,
Until we heaven inherit.

6. O God of our salvation,
Withhold no kind donation
From us, but let us savour
In this new year thy favour.

P. Gerhard.

(1062.) 874. T. 585.

WHILE successive years are wasting,
Still our God abides the same;
All his words are everlasting,
All his works his love proclaim:
Men and angels, :‖:
Sing thrice holy to his name.

2. Out of love he man created,
And ordain'd him God's delight;
Nor was this his love abated,
When man lost God's image bright;
Then compassion :‖:
Brought redemption's plan to light.

3. Here is love divine portrayed,
So that man the lines may trace ;
See, O man, God's love displayed
In thy Saviour's marred face :
Wouldst thou praise him, :‖:
Be thy theme redeeming grace.

4. Bear in mind how Jesus suffer'd,
He, the righteous, for the unjust ;
How his sinless soul he offer'd
Unto God for sinful dust ;
Love thus triumph'd, :‖:
Mighty now to save the lost.

5. Lo, the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merits of his blood ;
Now all enmity is ended,
Man is reconcil'd to God ;
All the ruin :‖:
Of his fall is now made good.

6. We shall see our Lord returning,
Then the sav'd their heads shall raise ; (mourning
He will change their grief and
Into notes of endless praise :
As Jehovah :‖:
Every tongue will him confess.

7. Sing with glad anticipation,
Mortals and immortals, sing,
Jesus comes with full salvation,
Jesus doth his glory bring ;
Hallelujah, :‖:
Lord of lords, of kings the King.

875. T. 90.

LEADER of faithful souls, and (Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, ev'n us abide,
Who would on thee alone rely ;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2. Strangers and pilgrims here below, (place ;
This earth we know is not our
But hasten through this vale of woe,—
And, restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3. We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight ;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light ;—
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

4. Patient the appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind ;
From strength to strength we travel (on,
The new Jerusalem to find :
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the new Jerusalem.

5. Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiv'n,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven ;
That palace of our glorious King ;
We find it nearer while we sing.

6. Rais'd by the breath of love divine, (renew'd ;
We urge our way, with strength
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God ;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

C. Wesley.

(1063.) 876. T. 14.

AGAIN another fleeting year
Of my short life is past ;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2. Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again ;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

3. Now a new scene of time begins;
Press on, my soul, to heaven;
Seek pardon of thy former sins,
By Christ it will be giv'n.

4. Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
Unwearied walk the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

La Trobe.

(1064.) 877.* T. 167.

FAITHFUL souls their Saviour's blessing
Crave on each succeeding day,
Asking, "Are we onward pressing?
What may Jesus have to say?
Are the ways of sin unpleasant?
Do we hold our Saviour fast?
Are we more like him at present,
Than we were in seasons past?"

2. Great defects are still revealed;
Short we fall of his blest aim;
Then the conscious soul is filled
With a deep, but wholesome shame;
Earnest to improve the morrow,
We our yesterday review,
While the tear of godly sorrow
Saddens, but enlivens too.

3. Jesus, for thy faithful leading,
Which throughout our course we trace,
We adore thee, still proceeding
Onward in the path of grace:
While another year we enter,
We renew our vows of love,
All for thee resolv'd to venture;
Our benign conductor prove.

J. Schmidt.

878. T. 90.

THE almighty Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages let us praise;
Who reigns, in light enthron'd on high,
Ancient of never-ending days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

2. Barren and wither'd, worthless trees,
Alas! we cumber'd long the ground;
No pleasant fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was ever found;
Yet mercy stay'd our doom severe:
"Oh, spare them yet another year."

3. Jesus, thy interceding blood
From God for us obtain'd the grace,
Who mercifully hath bestow'd
On us a longer time and space:
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And, lo, we see another year.

4. Then dig, we pray, about our root,
O Lord, break up our fallow-ground,
And henceforth let our gracious fruit (abound;
To thy great name's sole praise
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

C. Wesley, (ad.)

(1065.) 879. T. 166.

LORD Jesus, 'midst thy flock appear,
Thy ransom'd congregation bless;
We meet to close another year,
Accept the thanks our hearts ex-
We are not able to record (press:
The boundless favours we have prov'd; (Lord,
They show that we, most gracious
'Midst our defects by thee are lov'd.

(1066.) 880. T. 97.

WHO can rehearse, most gracious Lord,
The mercy which thou dost afford

Unto thy people every year?
We, thy poor congregation, here
Desire to thank and praise thee evermore, (adore.
And humbly in the dust thy name

2. For we, unworthy as we are,
Enjoy'd thy faithful shepherd-care;
Thou always comfort didst impart
To every needy contrite heart;
Thou didst to us thy dying love display, (day.
And wast our help and refuge every

3. The hearing of thy precious word,
Thy gracious presence, holy Lord,
Have cheer'd our hearts abundantly,
When met in fellowship 'fore thee:
But oh, what blessings were on us bestow'd,
When we enjoy'd thy body and thy blood.

4. Lord Jesus, we would fain express
To thee our cordial thankfulness,
For all thy boundless love and grace;
But how imperfect are our lays:
O take our hearts, to thee ourselves we give, (live.
In future more unto thy praise to

J. Swertner.

(1067.) 881. T. 184.

ACCEPT, O God of our salvation,
The sacrifice of praise and prayer:
Upon thy gracious invitation
Unto thy altars we repair:
Thou bidst us come; all things are ready,
The treasure of thy boundless grace
Is open to the poor and needy,
They ne'er go empty from thy face.

2. Thee we approach, most gracious Saviour, (tears;
We pray thee, mark our sighs and
Accept our thanks for all thy favour
Bestow'd on us these many years:
We conscious are of our transgression,
Ah, cleanse us with thy precious blood,
Seal with thy pardon our confession:
Thine are we, and thou art our God.

3. Thou God of mercy, thy salvation
Has been throughout this year our stay;
Thy care of us, thy congregation,
Was manifested every day:
Yea, even trials and affliction
Prov'd thee our gracious God and Lord;
In all we felt thy benediction:
We praise thee now with one accord.

4. O gracious Lord, thy name be blessed
By us, for all thy proofs of grace,
For all the gifts by us possessed;
Thou crownest all our years and days;
Tho' we with deep humiliation
Own, that we basely thee requite;
Yet will we joy in thy salvation,
Thou art our Lord, and Help, and Light.

J. Swertner.

(1068.) 882. T. 595.

LET hearts and tongues unite,
And loud thanksgivings raise:
'Tis duty mingled with delight,
The Saviour's name to praise.

2. To him we owe our breath,
He took us from the womb,
Which else had shut us up in death,
And prov'd an early tomb.

3. When on the breast we hung,
Our help was in the Lord;
'Twas he first taught our infant-tongue
To form the lisping word.

4. When in our blood we lay,
He would not let us die:
Because his love had fix'd a day
To bring salvation nigh.

5. In childhood and in youth
His eye was on us still;
Tho' strangers to his love and truth,
And prone to cross his will.

6. And since his name we knew,
How gracious hath he been!
What dangers hath he led us thro',
What mercies have we seen!

7. Now, thro' another year
Supported by his care,
We raise our Ebenezer here,
The Lord hath help'd thus far.

8. Our lot in future years
We cannot, Lord, foresee,
But kindly to prevent our fears,
Thou sayst, Leave all to me.

9. Yea, Lord, we wish to cast
Our cares upon thy breast;
Help us to praise thee for the past,
And trust thee for the rest.

J. Newton.

B. The Seasons.

883. T. 14.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love!
How rich thy bounties are!
The changing seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2. When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3. The spring's sweet influence,
Lord, was thine,
The plants in beauty grew:
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And soft, refreshing dew.

4. These varied mercies from above
Matur'd the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5. We own and bless thy gracious sway,
Thy hand, all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

Needham.

884. T. 14.

O THOU, who givest all their food,
Causing thy sun to shine
Upon the evil and the good,
Earth's teeming stores are thine.

2. Thy covenant to man secures
The harvest of his toil;
Thy faithful word, while earth endures,
With plenty clothes the soil.

3. The wintry frost, the flowery prime,
Alike thy laws obey;
Each herb and blossom knows its time,
And feels the quickening ray.

4. Revolving seasons still proclaim
Thy all-sustaining word:
Seed-time and harvest speak thy name,
The promise-keeping Lord.

Conder.

885. T. 22.

GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
Thy favour still has crown'd our days,
And we would celebrate thy praise.

2. The harvest-song would we repeat,
Thou givest us the finest wheat:
The joy of harvest we have known;
The praise, O Lord, is all thine own.

3. Our table spread, our garners stor'd, (Lord!
O give us hearts to bless thee,
Forbid it, Source of light and love,
That hearts and lives should barren prove.

4. Another harvest comes apace;
Ripen our spirits by thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low.

5. That so, when angel-reapers come (home,
To gather sheaves to thy blest
Our spirits may be borne on high
To thy safe garner in the sky.

Congregational H. B.

C. Morning and Evening.

(1069.) 886. T. 22.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2. Thy former mispent time redeem,
Each present day thy last esteem;
Thy talents to improve take care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

3. In conversation be sincere,
Keep conscience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.

4. Glory to God, who safe hath kept, (slept:
And hath refresh'd me while I
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of heavenly bliss partake.

5. Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

6. Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say; (might.
That all my powers, with all their
In thy sole glory may unite.

7. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; (below;
Praise him, all creatures here
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Kenn.

887. T. 14.

WHAT secret hand, at morning-light,
By stealth, unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky!

2. 'Tis thine, my God,—the same that kept
My resting hours from harm;
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath the Almighty's arm.

3. 'Tis thine,—my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scatter'd round,
And clothes me, as the lily springs
In beauty from the ground.

4. This is the hand that shap'd my frame,
And gave my pulse to beat;
That bare me oft through flood and flame,
Through tempest, cold, and heat.

5. In death's dark valley though I stray.
'Twould there my steps attend,
Guide with the staff my lonely way,
And with the rod defend.

6. May that dear hand uphold me still,
Thro' life's uncertain race,
To bring me to thine holy hill,
And to thy dwelling-place.

J. Montgomery.

(1070.) 888* T. 10.

MY soul, awake, and render
To God, thy great defender,
Thy prayer and adoration
For his kind preservation.

2. With joy I still discover
Thy light, O Lord my Saviour;
My thanks shall be the spices
Of morning sacrifices.

3. Bless me this day, Lord Jesus,
And be to me propitious;
Grant me thy kind protection
From every sin's infection.

4. Bless every thought and action;
Afford me thy direction;
To thee alone be tending
Beginning, middle, ending.

5. Be thou my only treasure.
Fulfil in me thy pleasure;
May I in every station
Give thee due adoration.

P. Gerhard.

(1071.) 889. T. 26.

THAT favour grant to us, O Lord,
That we maintain our part in thee,
Unto thy voice attentive be,
And seek instruction in thy word.

2. Tho' often of encumbering care,
With busy Martha, we complain;
Yet, gracious Lord, we wish to gain
In Mary's happy lot a share.

J Swertner.

(1072.) 890.* T. 79.

MAY Jesus' grace and blessing
Attend me without ceasing;
Thus I stretch out my hand,
And do that work with pleasure,
Which, in my call and measure,
My God for me to do ordain'd.

Mathesius.

(1073.) 891. T. 22.

BE with me, Lord, where'er I go,
Teach me what thou would'st have me do;
Suggest whate'er I think this day,
Direct me in the narrow way.

2. Prevent me lest I harbour pride,
Lest I in my own strength confide;
Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my power, my all, from thee.

3. Enrich me always with thy love,
My kind protector ever prove:
Lord, put thy seal upon my breast,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.

4. Assist and teach me how to pray,
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhorrest, let me flee,
And only love what pleaseth thee.

J. Cennick.

(1074.) 892. T. 582.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to view;
And what I do in anything,
For thee alone to do:—

2. To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend:
In all I do be thou the way,
In all be thou the end.

3. All may of thee partake;
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

4. If done to obey thy laws,
Ev'n servile labours shine;
Hallow'd is toil; if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

Herbert.

(1075.) 893.* T. 89.

GOD, omnipotent Creator, (might,
Who madest all things by thy
Rulest everything in nature,
And commandest day and night,
Who the universe so wide
By thy power alone dost guide:—

2. Let my life and conversation
Be directed by thy word;
Lord, thy constant preservation
To thy erring child afford:
No where but alone in thee
From all harm can I be free.

3. Lord, my body, soul, and spirit,
Keep in thine almighty hand;
Strengthen'd by thy powerful merit,
Let me follow thy command;
Thou, my glory and renown,
I would fain be all thine own.

H. Albert.

894. T. 22.

OH! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.

2. New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restor'd to life, and power, and thought.

3. New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiv'n,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

4. If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Keble.

(1076.) 895. T. 79.

O GOD, my gracious God, to thee
My morning-prayer shall offer'd be,
For thee my soul doth pant:
To me the enjoyment of thy love
Than life itself doth dearer prove;
Renewed strength from thee I want.

2. Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,
When I lie down sweet sleep to (find,
And when I wake at night:
Since thou to me dost succour bring,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.

(1077.) 896. T. 14.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights;—

2. In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun:
Thou art my soul's bright morning-star,
And thou my rising sun.

3. The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
When Jesus shows his mercies mine,
And whispers I am his.

Watts.

(1078.) 897.* T. 22.

LORD Jesus, may I constantly,
Both day and night be near to thee,
Both when I close at night my eyes,
And in the morn from sleep arise.

2. Lord Jesus Christ, my life and light,
I wish to love thee day and night;
Preserve my steps and guide my ways,
And let me live unto thy praise.

Joh. de Watteville.

(1079.) 898.* T. 14.

LORD, in the morning when I rise,
Accept my humble praise;
And when at night I close mine eyes,
Grant me thy pardoning grace.

2. Lord Jesus Christ, who is like thee?
Thou art, both day and night,
The source of my felicity,
And only true delight.

3. Thanks, dearest Jesus, for thy (love
And great fidelity;
O may I truly thankful prove
To all eternity.

J. Swertner.

(1080.) 899. T. 106 or 90.

O JESUS may our whole behaviour
Rejoice thy heart and please thine eyes; (viour,
In thy communion, gracious Sa-
May we retire to rest and rise:
Be present with us constantly,
Then shall we sleep and wake to thee.

900. T. 16.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening-blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2. Though destruction walk around (us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround (us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3. Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee:
Thou, our Shepherd, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

Edmeston.

901. T. 89.

THROUGH the day thy love hath spar'd us,
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard (us.
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus, thou our guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2. Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In thy peace may we repose:
And when life's brief day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

902. T. 22.

SUN of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2. Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

3. Watch by the sick; enrich the poor (store:
With blessings from thy boundless

Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

4. Come near and bless us when we wake, (take;
Ere through the world our way we
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.
Keble.

(1083.) 903.* T. 22.

ANOTHER day is at an end,
And night doth now its shade extend; (raise,
To thee, O Lord, our hearts we
And thee for every mercy praise.

2. Yet we are of defects aware;
Forgive them, Lord; thy children spare:
Our souls be precious in thy sight,
Take us into thy care this night.

3. Now I'll lie down and safely sleep,
Lord Jesus, in thy fellowship;
Thus, under thy protection blest,
Will soul and body sweetly rest.
M. Dillherr.

(1084.) 904. T. 14.

THE hour of sleep is now at hand,
My spirit calls for rest;
O that my pillow may be found
The dear Redeemer's breast.

2. This night my longing soul with Christ
Would take up her abode,
I gladly would myself divest
Of everything but God.

3. The nightly watches would I (spend
In fellowship above;
Would hold communion with my Lord,
And feast upon his love.

4. Dead to the world when I'm (asleep,
I'd be alive to God;
My soul would rest at peace with him
Who bought me with his blood.

5. O may I then of Christ this night
Be happily possess'd,
With holy angels round my bed,
And Jesus for my guest.

(1085.) 905. T. 22.

THE hours' decline and setting sun
Show that my course this day is run;
The evening-shade and silent night
My weary limbs to rest invite.

2. I now my soul and frail abode
Humbly commit to Israel's God,
To him who slumbers not nor sleeps
And who his own in safety keeps.

3. Where'er I thee this day did grieve,
O Lord, me graciously forgive;
And with a mind from trouble freed
Let me sleep in thy peace indeed.

(1086.) 906. T. 22.

ALL praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own almighty wings.

2. Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3. Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4. O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eye-lids close,
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5. When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Bishop Kenn.

(1087.) 907. T. 14.

IN mercy, Lord, remember me,
Be with me thro' this night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of thy might.

2. With cheerful heart I close my eyes;
Thou wilt not from me move:
Lord, in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love.

3. Oh, if this night should prove my last,
And end my transient days;
Lord, take me to thy promis'd rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

J. F. Herzog.

(1088.) 908.* T. 165.

AUTHOR of the whole creation,
Light of light, eternal Word,
Soul and body's preservation
I commit to thee, O Lord:
My Redeemer, dwell in me,
Let me sleep and wake with thee,
And perceive thy benediction
Both in joy and in affliction.

2. Ere I close my eyes in slumber,
While to rest I lay me down,
Let my grateful heart remember
All the mercies thou hast shown:
Fill my soul with sacred love,
Let me dream of things above;
And bestow on me the favour
Of thy presence, gracious Saviour.

3. Pardon, Jesus, each transgression,
Whether open or unknown,
Thus removing that oppression
Under which I else should groan:
I confess the guilt of sin,
But thy blood can make me clean:
Hear, O Lord, my supplication,
Grant me joy and consolation.

J. Ris'.

(1089.) 909.* T. 164.

IN peace will I lie down to sleep;
O faithful Lord and Saviour,
Me under thy protection keep;
Let me enjoy thy favour:
Ev'n death I need not fear,
If thou to me art near;
For who with Jesus shuts his eyes,
He also shall with Jesus rise.

2. As oft this night as my pulse beats,
My spirit would embrace thee;
Oft as my heart its throbs repeats,
May I adore and praise thee:
Thus I can go to rest
In thy communion blest,
United unto thee by faith;
Thou art my joy in life and death.

Scriver.

(1091.) 910. T. 14.

REFRESH me, Lord, with grace divine,
Unto thy cross I flee,
And to thy care my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

2. Besprinkled with thy precious blood,
May I lie down to rest,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

Watts.

(1093.) 911. T. 79.

NO farther go to-night, but stay,
Dear Saviour, till the break of day;
Turn in, my Lord, with me:
And in the morning when I wake,
Me under thy protection take;
Thus day and night I spend with thee.

J. Cennick.

(1094.) 912.* T. 79.

TO rest I now again retire,
Jesus, thy presence I desire,
Of thee I wish to dream;
Still near to thee by faith to keep,
And taste thy goodness while I sleep,
Who didst my soul with blood redeem.

J. F. Reichel.

(1095.) 913.* T. 68.

JESUS, hear our prayer,
For thy children care;
While we sleep, protect and bless us,
With thy pardon now refresh us:
Leave thy peace divine
With us, we are thine.

Z.

CRADLE HYMN.

(1096.) 914. T. 16.

HUSH, dear child, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

2. Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide
All without thy care and payment;
All thy wants are well supplied.

3. How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee.

4. Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When his birth-place was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

5. Was there nothing but a manger
Wretched sinners could afford,
To receive the heavenly Stranger?
Did they thus affront their Lord?

6. See the joyful shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky;
Where they sought him, there they found him,
With his virgin-mother by.

7. 'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
That thy blest Redeemer came;
He by groans and bitter crying
Saved thee from burning flame.

8. Mayst thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his face, and sing his praise.

Watts.

D. BEFORE AND AFTER MEALS.

(1098.) 915. T. 14.

THEE we address in humble prayer,
Vouchsafe thy gifts to crown,
Father of all, thy children hear,
And send a blessing down.

2. May we enjoy thy saving grace,
Thy goodness taste and see,
A thirst for blood-bought righteousness,
And hungry after thee.

Wesley.

(1102.) 916. T. 11.

JESUS' mercies never fail,
This we prove at every meal:
Lord, we thank thee for thy grace,
Gladly join to sing thy praise.

2. Lord, the gifts thou dost bestow,
Can refresh and cheer us too;
But no gift can to the heart
Be, what thou our Saviour art.

3. Praise our God! it is but just;
He hath rais'd us from the dust,
Gave us being, gave us breath,
Saves us from eternal death.

J. Angelus.

(1103.) 917. T. 79.

WHAT praise to thee, my Saviour,
Is due for every favour,
Ev'n for my daily food:
Each crumb thou dost allow me,
With gratitude shall bow me,
Accounting all for me too good.

(1104.) 918. T. 22.

BE present at our table, Lord;
Be here and every where ador'd:
From thy all-bounteous hand our food
May we receive with gratitude.

2. We humbly thank thee, Lord our God,
For all thy gifts on us bestow'd;
And pray thee, graciously to grant
The food which day by day we want.

E. For Travellers.

(1106.) 919. T. 79.

A STRANGER and a pilgrim, I
With thy command, O Lord, com-
I go where thou dost send: (ply,
My high commission I obey,
The toil and dangers of the way
Shall all in lasting comforts end.

2. Attend me, Lord, in all my ways;
Open my lips to sing thy praise,
For blessings freely giv'n:
In all my journeys here below
Let thy kind presence with me go;
And grant me once to rest in heaven.

(1107.) 920. T. 79.

THE Lord be with me every where,
And screen me with paternal care
By his almighty arm:
No traveller needs to faint or fear,
If he believe the Lord is near,
Who can protect him from all harm.

2. By sea and land, by night & day,
O Lord, in safety me convey,
Tho' winds and thunders roar:
Bring me, when every peril's past,
Safe to the destin'd place at last,
There to extol thy help and power.

921. T. 14.

FATHER of mercies, condescend
To hear our fervent prayer,
While this our brother we com-
To thy paternal care. (mend

2. Before him set an open door:
His various efforts bless;
On him thy Holy Spirit pour,
And crown him with success.

3. Endow him with a heavenly mind;
Supply his every need;
Make him in spirit meek, resign'd,
But bold in word and deed.

4. In every tempting, trying hour,
Uphold him by thy grace:
And guard him by thy mighty power,
Till he shall end his race.

5. Then follow'd by a numerous train,
Gather'd from heathen lands,
A crown of life may he obtain
From his Redeemer's hands.

Morrell.

922. T. 22.

THIS ship we now commend to thee,
Thou God of providence and grace;
Here may thy presence ever dwell,
To sanctify and bless the place.

2. Lord, speed the vessel in its course:
Let winds and waves propitious be;
Let thy divine protection shield
All whom we now commend to thee.

3. Hallow'd to thee be every heart:
Instructed in thy righteous will,
Where'er they go, whate'er they do,
In all, thy great design fulfil.

4. O God of Bethel! hear our prayer,
And keep thy servants to the end;
Then let us meet around thy throne,
A blest eternity to spend.

(1113.) 923. T. 14.

BLEST be that sacred covenant-love,
Uniting tho' we part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2. Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go,
And while we in his footsteps tread,
Show forth his praise below.

3. O may we ever walk with him,
And nothing know beside,
Nought else desire, nought else esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4. Nor joy nor grief, nor time nor place,
Nor life nor death can part
Those who, enjoying Jesus' grace,
In him are one in heart.

5. Soon will he wipe off every tear,
On Canaan's blissful shore,
Where all who friends in Jesus are,
Shall meet to part no more.

Countess Huntingdon's H.

F. For the sick.

(1114.) 924. T. 166.

WHEN pining sickness wastes the frame,
Acute disease or weakening pain;
When life fast spends its feeble flame,
And all the help of man proves vain;
Joyless and flat all things appear,
Languid the spirits, weak the flesh,
No medicines ease, nor cordials cheer,
Food can't support, nor sleep refresh;—

2. Then, then to have recourse to God,
To pray to him in time of need,
And feel the balm of Jesus' blood;
This is to find a friend indeed:
And this, O Christian, is thy lot,
Who cleave st to the Lord by faith;
He'll never leave thee, doubt it not,
In pain, in sickness, or in death.

3. When flesh decays, when vigour fails,
He will thy strength and portion be;
Support thy weakness, bear thy ails,
And softly whisper, Trust in me:
Himself will be thy helping friend,
Thy good physician, nay, thy nurse,
To make thy bed will condescend,
And from affliction take the curse.

J. Hart.

(1115.) 925. T. 22.

THO' I'm in body full of pain,
My soul doth heavenly comfort gain;
And death itself I need not dread,
Since Jesus suffer'd in my stead.

2. Yet one thing will I ask of thee:
Never, O Lord, forsake thou me;
But bless me often, keep my mind
Stay'd on thy help, to thee resign'd:

3. Then I shall be supremely bless'd,
Nor ask, tho' sick, to be releas'd;
I'll wait thy time, thy love I feel,
I know thou rulest all things well.

J. Cennick.

(1116.) 926. T. 22.

MY body's weak, my heart unclean,
I pine with sickness and with sin;
My strength decays, my spirits droop,
Bow'd down with guilt I can't look up.

2. To thee, O Lord, in faith I turn,
Who all my sicknesses hast borne;
Sin thou hadst none, and yet didst die
For guilty sinners, such as I.

3. Sin's rankling sores my soul corrode,
Oh, heal them with thy precious blood;
And if thou wilt my health restore,
Lord, let me ne'er offend thee more.

J. Hart.

(1117.) 927. T. 22.

OH, how I long to go and see me!
The Lamb of God, who died for me!
How do I languish night and day,
To hear him bid me come away!

2. He loves and values me, I him;
Therefore I all things dross esteem
But my dear Jesus, whom I prize
Above my life, or earth, or skies.

3. With pining sickness I decay,
Diseases wear my flesh away;
But I shall soon his leave obtain
To be releas'd from all my pain.

4. Quickly, O Lord, thy angels charge
To set my longing soul at large;
Quickly thy blessed hosts command
To carry me to thy right hand.

5. My loving friends, farewell, farewell,
I go with Jesus Christ to dwell;
He calls me to my heavenly home.
And says, "Come in, thou blessed, come."

J. Cennick.

G. Concerning the Holy Angels.

(1118.) 928.* T. 22.

TO God let all the human race
Bring adoration, thanks, and praise;
He makes his love and wisdom known
By angels who surround his throne.

2. The angels whom his breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires;
With joy they in his service move.
To bear his vengeance or his love.

3. With gladness they obey his will,
And all his purposes fulfil;
All those who Jesus' children are.
Are special objects of their care.

4. Our God defends us day by day.
From many dangers in our way,
By angels, who for ever keep
A watchful eye, when we're asleep.

5. O Lord, we'll bless thee all our days,
Our souls shall glory in thy grace;

Thy praise shall dwell upon our tongues,
All saints and angels join our songs.

6. We pray thee, let the heavenly host
Be guardians of our lard and coast;
Bid them watch o'er thy flock of grace,
That we may lead a life of peace.
P. Melanchton.

(1119.) 929. T. 22.

NOW let us join our hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' songs;
For sinners may address their King
In songs that angels cannot sing.

2. They praise the Lamb who once was slain,
But we can add a higher strain;
Not only say, He suffer'd thus:
But, that He suffer'd all for us.

3. When angels by transgression fell,
Justice consign'd them all to hell;
But mercy form'd a wondrous plan
To save and honour fallen man.

4. Jesus, who pass'd the angels by,
Assum'd our flesh to bleed and die;
He who redeem'd us with his blood,
As man still fills the throne of God.

5. Immanuel, our Brother now,
Is he fore whom the angels bow;
They join with us to praise his name,
But we the nearest interest claim.

6. But ah, how faint our praises rise!
Sure, 'tis the wonder of the skies.
That we who share his richest love.
So cold and unconcern'd should prove.

7. O glorious hour, it comes with speed,
When we, from sin and darkness freed.
Shall see our God who died for man,
And praise him more than angels can.
J. Newton.

(1121.) 930.* T. 249.

THE seraphim of God
Exalt :‖: their voices loud;
With joy 'fore him they shout:
Their holy choirs in heavenly blaze
Sing constantly with cover'd face,
Holy, holy is God,
Holy is God,
The Lord of Sabaoth.

2. Thereto the church of Christ,
His flesh :‖: and bone confess'd,
Sings, Amen, God be prais'd:
Above and here one voice doth sound,
Praise him who hath for us aton'd:
To God in highest strain,
To the Lamb slain,
All glory be: Amen.

3. When Christ, once crucified,
Returns :‖: with his pierc'd side
In glory, to his bride,
And all the world shall quake with fear,
Then will with joy 'fore him appear
The countless ransom'd race,
And sing his praise
In never-ceasing lays.
Gregor.

(1125.) 931.* T. 141.

WHILE the pilgrim travels
On this earthly ground,
Watchful guardian-angels
Compass him around;
Like Elisha's servant,
He in faith espies
Hosts with fiery horses,
Flaming chariots rise.

(1127.) 932. T. 141.

HOLY, holy, holy,
Sings the angelic choir;
Might we, sinners, truly
Glow with heavenly fire,
Praising all together,
Deeply bow'd in dust,
God, Jehovah,—Father,
Son, and Holy Ghost.

J. Swertner.

XL. DEPARTURE TO THE LORD, AND RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

(1128.) 933.* T. 151.

FAREWELL, henceforth for ever,
All empty, worldly joys;
Farewell, for Christ my Saviour
Alone my thoughts employs;
In heaven's my conversation,
Where the redeem'd possess
In him complete salvation,
The gift of God's free grace.

2. Counsel me, dearest Jesus,
According to thy heart;
Heal thou all my diseases,
And every harm avert:
Be thou my consolation
While here on earth I live,
And at my expiration
Me to thyself receive.

Val. Herberger.

(1131.) 934.* T. 149.

YE, who Jesus' patients are,
Let your hearts be tending
Thither, where you wish to share
Bliss that's never ending:
O may we—constantly,
Wean'd from things terrestrial,
Look for joys celestial.

2. Fixing all our thoughts above,
Where each true believer
Will, for his redeeming love,
Praise the Lord for ever,
Here by faith—in his death,
We find consolation
And complete salvation.

Louisa v. Hayn.

(1132.) 935.* T. 119.

Had we nought, :‖:
Nought beyond this life to hope,
Here receiving our full measure,
Did no further prospect ope,
Laid we up no heavenly treasure,
Wretched were our state in life and death,
Vain our faith. :‖:

2. Here on earth, :‖:
Hear on earth in tears we sow;
He who here goes forth and weepeth,
Bearing precious seed below,
Brings his sheaves with him and reapeth (o'er,
There in joy, his sighs and sorrows Evermore. :‖:

Z.

(1133.) 936.* T. 132.

THANK God, towards eternity
Another step is taken,
My heart with longing turns to thee;
Tho' not by thee forsaken,
I long and pant for my release,
When I shall hence depart in (peace,
To be with thee for ever.

2. I tell the hours, and days, and years,
And think them tedious ages,
Until the wish'd-for time appears
Which all my grief assuages;
Meanwhile with haste I forward press,
Till I arrive, with thankfulness,
At my desired haven.

3. "Come," saith thy bride, who longs for thee,
And of all else is weary;
"Come," is her cry incessantly,
"Come soon, and do not tarry:
Jesus, my Lord, my Bridegroom, come
And fetch my longing spirit home;
It is to thee betrothed."

4. I am assur'd, nor life, nor death
Me from thy love can sever,
While I abide in thee by faith,
And taste thy love and favour;
What tho' the time seem long to me,
A foretaste of eternity
I have in thy communion.

A. H. Franke.

(1135.) 937. T. 11.

LORD, my times are in thy hand,
Be they then at thy command;
Let me live to thee alone,
Then the sting of death is gone.

2. Whither should I, sinner, flee,
Lord, for shelter, but to thee?
Thou hast gone before, in grace,
To prepare a resting-place.

3. Bearing my sins' heavy load,
All thy steps were mark'd with blood,
From the garden to the cross,
Suffering to retrieve our loss.

4. By thy bitter agony,
By thy life pour'd out for me,
O let me, a sinner, find
In my God a Friend most kind.

Mrs. Palmer.

(1136.) 938.* T. 14.

WHETHER the period of this life
Be long or short, we know
'Tis in itself of no great weight,
We're pilgrims here below.

2. Thrice happy they who in this time
In Jesus Christ believe,
And as a living sacrifice
To him their bodies give.

3. He is, as long as life shall last,
The source of all their bliss,
And when they from this world depart,
They see him as he is.

4. Lord, may I live to thee by faith,
To thee O may I die;
For thine I am in life and death,
Thine, thine eternally.

Z.

(1137.) 939. T. 97.

ALTHO' a pardon'd sinner's mind
To be with Christ is most inclin'd,
Yet long as he remaineth here,
Be it a day, a month, or year,
If but his heart be daily cheer'd by grace,
He runs with patience his appointed race.

2. We in this world no city have,
Where we to fix our dwelling crave;
For as a traveller on the road
Oft rests, but hath no fix'd abode,
Life's comforts thus we welcome not pursue,
But keep our heavenly mansion still in view.

(1138.) 940. T. 166.

LORD, whither can I, sinner, flee,
When I go hence, but to thy breast!
For I have sought no other home,
For I have found no other rest:

When earthly cares engross the mind,
And turn my thoughts aside from thee,
Then the successive days and nights
Seem long and wearisome to me.

2. My God, and can a needy child,
That loves thee in humility,
From thy dear presence be exil'd,
Or ever separated be?
O no, for in thy wounded hands
By faith my name engrav'd I see;
Firm and secure thy promise stands,
That where thou art thy friends shall be. Watts.

(1139.) 941. T. 96.

IN age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
O could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity. C. Wesley.

(1140.) 942.* T. 168.

MAKE my calling and election,
Jesus, every day more sure;
Keep me under thy direction,
Till I, thro' thy god-like power,
Unto endless glory raised,
In thy mansions shall be placed:
When in thee I end my race,
Weeping shall for ever cease.
Loskiel.

(1141.) 943.* T. 37.

MY happy lot is here
The Lamb to follow;
Be this my only care
Each step to hallow,
And thus await the time
When Christ my Saviour
Will call me hence, with him
To live for ever. Gregor.

(1143.) 944. T. 590.

OUR conversation is in heaven,
Whence also we expect (come,
The Lord our Saviour Christ to
And gather his elect:
Then shall he our vile body change,
And fashion it like his,
A glorious body, form'd for realms
Of everlasting bliss.

(1144.) 945.* T. 83.

CHRIST, my rock, my sure defence,
Jesus, my Redeemer, liveth;
O what pleasing hopes from thence
My believing heart deriveth:
Else death's long and gloomy night
Would my guilty soul affright.

2. Christ is risen from the dead,
"Thou shalt rise too," saith my Saviour;
Of what should I be afraid?
I with him shall live for ever;
Can the HEAD forsake HIS limb,
And not draw me unto him?—

3. No, my soul he cannot leave,
This, this is my consolation;
And my body in the grave
Rests in hope and expectation,
That this mortal flesh shall see
Incorruptibility.

4. Closely by love's sacred bands
I am join'd to him already,
And my faith's outstretched hands
To embrace my Lord are ready;
Death itself shall never part
Mine and my Redeemer's heart.

5. Flesh I bear, and therefore must
Unto dust be once reduced;
This I own, but from the dust
I shall be to life produced,
And, convey'd to endless bliss,
Live where my Redeemer is.

6. In my body, when restor'd
From the grave in which it slum-
I shall see my God, my Lord, (ber'd,
With his saints in glory number'd;
In my flesh eternally
My Redeemer I shall see.

7. There mine eyes most certainly
Shall behold and know my Saviour,
I, no stranger, no, ev'n I,
Him to see shall have the favour:
Grieving, pining, in that day
Ever shall be done away.

8. What here sickens, sighs, and groans,
There o'er death shall prove vic- (torious;
Earthly here are sown my bones,
Heavenly they shall rise, and glori-
What is natural sown here, (ous:
Shall as spiritual rise there.

9. Let us raise our minds above
This world's lusts, vain, transitory,
Cleave to him ev'n here in love,
Whom we hope to see in glory;
May our minds tend constantly
Where we ever wish to be.

Louisa of Brandenburg.

(1145.) 946.* T. 22.

MY life I now to God resign,
At his decree I'll not repine; (all,
My hairs the Lord hath number'd
Not one without his will can fall.

2. Lord, what is man! a clod of earth,
A needy mortal from his birth;
Brought nothing with him when he came. (frame.
And naked leaves this worldly

3. Teach us to number so our days
That we apply to wisdom's ways,
Knowing how swift our moments fly, (die.
That all, both young and old, must

4. Evil and few, as Jacob says,
Alas, I count my pilgrim-days;
A stranger here on earth I roam,
Till God shall call his servant home.

5. How should I live in constant dread,
Harass'd by guilt, of death afraid,
Did I not know, God gave his Son,
Who did for all my sins atone.

6. 'Tis he my Saviour, Jesus Christ,
Who for my sins was sacrific'd,
And rose triumphant from the grave,
That he my soul from death might save.

7. To him I yield my life and breath,
His love will guide my soul thro' death,
And bring me to the blissful place,
Where I shall see him face to face.

8. My flesh meanwhile doth rest in hope,
Till in his likeness I wake up;
Out of his hands no dust shall fall,
But rise immortal at his call.

9. This gives me comfort and relief,
In all my greatest pain and grief;
He'll wipe away my every tear,
When he in glory shall appear.

10. Lord Jesus Christ, I humbly pray,
Me with thy righteousness array:
In garments of salvation drest,
I'm sure of endless joy and rest.

11. Amen, thou sovereign God of love,
O grant that, when we hence remove,
Our souls, redeemed with thy blood,
May find in thee their sure abode.

Pappus.

(1146.) 947.* T. 22.

LORD Jesus, fountain of my life,
Sole comfort in this world of strife,
I come both weary and oppress'd,
And pray, Lord, take my soul to rest.

2. When I shall yield my dying breath,
Support me by thy bitter death;
Thy mercy is my only plea;
Thy bonds have gain'd my liberty.

3. By all thy pains for me endur'd,
Thou hast eternal life procur'd;
Thy shame, reproach, and thorny crown,
Gain'd for me glory and renown.

4. Thy stripes have me, a sinner, heal'd;
My pardon with thy blood is seal'd;
Thy agony, thy dying breath,
Redeem'd me from eternal death.

5. Unto my heart, when speech I want,
The utterance of thy Spirit grant:
O that my soul to heaven may rise,
When death in darkness seals my (eyes.

6. Thy bitter death shall sweeten mine,
My soul I to thy care resign: (me,
Thou, since thou gav'st thy life for
Wilt keep me to eternity.

7. How glad am I, that I have known,
What thou to ransom me hast done:
How glad am I, that I believe,
Thou, when I die, wilt me receive.

8. Thanks be to thee, who hast endur'd
My curse, and life for me procur'd:
Nor doth the grave to me appear
A terror, since thou restedst there.

9. What songs of everlasting joy
Shall mine and angels' tongues employ;
How shall I to eternity
Exalt thy love and mercy free.

P. Eberus.

(1149.) 948.* T. 151.

WHEN I shall gain permission
To leave this mortal tent,
And get from pain dismission,
Jesus, thyself present:
And let me, when expiring,
Recline upon thy breast,
Thus I shall be acquiring
Eternal life and rest.

P. Gerhard.

(1150.) 949.* T. 232.

LORD, let thy blest angelic bands
Convey my soul into thy hands,
When soul and body sever;
My body, tho' reduced to dust,
Thou wilt, O Lord, I firmly trust,
Raise up to live for ever:
Then shall I see thee face to face
In everlasting joy and peace,
And sing with all the saints above
The wonders of redeeming love;
O Christ, my Lord, I'll thee adore,
Here and above for evermore.

M. Schalling.

(1151.) 950.* T. 14.

O HOW I long with Christ to be,
And in his presence rest,
He draws my soul most powerfully,
I to his bosom haste.

2. Meanwhile may I in spirit view
His sufferings, cross, and death;
These to my heart be daily new,
Till I resign my breath.

3. Me for thy coming, Lord, prepare;
Grant I may ready be,
Whene'er thou callest, without fear
To meet and welcome thee.

4. Thou know'st my insufficiency;
All my diseases cure;
O let thy stripes and wounds on me
Exert their healing power.

5. Thus will my wants be well supplied,
Thus will my soul with grace
Abundantly be satisfied,
And kept in heavenly peace;—

6. Until the hour shall strike at last,
When I, from sorrow free,
Shall hasten to thy arms and breast,
And ever live with thee.

(1152.) 951. T. 582.

THE spirits of the just,
Confin'd in bodies, groan, (dust,
Till death consigns the corpse to
And then the conflict's done:
Jesus, who came to save,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Hath sanctified the gloomy grave,
And made even death our gain.

2. Why should we fear to trust
The place where Jesus lay?
He'll raise our bodies from the (dust,
And unto life convey:
Sin's pardon'd, we're secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gives sin condemning (power,
But Jesus for us died.

3. Confiding in thy name,
Jesus, the church's Head,
We give to earth the breathless frame,
Remembering thou wast dead:
A bitter death indeed
Was thine, O Lamb of God;
But from the curse thou hast us (freed,
By thy atoning blood.

4. O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, thy victory?
He that believes in Christ can sing,
"He hath redeemed me:"
Trusting in him by faith,
We now the victory gain;
In him we triumph over death,
Who for us rose again.

J. Hart.

952. T. 14.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2. Why should we tremble to convey
Their relics to the tomb?
There the Redeemer's body lay,
And left a long perfume.

3. The graves of all his saints he (blest,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members (rest,
But with the dying Head.

4. Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising-day.

5. Then let the last loud trumpet (sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

Watts.

(1153.) 953. T. 102.

WHERE is this infant? It is gone!
To whom? To Jesus who redeem'd it:
It now appears before his throne,
Where he continues still to tend it,
His favour—for ever

To prove: he doth bear (his care.
This lamb in his bosom, 'tis safe in

2. He took such in his arms on earth,
And show'd to them peculiar favour;
Hence we may know, that from their birth
He is their ever-gracious Saviour:
He gave them,—he takes them,
Whene'er he sees best (him to rest.
For them to come to him, and with

3. This infant rests now happily
In Christ, the source of our salva-
Rejoicing to eternity, (tion,
Join'd to the perfect congregation:
The body—we bury;
We know that, from pain (again.
Released, we once shall behold it

A. Reincke.

(1154.) 954. T. 14.

HOW sweetly this our *brother*
Enjoying endless peace; (sleeps,
The grave, wherein *his* Saviour lay,
Is now *his* resting-place.

2. Nought can disturb this heir of
All worldly cares are fled; (life,
To be with Christ was *his* desire,
And now *he's* perfected.

(1155.) 955. T. 16.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Thou, by angel-guards attended,
Didst to Jesus' presence go.

2. Trusting in thy Saviour's merit,
Thou hast seen thy Lord above,
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Reaching out the crown of love.

3. For the joy he set before thee,
Thou didst bear a moment's pain,
Die, to live a life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

C. Wesley.

(1156.) 956.* T. 79.

WHEN children, bless'd by Jesus,
To whom their souls are precious,
Depart in early years,
They are not lost; for heaven
To children shall be given;
Eternal happiness is theirs.

2. This child is therefore blessed,
Let no one be distressed,
Christ bid it fall asleep:
The body dead, the spirit
Will endless life inherit
With his redeem'd and happy sheep.

J. A. Rothe.

(1157.) 957.* T. 14.

BLEST soul, how sweetly dost thou
From every toil and care, (rest
Enjoying now, on Jesus' breast,
Bliss far beyond compare!

2. His sufferings have deliver'd thee
From misery, woe, and death;
His word, "'Tis finish'd," proved
The triumph of thy faith. (to be

3. Now to the earth let these re-
In hope committed be; (mains
Until the body, chang'd, obtains
Blest immortality. G. Naumann.

(1158.) 958.* T. 483.

NOW rest in peace: :‖:
Our prayers, when dying, thee at-
Thou hast ended (tended;
Thy mortal life, and now thro' grace
Beholdest Jesus face to face:
The holy angels did convey
Thy soul to realms of endless day;
There bless thee, God, the Father,
and the Son, (in One:
And Holy Ghost,—Jehovah, Three
With saints adore the Lamb
That sitteth on the throne. Z.

XLI. THE LAST JUDGMENT.

(1159.) 959. T. 585.

DAY of judgment! day of wonders!
Hark, the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons :‖:
Will the sinner's heart confound.

2. See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine;
Ye who love the Lord's appearing,
Then shall say, This God is mine:
Gracious Saviour, :‖:
Own me on that day as thine.

3. At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature shaken,
At his call prepare to flee:
Careless sinner, :‖:
What will then become of thee?

4. Then to all who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You for ever :‖:
Shall my love and glory know."

5. Under sorrows and reproaches
May this thought our courage raise,
Swiftly God's great day approaches;
Sighs will then be chang'd to praise:
We shall triumph :‖:
When the world is in a blaze.

J. Newton.

(1160.) 960.* T. 132.

'TIS sure that awful time will come,
When Christ, the Lord of glory,
Shall from his throne give men their doom,
And change things transitory:
This will strike dumb each impious jeer,
When all things are consum'd by fire,
And heaven and earth dissolved.

2. The wakening trumpet all shall hear,
The dead shall then be raised,
And 'fore the judgment-seat appear,
On the right and left hand placed:
Those in the body at that time
Shall, in a manner most sublime,
Endure a transmutation.

3. Woe, then, to him that hath despis'd
God's word and revelation,
And here done nothing but devis'd
His lust's gratification;
Then, how confounded will he stand,
When he must go, at Christ's command,
To everlasting torment.

4. When all with awe shall stand around
To hear their doom allotted,
O may my worthless name be found
In the Lamb's book unblotted:
Grant me that firm, unshaken faith,
That thou, my Saviour, by thy death
Hast purchas'd my salvation.

5. Before thou shalt as Judge appear,
Plead as my Intercessor,
And on that awful day declare
That I am thy confessor;
Then bring me to that blessed place,
Where I shall see with open face
The glory of thy kingdom.

6. O Jesus, shorten the delay,
And hasten thy salvation,
That we may see that glorious day
Produce a new creation;
Lord Jesus, come, our Judge and King,
Come, change our mournful notes, to sing
Thy praise for ever: Amen.

B. Ringwald.

(1161.) 961. T. 581 or 83.

HARK, the trump of God is heard,
And the archangel's voice on high;
Yea, the Lord himself descends
With a shout that rends the sky;
Lo, the bars of death are burst,
See, the dead in Christ rise first.

2. His blest people, still on earth,
In a moment chang'd, arise, (up,
And with them, in clouds caught
Meet their Saviour in the skies;
Fears and doubts are far remov'd,
Him they see whom here they lov'd.

3. See this transient, mortal life
Swallow'd up eternally:
Death, O death, where is thy sting?
Where, O grave, thy victory?
Thanks to God, thro' Christ we have
Victory over death and grave.

4. Now all tears are wip'd away;
Free from guilt, and fear, and pain,
All his ransom'd saints with him
Kings and priests for ever reign:
Henceforth his unbounded grace
Is their theme of endless praise.

5. In the hope of all this joy,
Brethren, let us still be found,
Steadfast in the faith of Christ,
May we all in love abound,
Till we shall, when time is o'er,
Live with him for evermore.

(1162.) 962. T. 585.

LO, he cometh! countless trumpets
Christ's appearance usher in:
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels
See our Judge and Saviour shine:
Hallelujah! :‖: (slain.
Welcome, welcome, Lamb once

2. Now the song of all the saved,
"Worthy is the Lamb," resounds;
Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
Every eye shall see his wounds:
Great his glory; :‖:
Every knee to him shall bow.

3. Every island, sea, and mountain,
Earth and heaven flee away;
All his enemies confounded
Hear the trump proclaim his day;
Come to judgment, :‖:
Stand before the Son of Man.

4. All who love him view his glory.
In his bright, once marred face:
Jesus cometh; all his people
Now their heads with gladness
Happy mourners, :‖: (raise:
Lo, on clouds he comes, he comes.

5. See redemption, long expected,
On that awful day appear;
All his people, once despised,
Joyful meet him in the air:
Hallelujah, :‖:
Saviour, now thy kingdom comes.

J. Cennick.

(1163.) 963. T. 590.

MY faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes:

Ere long I know he shall appear
In power and glory great;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

2. Then, tho' the worms my flesh devour,
And make my corpse their prey,
I know I shall arise with power,
On the last judgment-day; (earth.
When God shall stand upon the
Him these mine eyes shall see,
My flesh shall feel a second birth,
And ever with him be.

3. Then his own hand shall wipe the
From every weeping eye; (tears
And pains, and groans, and griefs,
Shall cease eternally: (and fears,
How long, dear Saviour, O how long,
Shall this bright hour delay?
Oh, hasten thy appearance, Lord,
And bring the welcome day.

Watts.

(1164.) 964. T. 14.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
Oh, how shall I appear?

2. If yet while pardon may be found,
Thy mercy I've not sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought,—

3. That thou, O Lord, wilt stand
In majesty severe, (disclos'd
And sit in judgment on my soul:
How then shall I appear?

4. But thou declarest in thy word,
That sinners who to thee,
While here they live, repenting
Shall live eternally. (turn,

5. Grant then, that I may favour'd
Full pardon to obtain. (be,
Since Jesus Christ, to save my soul,
Upon the cross was slain.

Addison.

(1167.) 965. T. 151.

WHEN conscious sinners tremble,
To hear the trumpet's sound,
That bids the dead assemble
The judgment-seat around;
O then among that number
May we thy call obey,
Who burst the bands of slumber
To view a glorious day.

(1168.) 966.* T. 16.

JUDGE me now, my God and Saviour,
Ev'n before the judgment-day;
Then to me, a worm, thy favour
Thro' eternity display. Z.

(1169.) 967.* T. 205.

ARE you form'd a creature new,
Cleans'd by Jesus' precious blood?
Can you Christ in spirit view,
Reconcil'd by him to God?
Rise, to meet the Bridegroom go,
Mingle with the virgin-row;
Have you oil, you need not fear,
Tho' this moment he appear.

2. Rise, go forth to meet the Lamb,
Slumber not 'midst worldly care;
Let your lamps be all on flame,
For his coming now prepare:
Then whene'er you hear the cry,
'Lo, the Bridegroom draweth nigh,'
You will not confounded be,
But can meet him cheerfully.

3. Let us walk the narrow way,
Watchful, cheerful, free from toil,
Trim our lamps from day to day,
Adding still recruits of oil:

Doubly doth the Spirit rest
On his happy peaceful breast.
Who himself to praying gives,
Who a life of watching lives.

Sperlider.

(1170.) 968.* T. B. p. 113.

YE virgins, be
Girt with alacrity;
At midnight cometh He:
Cease all your mourning,
The Lord will be returning:
Him ye shall see
In majesty.

2. Now ready stand,
Yea, always ready stand,
The Bridegroom is at hand:
Sleep not nor slumber,
Let nothing you encumber.
But ready stand;
He is at hand.

Louisa v. Hayn.

(1172.) 969.* T. 79.

LORD, for thy coming us prepare,
May we to meet thee without fear,
At all times ready be:
In faith and love preserve us sound;
O let us day and night be found
Waiting with joy to welcome thee.

Gregor.

XLII. THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

(1173.) 970. T. 159.

MOUNT Zion, where the Lamb of (God,
Who for our sins aton'd,
And bought us by his precious blood,
For ever is enthron'd; (bride
Where his redeem'd and chosen
Thro' endless ages shall reside;
Is here thro' faith in Jesus' name
Our joy and final aim.

2. Jerusalem, the church above,
Now triumphs over death;
And when we, perfected in love,
Shall once resign our breath,
We shall with all the saints in light
In cheerful songs of praise unite,
And with his chosen evermore
His saving name adore.

3. Deliver'd from this mortal clay,
From sorrow, sin, and pain,
We shall with Christ in lasting day
True holiness obtain:
Lord Jesus, hear our fervent prayer,
Us needy sinners all prepare,
By faith in thee to end our race.
And to behold thy face.

J. Swertner.

971. T. 14.

JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me! (end.
When shall my labours have an
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2. When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold!

3. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;

Bless'd seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4. Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
And feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5. Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

6. Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

(1174.) 972.* T. 97.

HOW greatly doth my soul rejoice,
That, by my faithful Shepherd's choice,
My name is certainly enroll'd
Among the sheep of his blest fold:
May I by nothing e'er be drawn aside,
But be a happy member of his (bride.

2. My faith victorious now doth rise
Above all earthly vanities,
And hath Jerusalem full in view,
That holy city, fair and new;
Thro' faith in Christ I am God's child and heir,
And shall the glories of his king- (dom share.

3. Then all old things will pass away,
And a new scene itself display;
We wait for thee, Immanuel,
Come soon, thy majesty reveal;
Our voices then in higher strains shall raise
A joyful Hallelujah to thy praise.

G. Arnold.

973. T. 205.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Now thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To the seats prepar'd above.

2. Rivers to the ocean run,
Never stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both still speeding to their source:
So, a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
There to rest in his embrace.

3. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press ye onward to the prize;
Soon your Saviour will return,
All triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and we know,
Happy entrance will be giv'n;
All our sorrows left below,
All of earth exchang'd for heaven.

Cennick (ad.)

(1175.) 974.* T. 585.

JESUS' life of grief and sorrows,
All his sufferings, death and pain,
Prove in life our consolation,
And in death our joy remain;
Hallelujah, :‖:
Christ's our life, hence death is gain.

2. On his precious death and merit
All our hopes are safely built;
We rejoice in his salvation,
Freed from sin's condemning guilt;
Sing his triumphs, :‖:
'Twas for us his blood was spilt.

3. Jesus yieldeth up his spirit,
Lo, he bows his head and dies;
From his death we life inherit,
Hence our happiness takes rise:
We now glory :‖:
Only in his sacrifice.

4. Jesus' body once interred,
Sanctifies his brethren's rest,
And the place which keeps their (guest,
bodies,
Since earth lodg'd that heavenly
Now is hallow'd; :‖:
We lie down in hope most blest.

5. Our Redeemer rose victorious,
O what joy doth this afford!
Lasting bliss awaits us yonder,
Rais'd to glory, like our Lord:
Blessed Saviour, :‖:
Ever be by us ador'd.

6. Conquering Lord, to heaven ascended
To prepare for us a place, (merit;
Pleading thine own blood and
Here our faith rests on thy grace,
There in glory :‖:
We shall see thee face to face.

7. Jesus, at thy blest appearing,
Freed from weakness, grief, and
We, restored to thy likeness, (pain,
Then shall join thy happy train:
Make us ready, :‖:
Lord, thy glory to obtain.

(1176.) 975.* T. -58.

WHAT ecstatic pleasure
Shall I then savour, (for ever,
When face to face beholding thee
Lord, as thou art.

2. On what joys celestial
Shall I be feasting, (bour resting,
When, in thy presence from all la-
I sabbath keep.

3. Oh, what songs of praises
Will then in heaven
Resound, when all the ransom'd
souls thanksgiving
To Jesus bring.

4. Lamb once slain for sinners,
Receive our praises; (and classes,
Honour and glory from all choirs
To thee are due.

5. Now let all say, Amen,
The Lord be praised, (ever blessed
In heaven and earth his name for
By all that breathe.

Gregor.

(1177.) 976.* T. 71.

WHAT shall I feel, when I
The glorious choirs espy
In bliss unceasing;
Already in my heart
Rays from bright Salem dart,
With hopes most pleasing.

2. I hear the enraptur'd song
Rais'd by the blessed throng
Of the redeemed:
Seated upon the throne,
The Lamb once slain alone
Is worthy deemed.

3. Rejoice, my soul, thou soon,
When here thy race is run,
Shalt have the favour
To go and join the blest,
And there at home to rest
With Christ thy Saviour.

4, Then shall our woe and grief
Find a most sure relief
In joys unbounded;
Triumphant songs shall be
To the blest Trinity
For ever sounded.

5. How blest when we can say,
All else is fled away,

And love prevaileth:
No longer faith and hope
We need to bear us up,
Love never faileth.

6. See, how the victors go
In raiment white as snow,
With glory crowned:
He grants to them thro' grace
Around his throne a place,
On whom death frowned.

7. The Bridegroom now appears,
He wipes off all our tears,
And ends all sadness;
To him I had resign'd
Myself, and now am join'd
In perfect gladness.

8. O Lord, grant my request,
To be in heaven at rest,
When 'tis thy pleasure;
Then to eternity
I ne'er shall parted be
From thee, my treasure.

9. At thy thro'-pierced feet
I'll humbly take my seat,
There's heaven's enjoyment:
To give thee thanks and praise,
For all thy love and grace,
Be my employment.

10. While here, I live by faith,
Relying on thy death,
For thou'rt my Saviour;
There I shall sweetly rest,
Reclining on thy breast,
In peace for ever. Gregor & Z.

(1178.) 977. T. 136.

MY Lord and God,
Who hast for me atoned,
And in death's agony for me hast (groaned;
I weep for joy,
And raise my feeble song; (tation
For both in life and death this medi-
Proves unto me a sweet and strengthening consolation:
My pardon's sealed with thy blood,
My Lord, my God.

2. The time will come,
When endless consolation
Will be their lot, who wait for Christ's salvation:
"I am redeem'd,"
Saith a believing heart;
"Ev'n here the Lord, whose mercy never endeth,
Wipes oft my tears away, and all my steps attendeth;
The time to be with him at home
At last will come."

3. Come soon, O come,
Ye hours, wherein for ever
With hosts of saints I too shall have (the favour
To see my Lord:
With joy for him I wait:
Who knows but I this day may leave the body,
Call'd forth to meet the Bridegroom; may he find me ready:
I long to be with him at home;
Come soon, O come.

4. O happy lot,
To live in blessed union
With Christ, and with his church in close communion;
To look to him,
Prompted by love and need;
To feed by faith upon his death and merit, (him one spirit;
And, purified in heart, become with
To love him, tho' we see him not;
O happy lot.

5. O happy lot,
To dwell with Christ our Saviour,
There to behold his countenance (for ever;
In songs of joy
His holy name to praise;

To thank him for our blessed consummation,
And view his wounds, those pledges of complete salvation,
All pain and sorrow then forgot;
O happy lot.
C. J. La Trobe.

(1179.) 978. T. 30.

O YE heavenly souls, full joys possessing, (blessing,
At the fountain-head of every
From your bright legions (regions.
Waft your praises to these lowly

2. Songs of victory to the Lamb once wounded, (rounded,
With immortal glory now sur-
O'erwhelm my senses, (mences.
And my heaven already here com-

3. Hear I not the golden harps resounding? (rounding?
See I not the crowds the throne sur-
Adore, adore him! (before him.
They exclaim, and prostrate fall

4. O that I could join their adoration, (tration,
Lie with them in awful, deep pros-
His feet embracing, (ness raising.
Bath'd in tears, yet hymns of glad-

5. O Jerusalem, from God descending, (bending:
To thy pinnacles my flight I'm
Begone for ever, (my Saviour.
World and sin; and welcome Christ

6. But what gentle voice my flight prevented? (tented,
Whispering to my spirit, Rest con-
Thy days are number'd,
And thy sighs and prayers 'fore God remember'd.

7. Am I longer here, 'midst tribulation, (tion,
As a pilgrim to maintain my sta-
May I unmoved
Lean upon the arm of my Beloved.

8. May the tears and sweat of Olivet's mountain,
May the scene of Calvary's purple fountain,
The dying Saviour, (ever.
Hover 'fore my eyes of faith for

9. May this deaden nature's inclination, (temptation.
Awe me from the world and sin's
And sanctify me, (thee.
Till each word and deed may glorify

10. May I grow in spirit daily poorer,
Make my calling and election surer;
Thy word instruct me, (duct me.
And thy guardian Spirit still con-

(1180.) 979.* T. 83.

JESUS' sufferings were for me,
That my hence departing spirit
Full of joy and peace might be.
And eternal life inherit;
I'm from judgment freed, by faith
In his meritorious death.

2. When I leave this world in peace,
I shall have the grace and favour
To behold him face to face (viour:
Whom I love, ev'n God my Sa-
Then I shall for evermore
Him in endless joy adore.

3. When I shall permitted be,
To enjoy in fullest measure,
What his sufferings gain'd for me,
And possess salvation's treasure,
With what rapture shall I sing
Hallelujah to my King. Molther.

(1181.) 980.* T. 119.

O WHAT joy, :||:
O what joy awaiteth me!

I rejoice in expectation,
That I in my flesh shall see
Him, the God of my salvation,
And behold the Lord in endless bliss, As he is. :‖:

2. Yea, Amen, :‖:
Pardon'd sinners, here rejoice
In this hope and consolation,
Till we shall with sweeter voice
Sing in the great congregation,
Thou, O Lamb, hast brought us nigh to God
By thy blood. :‖:

Germ. Lit.

(1182.) 981.* T. 45.

MY lot of grace—will be always
Beyond description blessed;
Yea, the bliss I shall enjoy
Cannot be expressed.

2. Him I shall see,—whose love to (me
My heart hath captivated;
From his presence I no more
Shall be separated.

Louisa v. Hayn.

(1185.) 982.* T. 205.

O EXALT and praise the Lord,
Laud his name for evermore,
Gratefully with one accord
With the angels him adore;
Thank him for the faithfulness
Wherewith he his witnesses,
Who in heaven are perfected,
Thro' great tribulation led.

2. Here by Jesus' precious blood
Cleans'd from sin and render'd (chaste,
They, as ministers of God,
Him by word and deed confess'd;
In their Lord's reproach a share,
Hated by the world, they bare,
Now they, with the angelic train,
Praise the Lamb for sinners slain.

3. They, with patience having run
Their appointed race, in hope,
Have the crown of glory won,
Won the prize for them laid up;
Now they stand before his face,
Trophies of redeeming grace,
Pillars in his house approv'd,
Never thence to be remov'd.

4. In fine, spotless linen dress'd,
Palms of victory they bear,
By no sorrows now oppress'd,
Unmolested now by care,
Free from hunger, thirst, and heat,
They, possessing joys complete,
Unto living fountains led,
By the Lamb himself are fed.

5. Since we likewise may attain
To this happiness thro' grace,
And, by following Jesus, gain
With the saints in heaven a place;
May we tread the narrow path,
Not unfruitful in the faith,
And unto the end endure,
Making our election sure.

6. May we always have in view
The example of our Lord,
Faithfully his steps pursue,
Giving heed unto his word;
In our bodies while we've breath,
May we bear about his death,
That his life may even here
In our mortal flesh appear.

7. Let us call to mind with joy
Those who have before us gone,
Who obtain'd the victory
Thro' the blood of Christ alone;
That we all may zealously
Imitate their constancy,
Till we too the prize receive,
And with them in glory live.

Bohemian Brethren.

983. T. 205.

WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song:
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

2. These through fiery trials trod,
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with his almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3. Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them, the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And for ever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away the tears.

J. Montgomery.

984. T. 14.

HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2. Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Those robes which shine so bright.

3. Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

4. His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every voice to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad Hosannahs ring.

5. Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun; whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

6. The Lamb who dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

7. 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

Christian Psalmist.

(1186.) 985.* T. 166.

ALL who in Jesus' presence live,
Remov'd from mortal vision,
The crown of righteousness receive,
In endless life's fruition:
They are for ever with the Lord:
We wait in expectation,
Till he to us the grace accord,
To join that congregation. Z.

(1187.) 986.* T. 149.

O HOW excellent and fair,
Goodly beyond measure,
Is the lot which we shall share,
And how rich the treasure,
When we see—bodily
Our beloved Saviour,
As he is, for ever.

2. Countless hosts before God's throne,
Where the Lamb resideth,
And, as God and Man, his own
To life's fountain guideth,
Now possess—perfect bliss,
Which to us is wanting,
And for which we're panting.

3. What here sickens, sighs, and groans,
There will prove victorious;
Earthly here are sown our bones,
They shall rise most glorious;
Death and woe,—every foe
Which us here annoyed,
There will be destroyed.

4. May this ever blessed hope
Fill our hearts with gladness,
And 'midst weakness bear us up,
Till from sin and sadness
We shall be—wholly free,
And above for ever
Praise our gracious Saviour.

J. v. Assig.

(1188.) 987.* T. 184.

AT God's right hand in countless numbers
The just, made perfect, joyful stand;
And, freed from all that here encumbers,
Inherit now the heavenly land:
Our souls, with sweet anticipation,
By faith these glorious realms descry;
And from each kindred, tongue, (and nation
We hear loud anthems fill the sky.

2. When, O when shall I have the favour
To see the approach of those blest (days,
When I shall welcome my dear Saviour
With solemn strains, with joyful (lays?
How bless'd will then be my condition,
When in my flesh I Christ shall (see:
Tho' happy in his love's fruition
Ev'n here, with him I long to be.

3. What heavenly joy and consolation
This hope affords unto my heart,
That Christ, the God of my salvation,
Will me receive when I depart;
Then in his presence I for ever
With the redeem'd shall sing his praise:
O make me ready, blessed Saviour,
To leave this world, and see thy face.

Gregor.

(1189.) 988. T. 79.

WHILE we anticipate the day
That calls our longing souls away,
What transports fill the breast;
For lo, our great Redeemer waits,
Unfolds the everlasting gates,
And calls us to eternal rest.

2. Ev'n now to our expecting eyes
The heaven-built towers of Salem (rise;
Ev'n now with glad survey
We view her mansions, that contain
The angelic hosts, the blessed train,
And shine with everlasting day.

3. Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo, the redeem'd of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring;
Here, crown'd with everlasting joy,
To sing his praise is their employ,
To hail with songs the immortal King.

4. We too shall join the choirs above,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,

Where faith is chang'd to sight:
Then shall we mix with that blest throng,
And raise the ransom'd sinner's (song.
In realms of everlasting light.

(1190.) 989. T. 14.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and above;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till it shall hence remove.

2. My Saviour by his saving grace
Prepareth me for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Hath his own Spirit giv'n.

3. We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

4. 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we would rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

Watts.

(1191.) 990. T. 14.

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

2. Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
And discord, there shall cease:
And perfect joy and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

3. The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more:
But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

Watts.

(1192.) 991. T. 14.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And sav'd by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2. The church above no other theme
But Jesus' love doth know;
In joyful hymns they praise his name,
We do the same below.

3. Him in his glorious realms they praise,
And bow before his throne;
We, in the kingdom of his grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

(1193.) 992. T. 14.

THERE, where my blessed Jesus reigns
In heaven's unmeasur'd space,
I shall a long eternity
Spend in ne'er-ceasing praise.

2. Dear Jesus, every smile of thine
Will fresh endearments bring:
And streams of ever-new delight
From all thy graces spring.

3. Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode;
Haste, for my spirit longs to be
With thee, my Lord and God.

Watts.

(1194.) 993. T. 14.

GOD hath laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great (day
Will place it on my head.

2. Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all shall it obtain who love
The appearance of his Son.

Watts.

(1195.) 994.* T. 205.

WITH thee, Lord, while I remain,
Thou wilt near thy child abide,

Till, thy perfect aim to attain,
I am wholly sanctified:
All my wants, all my distress,
I'll to thee, my Lord, confess;
Soon will come the happy day,
When all tears are wiped away.
Loskiel.

2. Amen, yea, Hallelujah,
Jesus, praise to thee be giv'n,
That a place for me, thro' grace,
Is by thee prepar'd in heaven:
Ah, how blest will be my case,
When I shall behold thy face,
And, from pain and sorrow free,
Live for evermore with thee.
F. W. Neisser.

(1196.) 995. T. 114.

THE just made perfect, now in glory seated
Around the throne enjoy eternal bliss,
Beholding God our Saviour as he is; (permitted
Ah, when shall I poor traveller be
To join that happy, numerous company, (see.
And my Redeemer face to face to

(1197.) 996.* T. B. p. 113.

WHAT happiness,
What joy and happiness,
Lord, shall we then possess.
When we adore thee,
With angels fall before thee,
And see thy face:
What happiness!

2. Amen, Amen,
Then will in highest strain
Unto the Lamb once slain
Eternal praises
Resound in heavenly places;
Hallelujah. :||:

997. T. 582.

"FOR ever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2. Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3. My Father's house on high!
Home of my soul! how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear.

4. Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land of love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5. Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

6. Anon the clouds dispart;
The winds and waters cease:
And sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace.

7. "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even now to me fulfil.

8. Be thou at my right hand,
Then I can never fail;
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

9. So, when my latest breath
Shall rend this vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

10. Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before thy throne:
"For ever with the Lord!"
J. Montgomery.

(1198.) 998. T. 249.

TO God we render praise,
Who grants :‖: us new displays
Of mercy all our days:
When Christ, the Son of man, again
Shall come, the angels in his train,
May all of us who here
'Fore him appear,
Then meet him without fear.

2. How great our joy will be
In heaven, :‖: O Lord, where we
Thy glorious face shall see!
We then shall thee for evermore,
As the Lamb slain for us, adore;
In realms of glory bright,
With saints in light
In hymns of praise unite.

3. Repeat the solemn strain,
Worthy :‖: the Lamb slain!
Let all reply, Amen;
Blessing, and power, and majesty,
Thro' endless ages be to thee,
Who us by blood hast bought,
In mercy sought,
And to thy fold us brought.

(1199.) 999.* T. 159.

NOW, Lord, who in this vale of (tears
Dost lift thy gracious face
Upon thy church, which thee re-(verses,
And givest us such peace,
That sweetly we anticipate
The heavenly bliss for which we wait,
In thee rejoicing here below,
Ev'n while in tears we sow:—

2. O form us all, while we remain
On earth, unto thy praise;
That each one fully may obtain
Thy blessed aim thro' grace;
Till we in heaven thy face shall see,
May spirit, soul, and body be
Preserv'd by thee against that day
Blameless, O Lord, we pray.

Gregor.

CONCLUSION.

(1200.) 1000. T. 159.

SING Hallelujah, praise the Lord,
Sing with a cheerful voice;
Exalt our God with one accord,
And in his name rejoice: (host.
Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransom'd
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Until in realms of endless light
Your praises shall unite.

2. There we to all eternity
Shall join the angelic lays,
And sing in perfect harmony
To God our Saviour's praise:
He hath redeem'd us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to (God;
For us, for us the Lamb was slain:
Praise ye the Lord:—
AMEN.

J. Swertner.

ADDITIONAL DOXOLOGIES.

T. 14.

LET God, the Father, and the (Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

T. 595.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God, the eternal Son;
To God, the Spirit, praise.

T. 11.

SING we to our God above
Praise, eternal as his love.
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

T. 585.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises :‖:
To Jehovah, three in one.

T. 14.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
One God, whom we adore.
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

T. 595.

GIVE God the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son;
To God, the Spirit of all grace,
Be equal honours done,

T. 11.

PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise him, all below the sky;
Praise him, O ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

T. 16.

NOW the Triune God confessing,
God the Father's name adore;
To the Son give praise and blessing:
Bless the Spirit evermore.

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